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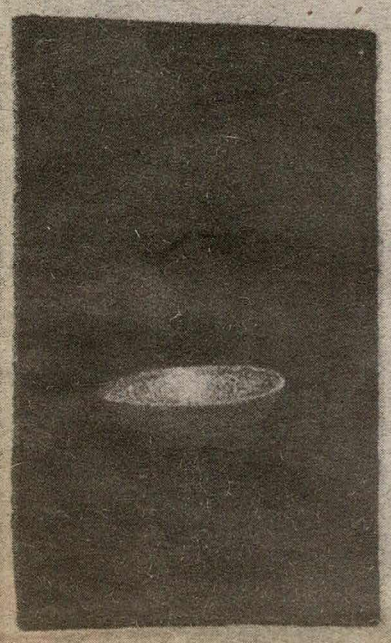
new MUSICAL EXPRESS

RAMONES ROCKET TO BRITAIN

XMAS GIGS P.3. PLUS CLASH LONDON DATES



BRIAN ENO: BEFORE & AFTER SCIENCE

Page 31

Original photo: RITVA SAARIKKO

NME CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending November 26, 1977

This Week	Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(2)	ROCKIN' ALL OVER THE WORLD — Status Quo (Vertigo)	7	1
2	(1)	NAME OF THE GAME — Abba (CBS)	6	1
3	(5)	WE ARE THE CHAMPIONS — Queen (EMI)	5	3
4	(4)	2 4 6 8 MOTORWAY — Tom Robinson Band (EMI)	6	4
5	(2)	YOU'RE IN MY HEART — Rod Stewart (Riva)	7	1
6	(8)	DANCIN' PARTY — Showaddywaddy (Arista)	3	6
7	(7)	HOW DEEP IS YOUR LOVE — Bee Gees (RSO)	4	7
8	(6)	YES SIR I CAN BOOGIE — Baccara (RCA)	9	1
9	(12)	LIVE IN TROUBLE — Barron Knights (Epic)	4	9
10	(14)	DADDY COOL — Darts (Magnet)	2	10
11	(—)	MULL OF KINTYRE — Wings (Parlophone)	1	11
12	(19)	SHE'S NOT THERE — Santana (CBS)	4	12
13	(9)	NEEDLES & PINS — Smokie (Rak)	6	9
14	(10)	CALLING OCCUPANTS OF INTERPLANETARY CRAFT — Carpenters (A & M)	7	8
15	(16)	EGYPTIAN REGGAE — Jonathan Richman (Beserkly)	4	15
16	(20)	I WILL — Ruby Winters (Creole)	3	16
17	(28)	FLORAL DANCE — Brighouse Rastrick Band (Logo)	2	17
18	(13)	VIRGINIA PLAIN — Roxy Music (Polydor)	5	12
19	(23)	WATCHIN' THE DETECTIVE — Elvis Costello (Stiff)	3	22
20	(17)	HOLIDAYS IN THE SUN — Sex Pistols (Virgin)	6	6
21	(30)	LOVE HURTS — Nazareth (Mountain)	6	16
22	(—)	MARY OF THE FOURTH FORM — Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	1	22
23	(18)	BELFAST — Boney M (Atlantic)	3	18
24	(21)	TURN TO STONE — Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	4	18
25	(—)	YOU'RE FABULOUS BABE — Kenny Williams (Decca)	1	25
26	(11)	BLACK IS BLACK — La Belle Epoque (Harvest)	11	2
27	(—)	WHITE PUNKS ON DOPE — Tubes (A&M)	1	27
28	(—)	I BELIEVE YOU — Dorothy Moore (Epic)	4	19
29	(22)	DON'T IT MAKE MY BROWN EYES BLUE — Crystal Gayle (United Artists)	2	22
30	(—)	MODERN WORLD — Jam (Polydor)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
SAFETY IN NUMBERS — Adverts (Anchor); LOVE OF MY LIFE — Dooleys (GTO); BABY, BABY, MY LOVE IS ALL FOR YOU — Deniece Williams (CBS); GEORGINA BAILEY — Noosha Fox (GTO).

ALBUMS

Week ending November 26, 1977

This Week	Last Week		Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	SOUND OF BREAD — Bread (WEA)	4	1
2	(2)	NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS — Sex Pistols (Virgin)	4	2
3	(8)	FOOTLOOSE & FANCY FREE — Rod Stewart (Riva)	3	3
4	(7)	NEWS OF THE WORLD — Queen (EMI)	4	4
5	(14)	OUT OF THE BLUE — ELectric Light Orchestra (Jet)	4	5
6	(9)	MOONFLOWER — Santana (CBS)	3	6
7	(10)	RUMOURS — Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	40	3
8	(5)	FEELINGS — Various (K-Tel)	3	5
9	(6)	40 GOLDEN GREATS — Cliff Richard (EMI)	7	2
10	(11)	SECONDS OUT — Genesis (Charisma)	6	8
11	(3)	20 GOLDEN GREATS — Diana Ross & The Supremes (Tamla Motown)	12	1
12	(4)	NO MORE HEROES — Stranglers (United Artists)	9	2
13	(—)	DISCO FEVER — Various (K-Tel)	1	13
14	(20)	30 GREATEST HITS — Gladys Knight & The Pips (K-Tel)	3	14
15	(15)	ROCKIN' ALL OVER THE WORLD — Status Quo (Vertigo)	2	15
16	(29)	GET STONED — Rolling Stones (Arcade)	2	16
17	(20)	ELVIS IN CONCERT — Elvis Presley (RCA)	4	17
18	(13)	HEROES — David Bowie (RCA)	5	5
19	(23)	ABBA'S GREATEST HITS — Abba (Epic)	74	1
20	(11)	GREATEST HITS VOL 2 — Elton John (DJM)	6	11
20	(15)	THUNDER IN MY HEART — Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	7	8
22	(—)	ROXY MUSIC GREATEST HITS — Roxy Music (Polydor)	1	22
23	(18)	PASSAGE — Carpenters (A&M)	8	6
24	(27)	30 GOLDEN HITS — Black & White Minstrels (EMI)	2	24
25	(—)	STICK TO ME — Graham Parker & The Rumour (Vertigo)	1	25
26	(19)	GOING FOR THE ONE — Yes (WEA)	19	1
27	(26)	STREET SURVIVORS — Lynyrd Skynyrd (MCA)	2	26
28	(—)	LET THERE BE ROCK — AC/DC (Atlantic)	1	28
29	(—)	RED STAR — Showaddywaddy (Arista)	1	32
30	(—)	BLACK JOY — Original Soundtrack (Ronco)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .
ONCE UPON A TIME — Donna Summer (GTO); MODERN WORLD — Jam (Polydor); FRONT PAGE NEWS — Wishbone Ash (MCA); HA! HA! HA! — Ultravox (Island).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending November 26, 1977

This Week	Last Week	
1	(1)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE — Debby Boone
2	(3)	DON'T IT MAKE MY BROWN EYES BLUE — Crystal Gayle
3	(6)	HOW DEEP IS YOUR LOVE — Bee Gees
4	(2)	BOOGIE NIGHTS — Heatwave
5	(4)	NOBODY DOES IT BETTER — Carly Simon
6	(8)	HEAVEN ON THE SEVENTH FLOOR — Paul Nicholas
7	(9)	BABY, WHAT A BIG SURPRISE — Chicago
8	(11)	WE'RE ALL ALONE — Rita Coolidge
9	(10)	JUST REMEMBER I LOVE YOU — Firefall
10	(12)	BLUE BAYOU — Linda Ronstadt
11	(5)	STAR WARS THEME — Meco
12	(15)	ISN'T IT TIME — The Babys
13	(7)	IT'S ECSTASY WHEN YOU LAY DOWN NEXT TO ME — Barry White
14	(18)	IT'S SO EASY — Linda Ronstadt
15	(16)	WE JUST DISAGREE — Dave Mason
16	(19)	YOU MAKE LOVIN' FUN — Fleetwood Mac
17	(17)	SEND IN THE CLOWNS — Judy Collins
18	(20)	YOUR SMILING FACE — James Taylor
19	(22)	GONE TOO FAR — England Dan & John Ford Coley
20	(24)	SWINGTOWN — Steve Miller
21	(14)	HELP IS ON THE WAY — Little River Band
22	(21)	DAYBREAK — Barry Manilow
23	(27)	BABY COME BACK — Player
24	(29)	SENTIMENTAL LADY — Bob Welch
25	(25)	MY FAIR SHARE — Seals & Croft
26	(—)	I GO CRAZY — Paul Davis
27	(—)	COME SAIL AWAY — Styx
28	(—)	(EVERY TIME I TURN AROUND) BACK IN LOVE AGAIN — L.T.D.
29	(—)	SHE'S NOT THERE — Santana
30	(—)	CALLING OCCUPANTS OF INTERPLANETARY CRAFT — Carpenters

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending November 26, 1977

This Week	Last Week	
1	(2)	SIMPLE DREAMS — Linda Rondstadt
2	(1)	RUMOURS — Fleetwood Mac
3	(4)	AJA — Steely Dan
4	(3)	CHICAGO XI — Chicago
5	(7)	ELVIS IN CONCERT — Elvis Presley
6	(5)	SHAUN CASSIDY — Shaun Cassidy
7	(6)	FOREIGNER — Foreigner
8	(11)	ELTON JOHN'S GREATEST HITS VOL II — Elton John
9	(9)	STAR WARS — Original Soundtrack
10	(14)	POINT OF NO RETURN — Kansas
11	(10)	BARRY WHITE SINGS FOR SOMEONE YOU LOVE — Barry White
12	(8)	LOVE YOU LIVE — The Rolling Stones
13	(16)	LET'S GET SMALL — Steve Martin
14	(12)	ANYTIME . . . ANYWHERE — Rita Coolidge
15	(13)	TOO HOT TO HANDLE — Heatwave
16	(25)	YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE — Debbie Boone
17	(15)	IN FULL BLOOM — Rose Royce
18	(18)	STREET SURVIVORS — Lynyrd Skynyrd
19	(24)	FRENCH KISS — Bob Welch
20	(27)	MOONFLOWER — Santana
21	(22)	BABY IT'S ME — Diana Ross
22	(17)	FOGHAT LIVE — Foghat
23	(29)	THE STRANGER — Billy Joel
24	(—)	LOVE SONGS — The Beatles
25	(23)	BRICK — Brick
26	(—)	FOOTLOOSE AND FANCY FREE — Rod Stewart
27	(19)	I, ROBOT — Alan Parsons Project
28	(—)	WE MUST BELIEVE IN MAGIC — Crystal Gayle
29	(20)	MOODY BLUE — Elvis Presley
30	(—)	BOOK OF DREAMS — Steve Miller Band

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending November 21, 1972

Last Week	This Week	
2	1	MY DING-A-LING — Chuck Berry (Chess)
1	2	CLAIR — Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
8	3	CRAZY HORSES — Osmonds (MGM)
5	4	WHY — Donny Osmond (MGM)
4	5	LEADER OF THE PACK — Shangri-Las (Kama Sutra)
14	6	CROCODILE ROCK — Elton John (DJM)
7	7	LOOP DI LOVE — Shag (UK)
15	8	I'M STONE IN LOVE WITH YOU — Stylistics (Avco)
3	9	MOULDY OLD DOUGH — Lieutenant Pigeon (Decca)
21	10	WHAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS/ANGEL — Rod Stewart (Mercury)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending November 22, 1967

Last Week	This Week	
1	1	BABY NOW THAT I'VE FOUND YOU — Foundations (Pye)
7	2	LET THE HEARTACHES BEGIN — Long John Baldry (Pye)
10	3	EVERYBODY KNOWS — Dave Clark Five (Columbia)
2	4	ZABADAK! — Dave Dee, Dozy, Mick & Tich (Fontana)
4	4	LOVE IS ALL AROUND — Troggs (Page One)
4	6	THE LAST WALTZ — Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
3	7	MASSACHUSETTS — Bee Gees (Polydor)
6	8	AUTURM ALMANAC — Kinks (Pye)
8	9	THERE IS A MOUNTAIN — Donovan (Pye)
11	10	IF THE WHOLE WORLD STOPPED LOVIN' — Val Doonican (Pye)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending November 23, 1962

Last Week	This Week	
1	1	LOVESICK BLUES — Frank Ifield (Columbia)
2	2	LET'S DANCE — Chris Montez (London)
3	3	SWISS MAID — Del Shannon (London)
6	4	BOBBY'S GIRL — Susan Maughan (Philips)
3	5	TELSTAR — Tornados (Decca)
9	6	DEVIL WOMAN — Marty Robbins (CBS)
5	7	VENUS IN BLUE JEANS — Mark Wynter (Pye)
7	8	SHERRY — Four Seasons (Stateside)
11	9	NO ONE CAN MAKE MY SUNSHINE SMILE — Everly Brothers (Warner Brothers)
8	10	THE LOCOMOTION — Little Eva (London)

NEWS DESK

Edited: Derek Johnson

RAMONES VENUES

Big London New Year's Eve concert

MOST OF THE dates and venues for the eagerly-awaited December tour by The Ramones have now been confirmed, and they include a special New Year's Eve concert at London Rainbow. Tour details were revealed by Joey Ramone (above), who called NME from New York to announce the following itinerary:

Glasgow Apollo (December 19), Newcastle City Hall (20), Manchester Ardwick Apollo (21), Cambridge Corn Exchange (23), Birmingham Top Rank (28), Aylesbury Friars at Vale Hall (30) and London Rainbow (31).

Promoter Barry Dickins of MAM confirmed these dates, and added that another two gigs have still to be finalised, including one on Christmas Eve. He originally booked the band into Belfast Ulster Hall (23) and Dublin Stadium (24), but The Ramones have now been banned by both venues, mainly on the grounds on inadequate insurance cover. Dickins this week set Cambridge as one of the replacement gigs, but at presstime Christmas Eve had still to be filled.

The Rainbow show will be a special party gig to see in the New Year, starting at 9.30pm and running until after midnight. It's understood that several surprise guests are expected, and these could include the Talking Heads and Richard Hell and the Voidoids.

Sire Records are releasing a three-track Ramones single next month to coincide with their visit, the main title being "Rockaway Beach". It's taken from their new album "Rocket to Russia", which comes out simultaneously.

Support act for the tour is Scottish band The Rezillos, who were recently signed by Sire. Their first single for the label is issued on December 2, titled "I Love My Baby ('Cos She Does Good Sculptures)".

Clash: two at Rainbow

AFTER NUMEROUS hassles, plus security and insurance problems, The Clash have at last succeeded in setting up two big London concerts next month. They take place at the Rainbow Theatre on Tuesday and Wednesday, December 13 and 14, and tickets go on sale tomorrow (Friday) at the box-office and through the usual agencies — priced £2.50, £2.25, £2 and £1.75. There will be two support acts, as yet unnamed.

The band had great difficulty in finding a venue which would accept them, particularly following the sensationalised reports of incidents at their Bournemouth concert two weeks ago. But the Rainbow finally agreed to the booking because, although 200 seats were ripped out when The Clash played there a year ago, the venue received full compensation and are satisfied with next month's insurance coverage.

Initially The Clash were not keen on playing the Rainbow, because of its reputation for "heavy" security measures. The venue then agreed to remove all seats for the band's two gigs, but the GLC refused permission for this, on the grounds that people in the front of the auditorium might be crushed. Now a compromise has been reached, whereby security will be "light weight", and the audience will be able to move around and dance in the aisles if they wish.

Commented a spokesman: "When The Clash played Manchester's Elizabethan Ballroom last week, the venue was late opening, the crowd got impatient and the doors were smashed in. Several people were injured and £600 worth of damage was caused. Obviously this doesn't help the band's image. The nature of the Rainbow gigs is highly experimental, the eyes of The Establishment will be on us, and we need the audience's co-operation."

PISTOLS: TV AND ANOTHER MOVIE

THE SEX PISTOLS make one of their rare TV appearances this weekend, when they guest in Granada's "So It Goes", though a spokesman for that company said he didn't yet know what they would be performing. Also guesting in the show, which is only seen by viewers in the London (Saturday) and Granada (Sunday) areas, are XTC and The Pirates.

In adddition to their own full-length feature film — which, as reported last week, finally goes into production early next month — the Pistols also appear in another picture, now in the final stages of editing, titled "The Punk Rock Movie". Among other acts seen performing in the film are The Clash, The Slits, Siouxsie and the Bansees, Wayne County and Slaughter and the Dogs.

The movie traces punk from its early days, and includes sequences of the Pistols and The Slits rehearsing in the basements before their first tours. Subsequently director Don Lett has been following the bands involved around and, among other items, has footage of the Pistols performing "God Save The Queen" and "Pretty Vacant" at one of their secret gigs this year.

Originally shot in 8-mm, it is being processed into 16-mm and 35-mm for cinema screening by the Rank Laboratories, and the bands concerned are co-operating in re-recording the sound. Produced by Peter Clifton, renowned for his Zeppelin film "The Song Remains The Same", it should be ready for showing early in the New Year.

Stranglers rap dismissed

AFTER A COURT CASE lasting one-and-a-half days, Jet Black and Jean Jacques Burnel of The Stranglers were last week cleared of drunkenness and violent behaviour charges, relating to an incident following their Brighton Top Rank concert on October 27. They were charged — together with tour manager Dennis Marks — after they went to the local police station to inquire about some of their Dutch fans who had been detained, and were subsequently released on £75 bail each.

After the lengthy court hearing, the magistrates decided there was no case to answer, and the charges against all three were dismissed. Commented Jet Black: "It wasted the time of dozens of people, and at huge expense. Once again, this proves the over-reaction of the police to people surrounded by our sort of image."

The Stranglers also lashed out at the resistance they encountered on their recent Irish tour. They said they "deplore the attitudes of the Belfast and Dublin councils, who tried to ensure that our gigs didn't happen." And they slammed the hotels in both cities "who chucked us out as soon as they discovered who we were". But they praised Coleraine and Dublin students "who went out of their way to bring us to Ireland and make us feel comfortable", and added that The Stranglers will be returning to Ireland early next year.

BUZZCOCKS & GEN X TOP AT ROUNDHOUSE

THE BUZZCOCKS are being lined up for another tour next month, and this will be their most important outing to date, visiting at least 16 major venues. Their schedule opens at Brighton New Regent on December 2, and includes a big London concert at Chalk Farm Roundhouse on December 11. Rest of their dates are still being finalised, and are expected to be announced next week.

GENERATION X top the bill at the Roundhouse on Sunday, December 11, their first London concert appearance for several months. The three support acts are The Saints, The Lurkers and The Valves, and tickets are on sale now all at the one price of £1.80.

IAN DURY TOUR CHANGES

IAN DURY and the Blockheads have made two changes to their December tour itinerary, reported last week. Their gig on December 9 is switched from Manchester Rafters to Salford University, and they have slotted in an extra date on December 17 at Plymouth Polytechnic. For the last eight gigs in the tour, from December 10 onwards, they will be supported by Deke Leonard's Iceberg (see On The Road, page 4, for more news of this band).

VIBRATORS BACK IN U.K.

THE VIBRATORS returned to Britain at the weekend after their successful Canadian tour, leaving their single "Baby Bay" at No. 6 in Montreal's charts and their album "Pure Mania" charting coast-to-coast. But they've been forced to cancel a short U.K. college tour because drummer Jon 'Eddie' Edwards is having hospital treatment for inflamed ligaments of the left hand, which he has been ordered to rest for at least two weeks. Recording of their new album has accordingly been rescheduled for December.

EDDIE shows his hand

NEWS WAVES

JAM EXTRA ON SATURDAY

THE JAM are to play an extra matinee concert at Aylesbury Civic Centre this Saturday (26) at 4pm, the first time the venue has ever staged an afternoon show. They are already set for an evening performance at the centre, but the early show has been added because of exceptionally heavy ticket demand — said to be on a par with David Bowie's special concert there five years ago.

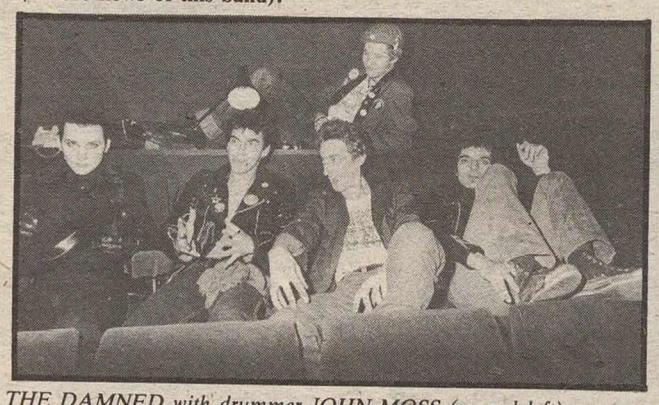
● THE ADVERTS, currently on a British tour, have set extra gigs at Leeds Polytechnic (November 29), Sheffield Polytechnic (30), Edinburgh University (December 2), Newcastle University (3) and Shrewsbury Tiffany's (4).

TUBES: FIFTH IN LONDON

THE TUBES are set for yet another concert at London Hammersmith Odeon — their fifth! Last week it was announced they would play their fourth gig at this venue on December 6, and this has now already sold out. So promoter John Curd has confirmed their fifth — and positively final — Hammersmith date for Wednesday, December 7. Tickets are on sale now.

'STREETS' BILL: NEW GIGS

MORE DATES have been added to the "Streets" package tour by bands featured on the Beggars Banquet compilation album of the same name. They are The Lurkers, Doll and Reaction at Birmingham Rebecca's (December 8); The Lurkers, Doll and Pork Dukes at London Oxford St. 100 Club (13); and Members, Reaction, Cane and The Drones at London Wardour St. Vortex (19). The Pork Dukes gig at the 100 Club could be interesting, as the outfit is said to feature musicians from well-known bands, including one or two Thin Lizzy members. Other "Streets" dates were reported last week.



THE DAMNED with drummer JOHN MOSS (second left)

The Damned borrow London's drummer

THE DAMNED'S drummer on their current U.K. tour — which runs until December 13 and includes three nights at London Roundhouse this weekend — is John Moss, who has acquired special leave of absence from London.

He replaces Rat Scabies in the line-up, but it's stressed that he's only on loan and will honour all contracted commitments with London. The Damned have added Brighton Polytechnic on November 30 to their tour schedule, and their December 10 gig in Glasgow is switched from the University to the Apollo.

MUSIC BY POST

Comprehensive Catalogue free on receipt of 7p/9p stamp

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TUTORS

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Orders	£2/£3	add	35p	p+p	40p
Orders	£3/£10	add	50p	p+p	£1
Orders	10	or over	add	£1.00	£1.50

PASH MUSIC STORES 5 ELGIN CRESCENT LONDON W11

ON THE ROAD

CLIFF RICHARD is re-united with The Shadows for the first time in ten years, when they co-headline a two-week season at the **London** Palladium opening on February 27. Current Shadows line-up comprises Hank Marvin, Bruce Welch, Brian Bennett and two newly-recruited session musicians. The last time Cliff and the Shads performed together was in pantomime at the same venue in 1967.

ALEXIS KORNER opens a series of monthly Blues and R&B concerts at **London Drury Lane** New London Theatre in the New Year. Korner appears on January 29, followed by Roy Brown (February 26) and Blind John Davis (March 26).

BOYS OF THE LOUGH headline a major **London** concert at the Victoria Palace on December 10 as the climax of their current U.K. tour. And they have extra gigs at **Reading** University (November 28) and **Manchester** Middleton Civic Hall (December 7), though their date at **Motherwell** Civic Hall on December 5 is now cancelled.

MUD have now completed their pre-Christmas tour itinerary. Their full date sheet for December is **Coventry** Warwick University (1), **Sheffield** University (2), **Bradford** University (3), **Bristol** Colston Hall (4), **Exeter** University (5), **Plymouth** Castaways (6), **Truro** Plaza (7), **Western-super-Mare** Webbington Club (8), **Pontypool** Leisure Centre (9), **Swansea** Leisure Centre (10), **Bournemouth** Winter Gardens (12), **Portsmouth** Collingwood Club (13) and **London Camden** Music Machine (15).

TRAPEZE have slotted in extra gigs at **Newport** Village Club (tomorrow, Friday), **Colwyn Bay** Showboat (November 29), **Nottingham** Boat Club (December 3), **Sunderland** Polytechnic (9), **Wigan** College (15), **Maidstone** College (16), **Newbridge** Club & Institute (18) and **Sunderland** Mecca (23).

JENNY DARREN returns from a European tour to play **Barry** St. Alfan's Club (December 3), **Newbridge** Club & Institute (4), **Middlesbrough** Rock Garden (16), **Whitley Bay** Rex Ballroom (18), **Milton Keynes** Open University (21) and **Kirklevington** Country Club (23).

"ELVIS", Jack Good's musical featuring over 30 of Presley's hits, opens for an indefinite season at **London Charing X Road** Astoria next Monday (28). It stars Shakin' Stevens as Elvis in his mid-20s' and P. J. Proby as the older Presley. Rock band Fumble are also in the cast. Stevens' band, The Sunsets, will continue to gig during the run of the show — with drummer Louis taking over lead vocals.

THE ROYALTY Ballroom in Southgate, **North London**, is starting a monthly series of new-wave concerts. The shows will be on Tuesday nights starting with The Jam (date not yet fixed), and negotiations are in hand for subsequent gigs by Elvis Costello, The Damned, Tom Robinson Band and Boomtown Rats.

NEW-WAVE has found another new home at **London West Hampstead** Railway Hotel, well-known as the former Klooks Kleek. The venue is presenting a punk night every Monday from 8pm to midnight, starting next week (28) with The Decorators and Rikki Slick & The Streets.

"TOMMY", Pete Townshend's celebrated rock opera, is being presented as a brand new stage production at **Hornchurch** Queen's Theatre for four weeks from April 26.

RACING CARS have added another four dates to their current gig series — at **Salford** University (December 3), **London** Marquee (5 and 6) and **London Hapstead** Westfield College (9) . . . **THE DOCTORS** (of Madness) have added **London** North-East Polytechnic (December 10), **Wolverhampton** Lafayette (11) and **Retford** Porterhouse (16) to their present tour.

SHAKIN' STEVENS

DEKE LEONARD

THE OAKRIDGE BOYS, Roy Clark, the Amazing Rhythm Aces and Jimmy Buffett are among top country artists who will be touring Britain during the first half of 1978. Plans for their visits were announced by Anchor Records, who have just picked up several of this year's Country Music Association Awards.

DEKE LEONARD, former Man stalwart, has re-formed his band Iceberg. They have gigs this weekend at **Burton** 76 Club (tomorrow, Friday), **Hertford** Balls Park College (Saturday) and **London Finchley** Torrington (Sunday), and a full December date sheet will be announced shortly.

XTC extend their current tour into December with gigs at **Middlesbrough** Teeside Polytechnic (1), **Stoke** North Staffs Polytechnic (2), **London Islington** Hope & Anchor (3), **Redcar** Coatham Bowl (11), **Keighley** Nikkers (13), **Scarborough** Penthouse (16), **Croydon** Greyhound (18), **Milford Haven** College of Education (20), **Barnstaple** Chequers (22) and **Brighton** New Regent (23). Their gigs this week in **Falkirk** (Thursday) and **Edinburgh** (Friday) are cancelled, but they plan a Scottish tour in the near future.

STARDUST, the Swedish rock band who toured Britain recently, return this weekend for their second visit. They play **Bagshot** Panfiles (this Saturday), **Swansea** Rainbow Club (November 28), **Reading** University (29), **Skegness** Sands Showbar (December 2), **Retford** Porterhouse (3), **Bedford** Nite Spot (4), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (5), **Cleethorpes** Bunny's Place (6) **Doncaster** College of Education (8), **London Southgate** Royalty (9), **Kingston** Coronation Hall (10), **London Paddington** Fangs (14), **Sunderland** Annabell's (16) and **Corby** Stardust Club (19).

THE JOLT have gigs in their native Scotland at **Hamilton** Dell College (December 2), **Alva** Glen Hotel (4), **Aberdeen** Fusion (6), **Kirkaley** Cuinzie Neuk Hotel (8) and **Dunfermline** Images (9). More are being added.

ALPHONSE MOUZON has cancelled his scheduled one-off concert at **London Hammersmith** Odeon this Saturday (26).

BARIS MANCHO and his backing band Kurtalan Express, the top contemporary recording act in Turkey, headline their first public British concert at **London** Rainbow on December 18. They plan a more extensive tour here in the New Year.

LAMONT DOZIER, formerly of the Holland-Dozier-Holland songwriting and production team, said during a brief visit to **London** that he's planning a series of solo concerts in Britain and Europe early next year.

THE WURZELS are on tour to promote their new EMI single and album, both are titled "Give Us England". Dates include **London Lewisham** Concert Hall (this Saturday), **Ipswich** Corn Exchange (Sunday), **Cardiff** New (November 28), **Oakengates** Town Hall (29), **Cheltenham** Town Hall (December 1), **Southport** Theatre (2), **Weymouth** Pavilion (4), **Slough** Thames Hall (7), **Aldershot** Princes Hall (8) and **Bristol** Hippodrome (10).

PENETRATION have added five dates to their current British tour — at **Warrington** Carlton Club (tonight, Thursday), **London Woolwich** Thames Polytechnic (December 3), **London Wardour St.** Vortex Club (12), **London Hackney** Spooky Lady (14) and **Coventry** Mr. George's (22).

SEVERAL CHANGES have been made in the billing for the Front Row Festival at **London Islington** Hope and Anchor, all in December. Deke Leonard's Iceberg switch from 9 to 14, and the Chris Spedding Band replace The Only Ones on December 6. New bookings are Dire Straits (9) and The Pleasers (13).

WIKO JOHNSON has switched his gig at **Wellington** Town House to December 1, instead of November 29 when he now plays Woking Centre Halls.

THE CAPTAIN AND TENNILLE have added another date to their British mini-tour — at **Southport** New Theatre on December 7.

NEW SINGLE 'Not Fade Away (Glid Forever)' Out November 25th VS197

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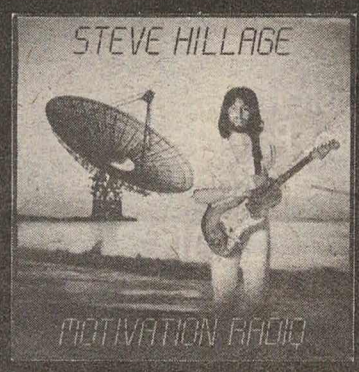

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Sabbath find new vocalist

BLACK SABBATH this week named their new singer — the replacement for Ozzie Osbourne who, as reported two weeks ago, has left to pursue a solo career. The new man is Dave Walker, who was vocalist with Savoy Brown for two years from 1971, then had a spell with Fleetwood Mac. He has been working in the States for the past few years, but flew to London earlier this month for a secret try-out with Sabbath.

Like the other members of the band, Walker hails from Birmingham, where he first made a name for himself with local bands The Redcaps and Idle Race. In America, he worked as vocalist with a San Francisco outfit called Mistress. He is now rehearsing with Sabbath for their new album, to be recorded in Toronto before Christmas, and he will be seen on stage for the first time when the band headline a spring tour of Britain. His signing puts an end to speculation that ex-Deep Purple singer David Coverdale would be joining Sabbath.

● Gerald Woodroffe, who quit Black Sabbath 12 weeks ago after augmenting them on keyboards for some time, has now formed his own band. Joining him in the line-up are Wayne Morris (lead guitar), Gibson John (bass) and Erwin Silvester (drums).

ALBERTOS GO SLEAK-LESS!

ALBERTO Y Lost Trios Paranoias return to the gig circuit next month, after their lengthy stint in the snuff-rock musical "Sleak!" They are so far confirmed for Uxbridge Brunel University (December 1), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (2), Huddersfield Polytechnic (3), Durham University (6), London Strand King's College (9), London Southwark Guy's Hospital (10), Glasgow Strathclyde University (16) and Liverpool Eric's (18).

RETURN VISIT BY DEGREES

THE THREE DEGREES return to Britain early in the New Year for a ten-week cabaret tour. They are so far confirmed for week-long engagements at Wakefield Theatre Club (from January 15), Purfleet Circus Tavern (from 22), Stoke Jollees (from 29), Leicester Bailey's (from February 13), Watford Bailey's (from 19), Birmingham Night Out (from 27), Manchester Golden Garter (from March 13) and Sheffield Fiesta (from 19).

LYNYRD NOT RE-FORMING

THE SURVIVORS of the Lynyrd Skynyrd air crash disaster last month, in which lead singer Ronnie Van Zant and two other members were killed, are now all out of hospital and on the way to complete recovery. But they have decided not to continue to use the band's name. The five remaining members — Gary Rossington, Allen Collins, Artimus Pyle, Leon Wilkeson and Billy Powell — say it is still too early to announce future plans, but that they will never again record or perform as Lynyrd Skynyrd. Meanwhile a single from the band's "Street Survivors" album, titled "What's Your Name", is issued by MCA on January 17.

PARTY GIG BY SAILOR

SAILOR, who have spent most of this year touring abroad, return home next month in time for a special one-off Christmas show at London Leicester-Square Empire Ballroom on Monday, December 12. A spokesman said the gig will take the form of a party, with several guest acts going on stage before Sailor. The date also marks the return to the band of Phil Pickett, who quit the line-up in April to concentrate on songwriting. Sailor's new Epic single "Romance" was released this week by Epic.

CHRIS SPEDDING TOUR EXTENSION

CHRIS SPEDDING's autumn tour, his first as leader of his own band, has proved so successful that he has now been booked for a further string of gigs through to mid-December. With the possibility of still more dates being added, those confirmed so far are at Great Yarmouth Tiffany's (tonight, Thursday), Wolverhampton Lafayette (Friday), Watford College of Education (Saturday), Northampton County Ground (December 3), London Regent's Park Bedford College (9), Dudley J.B.'s (10), Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (12), London Cockfosters Middlesex Polytechnic (14), Newport Village Club (16) and London Marquee (17).

RECORD NEWS

XMAS SINGLE BY OLDFIELD

MIKE OLDFIELD maintains his policy of releasing a single just before Christmas, following the success in 1975 and 1976 of "In Dulce Jubilo" and "Portsmouth", when Virgin issue his "Cuckoo Song" tomorrow (Friday). Out on the same day and label is **Steve Hillage's** version of "Not Fade Away".

● **Jerry Wexler,** renowned producer and Atlantic Records pioneer, has switched to Warner Brothers where he becomes senior vice-president. He is at present producing an **Allan Toussaint** album for his new company.

● **Chris Farlowe's** version of the Alice Cooper song "Only Women Bleed" is issued by Charly this week. It's also available by Julie Covington on Virgin.

● **Danny Mirror** has an album released by Sonet next month, with the same title as his recent hit single "I Remember Elvis Presley", and his follow-up single "A Child's Prayer" comes out this weekend. Upcoming January albums from Sonet include "Belfast Gypsies" by **Them** and "All in The Name Of Love" by **John Hartford**.

● Polydor are to release two 20-track albums of "The **Dave Clark Five's** Greatest Hits" next year, the first of which is scheduled for February. Meanwhile "Everybody Knows", which was a smash hit for the group exactly ten years ago, is issued as a single this week.

● **Slade's** perennial seasonal classic "Merry Christmas Everybody" is reissued yet again by Polydor tomorrow (Friday). Out on the same day and label is "Master Booty" by the **Fatback Band**.

● **Andy Desmond** — the singer and composer who has toured extensively this year with Hall & Oates, Camel and Barbara Dickson — has signed a five-year worldwide deal with Ariola Records. He is currently working on an album with U.S. producer Bones Howe for early New Year Release.

● A major re-launch by MAM Records coincides with the opening of their new studios in Los Angeles, and the introduction of a new logo for the label. First of the new-look albums will be "Southpaw" by **Gilbert O'Sullivan** and "People Music" by country artist **Mike Graham**.

● Singer, guitarist and songwriter **Eddy Grant** — formerly leader of the now-defunct Equals — is back on the scene as a solo artist. His single "Hello Africa" and album "Message Man" are released this week on his own Ice Records label, and he plans a string of British concert dates in February.

● **Mel Brooks** has signed with Elektra, who bring out his new double album early next year — one record is the soundtrack of his upcoming movie "High Anxiety", and the other features his "greatest hits". And **Stan Freberg** is completing an album of comtemporary satire for the same label.

● **Bette Midler's** new album, for release by Atlantic early in the New Year, is titled "Broken Blossom". She is likely to visit Britain to promote it.

● RCA albums out this week include "Spiral" by **Vangelis** and "Music Inspired By Star Wars And Other Galactic Funk" by **Meco**.

● Another Manchester label, Rainy City Records, makes its bow this week with a three-track EP by local band **The Panik**. It has the somewhat pessimistic title of "It Won't Sell!", and is being distributed by Manchester-based Rabid Records.

● The **Commodores'** double live album, recorded during their U.S. tour this summer, is rush released by Motown this weekend. The band are being lined up for a British tour in the New Year.

● **British Lions,** the new band comprising former Mott and Medicine Head members, have their first Vertigo single out on December 2. It is "One More Chance To Run", penned by John Fiddler.

● **Burning Spear's** new live album, which also features British reggae band Aswad, is released by Island on December 2. Out on the same label this weekend is the 12-inch single "Ska Wars" by **Rico,** being his version of the Star Wars theme.

Stevie triple

A THREE-ALBUM **Stevie Wonder** anthology, covering the years 1962-71, is issued by Motown on December 9. Originally released in the States in 1974, it comprises 40 tracks, including the previously unissued 1967 recording "Until You Come Back To Me". Wonder's latest album, scheduled for March release, is titled "The Secret Life Of Plants" — which, surprisingly, is his self-penned soundtrack for a new documentary nature film of the same title.

● The **Four Tops'** new Anchor single is a revival of the Yardbirds' 1965 hit "For Your love". Released this weekend, it was recorded in London with producer Mike Hurst.

● Anchor this week issue two 12-inch EPs in their Plus Fours series. **Steely Dan's** set comprises "Dallas", "Sail The Waterway, "Haitian Divorce" and "Do It Again". And **Don Williams** sings "Amanda", "Shelter Of Your Eyes", "A Gypsy Woman" and "You're My Best Friend".

● To coincide with his current tour, **Gary Glitter's** single "I Dare You To Lay One On Me" is rushed out by Arista this weekend. It's taken from his "Silver Star" album.

● The **10 c.c.** double album "Live And Let Live", issued by Vertigo this weekend, is their first live LP and the first to feature their new line-up. It was recorded during the summer at London Hammersmith Odeon and Glasgow Apollo.

Elvis: his way

ELVIS PRESLEY's version of "My Way" is released as an RCA single tomorrow (Friday) and, at presstime, it has already amassed 300,000 advance orders. Taken from the soundtrack of his CBS-TV special, filmed shortly before his death, it is included on the "Elvis In Concert" album. The B-side of the single is Presley's previously unissued version of the traditional "America". RCA announced this week that his single "Way Down" has now qualified for a Gold Disc in Britain.

ESSEX, GIBBONS, MILES: NEW GIGS

DAVID ESSEX has added another six shows to his British tour schedule, which opened last weekend. They are all extra early-evening gigs at 6 pm, at venues where he is already set for mid-evening performances — Derby Assembly Rooms (December 1), Leeds Grand (3), Newcastle City Hall (4), Southampton Gaumont (10), Brighton Dome (14) and London Tottenham-Ct Road Dominion (21). His week-long season at London's 2,000-seater Dominion has completely sold out, hence the addition of the extra December 21 performance, and a spokesman said that still more shows are likely to be added at this venue.

STEVE GIBBONS BAND have added another six dates to their current headlining U.K. tour. They are at Dundee University (tomorrow, Friday), Coventry Locarno (November 28), Keighley Victoria Hall (29), Swansea Nutz Club (December 1), Penzance The Garden (2) and Redcar Coatham Bowl (4).

JOHN MILES has added another four dates to his short pre-Christmas tour, making nine in all. The extra gigs are at Malvern Winter Gardens (December 14), Bridlington Spa Royal Hall (16) and Redcar Coatham Bowl (17 and 18). As reported last week, he is being lined up for a major New Year.

Ex-SAHBs in new Zal band

ZAL CLEMINSON this week announced plans for his new band which — as reported two weeks ago — he decided to form after Alex Harvey quit the business, leaving the SAHB in a state of flux.

The new outfit will be known simply as Zal — and, as expected, Cleminson has invited his former SAHB colleagues Chris Glen (bass) and Ted McKenna (drums) to join him in the venture. The name of the fourth member, a guitarist, will be revealed shortly.

Zal and the band plan to be ready to open their first tour at the end of January, recording plans are currently being discussed, and studio time will be scheduled shortly. Commented Cleminson: "The band will be guitar orientated, but I have a complete mental blueprint of exactly what I'm aiming at".

'Queen splitting' rumours abound

RUMOURS circulating in rock circles this week suggest that Queen may be on the verge of breaking up.

The band are currently touring America, and are not due back until shortly before Christmas. But according to current speculation, a New Year announcement of a split — leaving Freddy Mercury free to pursue his own career — is a distinct possibility.

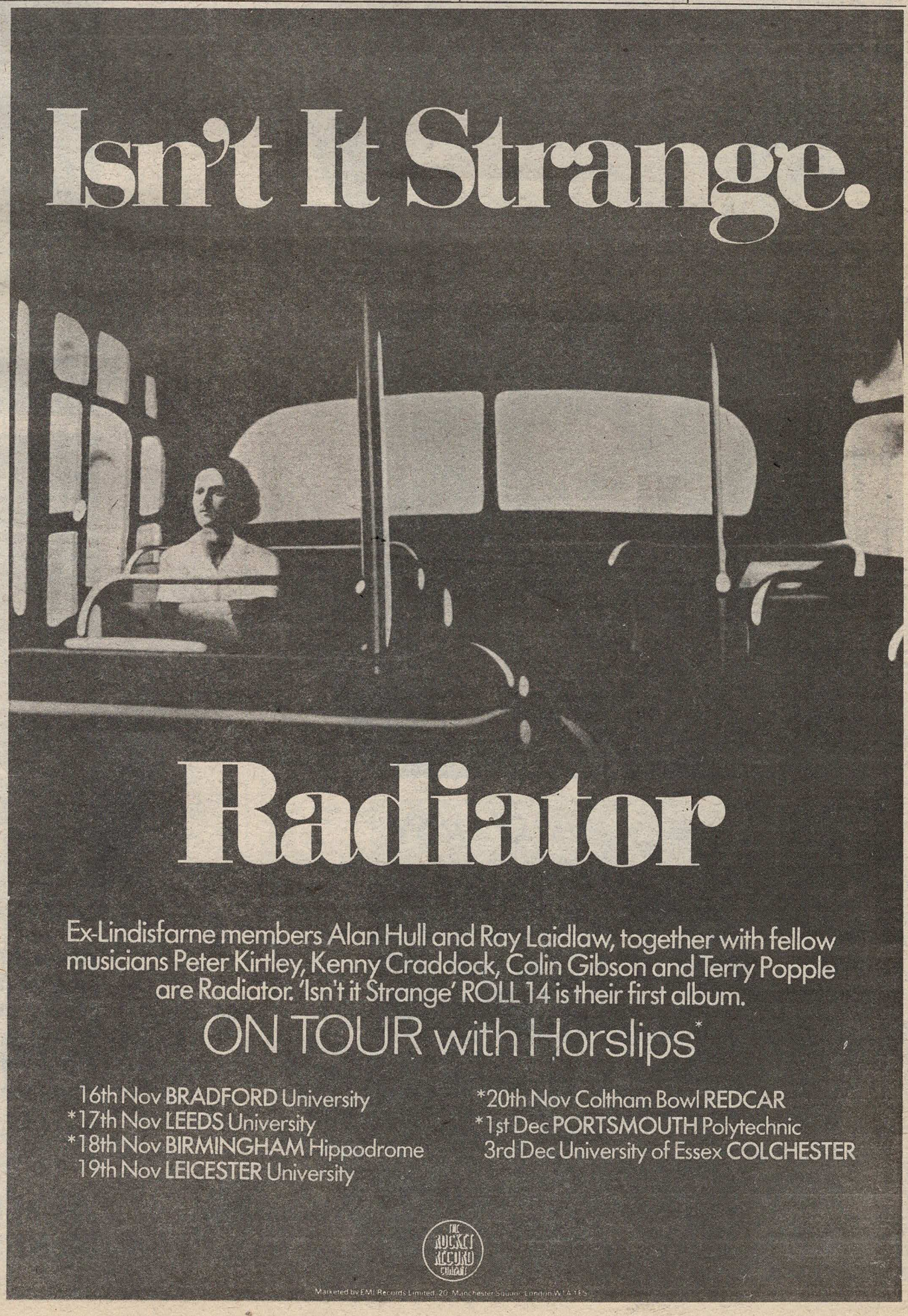
Queen's London-based publicist confessed to being surprised by the reports, and said he had heard nothing to substantiate them. The band's manager John Reid is at present in the States with them, and was therefore unavailable for comment, but staff at his London offices said they had contacted him and he denied any impending split.

DARTS DATE AT RAINBOW

THE DARTS, currently high in the charts with their first Magnet single "Daddy Cool", headline their first major London concert at the Rainbow on Wednesday, December 21 (tickets on sale now priced £2, £1.50 and £1). This comes as the climax to their extensive U.K. autumn tour, on which there have been several changes: London Middlesex Polytechnic (December 5) and London North-East Polytechnic (7) are cancelled; and Farnham The Maltings (November 28), Bournemouth Tiffany's (December 8) and Preston Polytechnic (14) are added. The band record their second album in January, then tour Europe (February) and America (March).

OSIBISA TOP XMAS SHOW

OSIBISA headline a special Christmas concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on Thursday, December 22. Tickets are on sale now priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50, and the show is promoted by Straight Music in association with the Bron Agency. A spokesman said that a few more gigs are being arranged around the Christmas period, and the band will undertake a more extensive tour in January. Their new double album "Black Magic Night — Osibisa Live" has just been released by Bronze.


Isn't It Strange.
Radiator
Ex-Lindisfarne members Alan Hull and Ray Laidlaw, together with fellow musicians Peter Kirtley, Kenny Craddock, Colin Gibson and Terry Popple are Radiator. 'Isn't it Strange' ROLL 14 is their first album.
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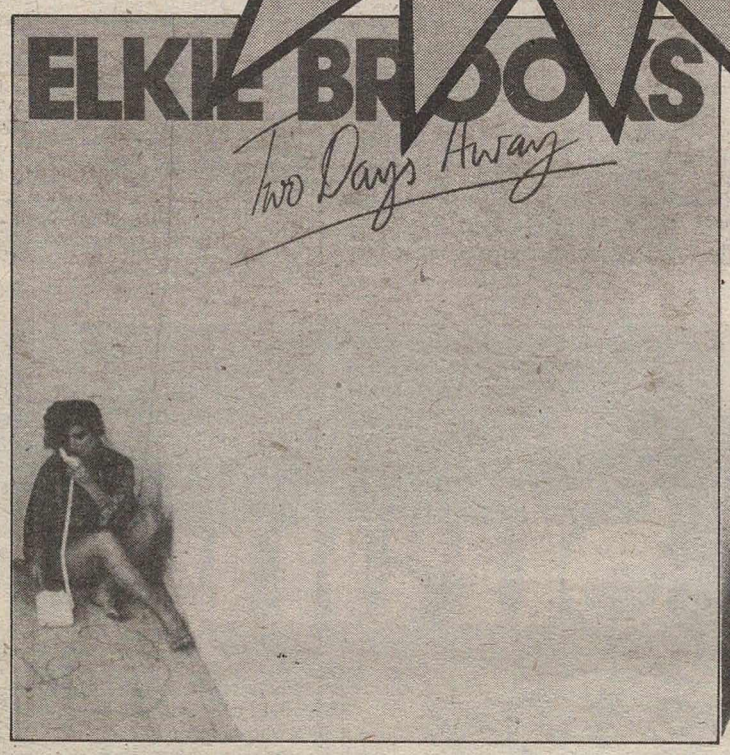
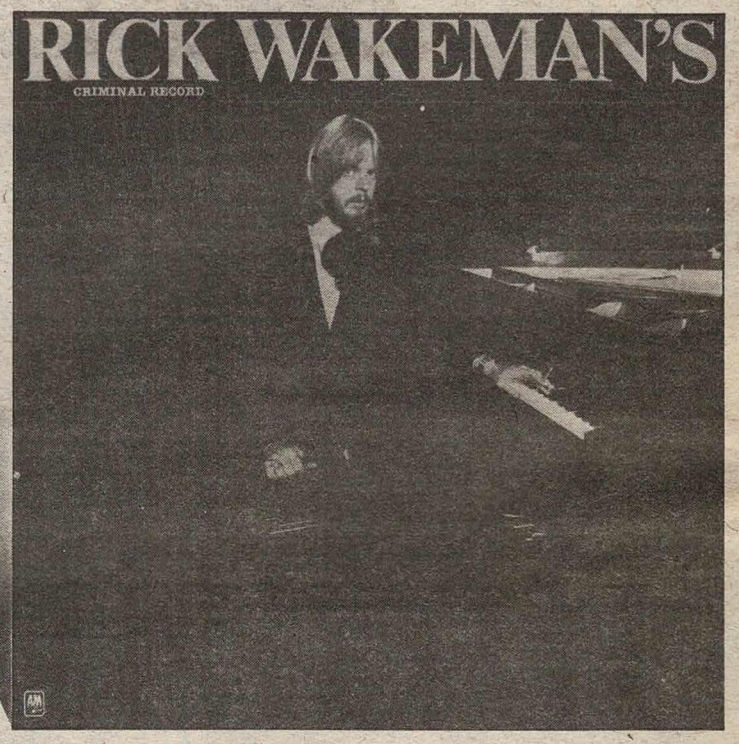


ELKIE BROOKS TWO DAYS AWAY.

SUPERTRAMP EVEN IN THE QUIETEST MOMENTS.



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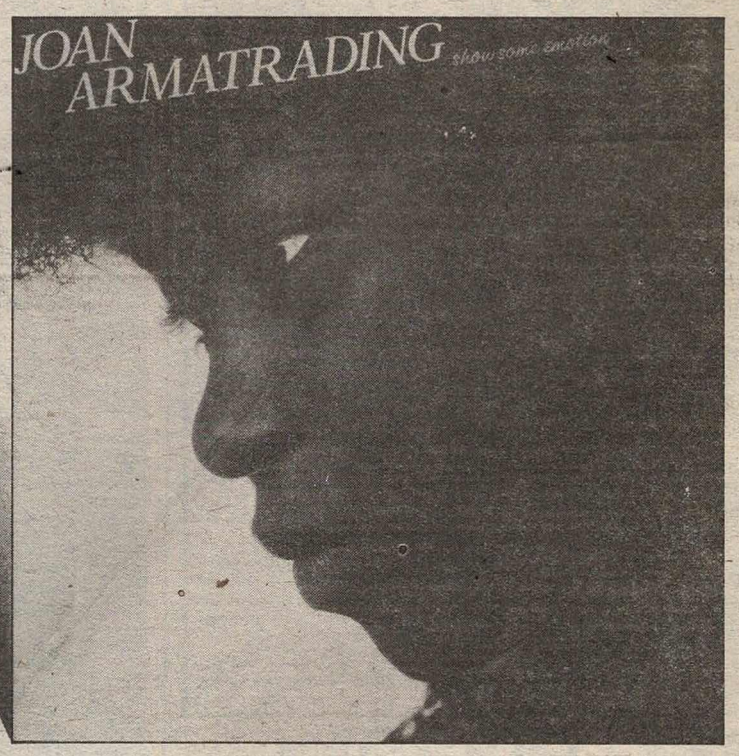

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A&M RECORDS

Hello. The human on my right is PHIL RAMBOW, and two years ago we splashed him all over this page. He then disappeared without trace.

In 1977, we at NME still believe in Phil Rambow and so he's back on page 7. He better not blow it this time or a lot of people will be verrrry disappointed. One of them is Mick Ronson. Another is STEVE CLARKE . . .

A PARTICULARLY sullen Thursday night Dingwall's crowd is giving the much-lauded Phillip Rambow and his cohorts, who include Early '70s Guitar Hero Mick Ronson, no help at all — although Ronson is thankfully a sight more audible than he was the last (and first) time your reporter ran across this latest Rambow manifestation (playing free of charge across town at West Kensington's Nashville, some three or four weeks ago).

Unfortunately, all this may be of little significance to you — for most people living beyond The Great Metropolis will be entirely ignorant of the four-piece outfit (six if you include the lady back-up singers who include Ronson's lookalike sister Maggie).

They've barely had time to cast off their swaddling clothes and walk, and to date their handful of gigs has been restricted to London.

However, if you've been reading *NME* in any detail these past two years, the name Phillip (he dislikes being called Phil) Rambow will not be new. For despite lack of commercial success — whether as frontman for the short-lived The Winkies, or a name in his own right — he has attracted a fair amount of press coverage.

He had barely scratched a band together in his return to London from New York five months ago before *Thrills* was waxing lyrical about his talent, and Joe Strummer and Glen Matlock were on hand to watch him in action.

The more thorough *NME* reader will recall Chris Salewicz's entirely laundatory review a few weeks back.

Moreover, despite the lack of enthusiasm at Dingwalls tonight, and how ill-attended the gig is, there are some interesting faces in the audience. The fact that Phillip Rambow is hip is shown by the presence of Generation X and The Slits; that Pistols' producer Chris Thomas, fast shaping up as Britain's premier rock producer, follows him around increases his already healthy chances of making great rock records.

And yes, part of the Chrysalis Records hierarchy is here too; Rambow's links with Chrysalis, for whom he has released one solo single "Dem Eyes", seen by some as a pre-punk punk opus, and, as a Winkie, one album, are by no means cut and dry. The Chrysalis boss leans over to me after Rambow's been on stage awhile and whispers that the gig is a great improvement on the Nashville.

Well, yes, it is, but if you've got it, you're not likely to lose it. And Phillip Rambow has got it.

Hopefully, he and the business will know what to do with it this time round — and if the aggregation currently playing Rambow's music is as permanent as Phillip tells me it is ("Ronson's already talking about us doing two albums," he says) he couldn't wish for a better musical setting.

It's one dream of a rock band. Rambow (as well as singing and writing the songs, he plays guitar), bassist Dave Cochran, drummer Laurie Jellyman and Mick Ronson fusing together gloriously from the opening "Strange Destinies" onwards, playing throughout as if they were made to play together.

Their control and authority would be impressive if they'd been working on the road for months. Considering they've only been a band for a matter of weeks, it's miraculous.

As Chris Salewicz pointed out in his review, points of reference are hard to come by, Rambow and his colleagues managing to avoid both old and new wave clinches while remaining unquestionably contemporary.

Structurally, and to a lesser extent lyrically, some of Rambow's material is reminiscent of Springsteen's in that it has that same upward lift. Okay, so his songs are full of post-adolescent (he's 25) disillusionment, but they're hardly defeatist. You get the feeling that he never gives in.

The lyrics are terse and thankfully devoid of any new wave posturing. And when he does sing about the street, he does so in an honest and refreshingly unselfconscious way. He's no rock poet but he knows how to write an excellent rock song.

PHILLIP RAMBOW is of course no stranger to Dingwalls stage, or, come to that, the boards of numerous other London gigs, seeing as how he cut his rock 'n' roll chops in Britain in this circuit with The Winkies in 1974.

At that time the music business's attitude towards bands playing at grassroots level was considerably less enthusiastic than it is now.

"At a certain point everything pub-rock tried to do all died," he remembers, "Every band was screwed except the Feelgoods.

Pix this page by PENNIE SMITH

"Everbody had the same problem — money, bad management, and bad relations — hips with record companies. Their attitude was, 'What is this pub-rock stuff'? The amount of money upfront was really pitiful.

"At the time The Winkies' contract was the best you could get, coming from where we were coming from. And another thing, everyone was conpletely the antithesis of what was then commercial — Yes, ELP, the whole schmear.

"If a record company signs you today and you've got a reasonably good manager you come in on the corporate level a lot higher than you used to, because you're forcing people to make a larger investment.

"At the beginning The Winkies were the best thing I'd ever done and we all loved it. We were a great live act. Mick Jones was one of our fans. I listened to Eddie And The Hot Rods' first EP, 'Live At The Marquee,' and no way does it sound better than The Winkies.

"The reason we didn't make that kind of record was because there was no-one in the world who would fork out the necessary five or six hundred to get a mobile down to the Marquee or the Kensington in 1974.

"What The Winkies did was very original in that no-one was really listening to that kind of sound at the time. Everyone else was trying to be very prissy and intellectually accomplished. The Winkies had this very hard, basic sound."

My own experience of The Winkies was restricted to just a couple of gigs, one at The Marquee after which I returned home wondering why on earth some of my colleagues were raving about them, the second at 1974's Reading Festival where they made a strong impression on the otherwise predominantly dreary proceedings, coming on like some embryonic latter day Who.

Like, say, The Rods, The Winkies started out playing mostly other people's material, classic blues, R&B, rock 'n' roll and soul, before turning their attention to original material.

"You start off playing the old classics and then write songs that sound like the old classics and maintain the spirit", explains Phillip, casting some light on just why his current batch of songs set your back a-tingling.

Then, too, Rambow would cut a commanding figure on stage. As Salewicz pointed put in his Nashville review, The Winkies were, along with Dr Feelgood, the only pub-rock band who came on like personalities — mincing about with a kind of animal grace, Rambow with a brown bowler perched atop his barnet.

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SURPRISINGLY enough, he's glad that The Winkies *didn't* make it back in '74/75, reckoning that if they had done they'd now be in "this horrible situation The Feelgoods are

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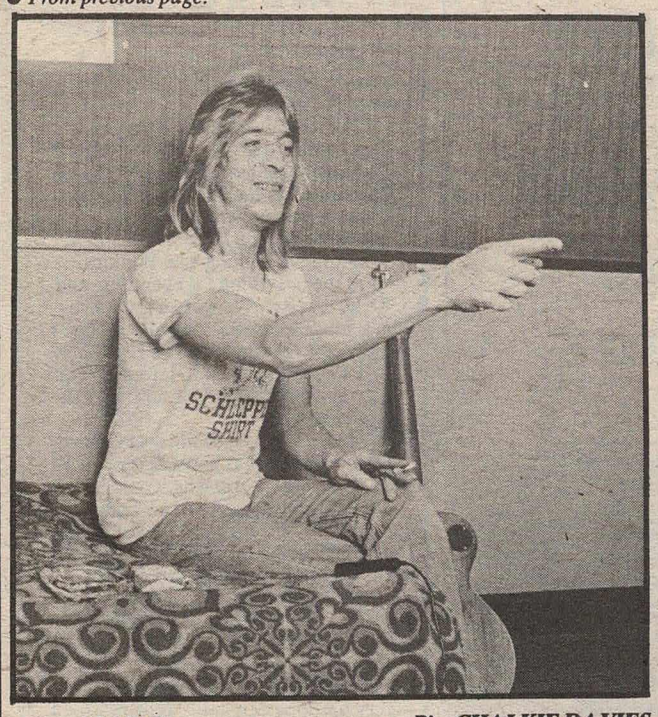


"I'm with him" *Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES*

"I'm with him" *Pic: RICHARD BEADLE*

in" — not that there was ever much chance of the group being anything else other than a critics' band, seeing as how they pushed the self-destruct button on the day their first album was released.

Also "The Winkies" didn't meet with the same level of praise the group live had enjoyed. With no Winkies around to promote it, Chrysalis — claims Rambow — didn't take out a solitary ad to push it, instead saving their promo money to get behind Phillip Rambow the solo artiste.

However, in the final outcome the company didn't like the vast majority of Rambow's solo cuts and out of seven or eight tracks, only "Dem Eyes" was put out.

"There were just a lot of heavy lyrics in them," recalls Rambow. "One was called 'Sweet 15'.

"It wasn't really about doing rude things with 15-year-olds, but Chrysalis were afraid my songs wouldn't get on the playlist. They now know (and presumably Rambow is talking here about the Pistols' effect on the biz) that they can still make a career out of someone if their records don't make the playlist."

Lured by New York's then-emergent punk scene (Patti Smith, Television and The Ramones were fast grabbing the attention of The Enlightened), Rambow returned across the Atlantic.

"I could immediately relate to what was going on there. It just had to do with everything I've ever done in my life since I left school.

"I thought I was going to be the first solo punk rock star."

But it wasn't to be, and apart form playing a handful of gigs in New York and getting one song on "Live At Max's Kansas City Volume Two" (Rambow's paean to street life, "Night Out", the only 'old' song in his current set and the most commercial), he spent much of his time washing dishes for Greenwich Village eateries, Romantic Bohemian on paper but in actual fact tedious and poorly paid.

He had run into Mick Ronson while recording The Winkies' album, saw him again in New York, where even Phillip's attempts to get a gig supporting The Damned at CBGBs were thwarted by, he claims, music business nepotism. He ended up playing with Ronson after he and Dave Cochran were invited to "a jam" on the latter's return to London this summer.

So how does he see what he's doing now?

"It's post-New Wave but it's within the frame of reference the New Wave has created. There's never been a time in the English music business like there is now. The people who are pop stars are more artists than ever before.

"Before, the only person in rock you could ever consider an artist was Peter Townshend. All the rest were entertainers. And they proved it by what they did and said.

"Townshend was the only person who was really serious about things. But now you've got Mick Jones, Joe Strummer and somewhere in the middle of The Sex Pistols is something that leads towards that.

"They're more serious on a long term level from an emotional point of view than anybody ever in the history of the English music business. Mick Jones and Joe Strummer are the most talented song writing team in this country since Jagger and Richard.

"My potential for commercial success is higher than it's ever been. My songs are just a bunch of songs and I think they're real good. What did Elvis say? He said, 'I'm just as worthless as every other person but I think the songs are great.'

"I would definitely spend money to see the show I'm in right now just to see Mick Ronson and for the songs."

If all goes according to plan Rambow will be gigging outside London in January. This time don't let him pass you by.

TROWER TALK

'In City Dreams' matures, mellows, *improves* with association, until ultimately you find yourself falling into the gently loping, quietly ticking over, slowly simmering *vibe* and it becomes quite compulsive.

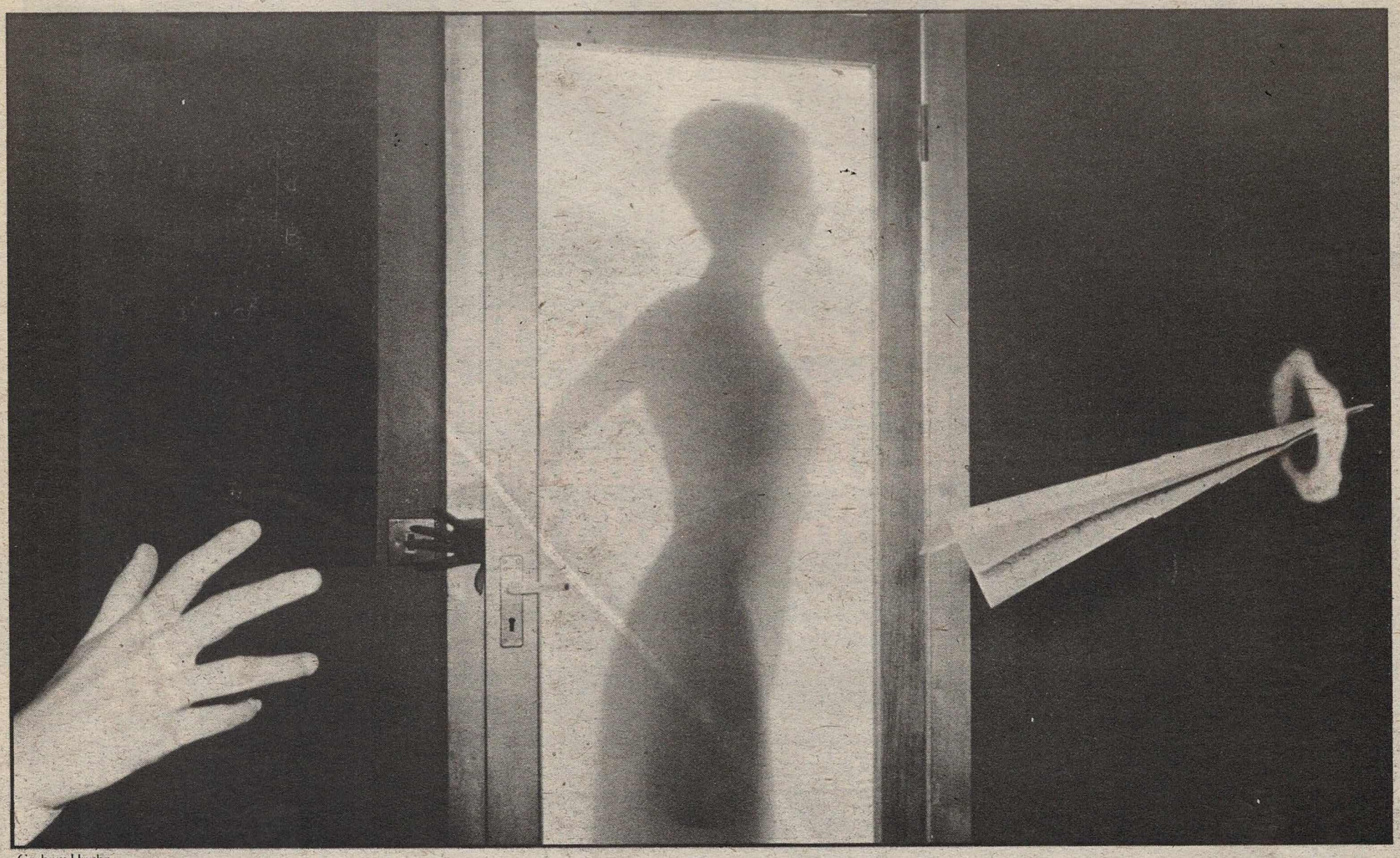
GEOFF BARTON SOUNDS

IN CITY DREAMS. THE NEW ALBUM FROM ROBIN TROWER Chrysalis Records & Tapes

MULL OF KINTYRE

Graham Hughes

WINGS DOUBLE A



Graham Hughes

GIRLS SCHOOL

EMI mpl

Graham Parker and the Rumour/Stick to Me

Album 9102 017 Cassette 7231 013

"Graham Parker's 'Stick To Me' at last captures his exhilarating stage style on record...It will undoubtedly prove to be one of the albums of the year."

Robin Denselow, The Guardian

"In a year graced with a deluge of superlative albums, 'Stick To Me' is superior to most already on the racks. And it's inferior to none."

Allan Jones, Melody Maker

"'Stick To Me'...A majestic example of pure rhythm and blues-the inspiration level, creativity and general power of which totally transcend the grisly issue of colour and social background. It's a gift that the Stones at their best have displayed-similarly Van Morrison and Mose Allison. And now with 'Stick To Me' Graham Parker can add his name to that select pantheon."

Nick Kent, New Musical Express

VERTIGO

marketed by phonogram

NME READERS POLL

YOU ARE THE FUTURE OF ROCK 'N' ROLL

POST TODAY TO :

NME Readers Poll, 3rd Floor, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG.

Most Wonderful Human Being

.....

Best Group

1 .....
2 .....
3 .....

Best New Group/Act

1 .....
2 .....
3 .....

Male Singer

.....

Female Singer

.....

Guitarist

.....

Keyboards

.....

Bass

.....

Drums

.....

Miscellaneous Instrumentalist

.....

Event of The Year

.....

Songwriter

.....

Single

.....

Album

.....

Best-dressed sleeve

.....

Disc Jockey

.....

TV Show

.....

Radio Show

.....

Prat Of The Year

.....

Name .....

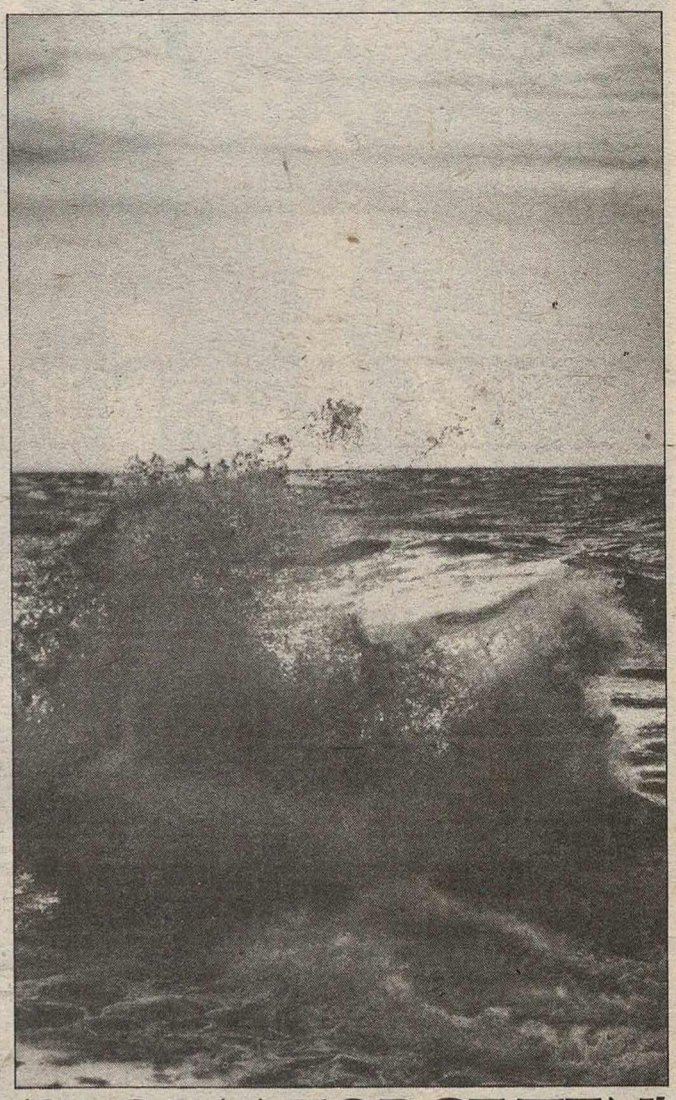
Address.....

.....*Age*.....

N.B. In categories other than Best Group and Best New Group choice is restricted to one vote.

Coupons must be received by last post December 5, 1977.

STEELEYE SPAN. THE NEW ALBUM.

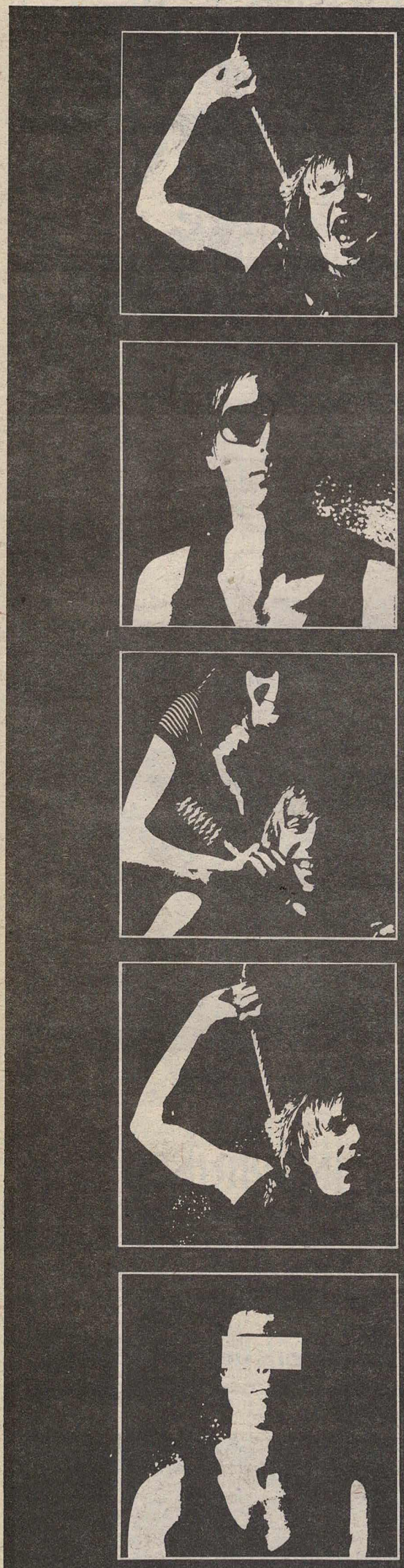
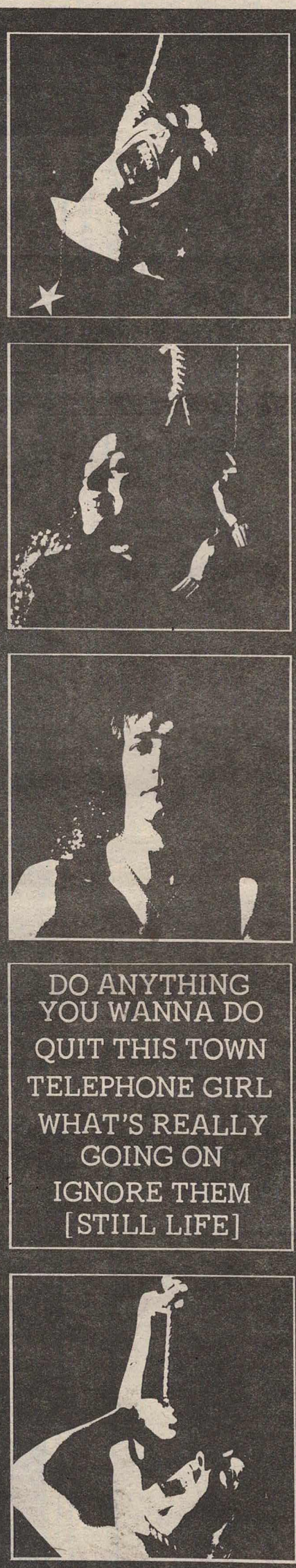


'STORM FORCE TEN' IS INSPIRING

Steeleye's new album 'Storm Force Ten' is out now. And so is their new single, which you won't find on the album, a track called 'Boar's Head Carol', backed with 'Gaudete'/ 'Some Rival'.

What's more, don't miss Steeleye Span at the Hammersmith Odeon, Dec. 17th.

Chrysalis Records & Tapes

DO ANYTHING
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QUIT THIS TOWN
TELEPHONE GIRL
WHAT'S REALLY
GOING ON
IGNORE THEM
[STILL LIFE]

LIFE ON THE LINE
[AND] DON'T
BELIEVE
YOUR EYES
WE SING . . .
THE CROSS
BEGINNING OF
THE END

EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS

LIFE ON THE LINE

ISLAND

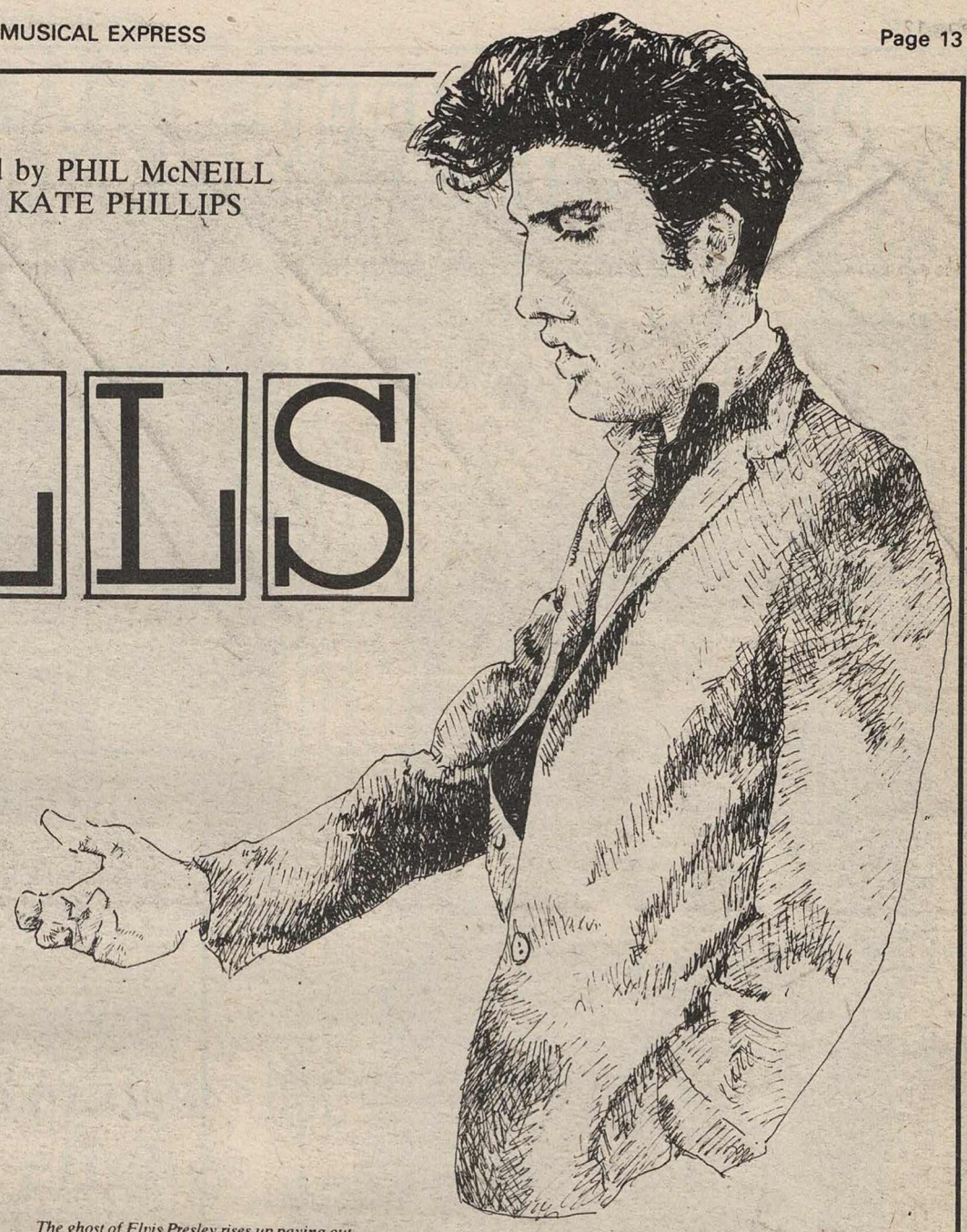
ILPS 9509

INSIDE INFORMATION

P.14: The Jam mouth off at the Pistols.
P.15: Tony Wilson — the man who didn't have a real leather jacket is forgiven at last.
P.17: Aretha Franklin's Palladium fiasco, Radio Stars' Carnaby Street fracas.
P.18: John Dowie writes some pretty dubious songs.
P.19: Dictatorship in Germany — Handsome Dick in the nick.
P.20/21: Elvis Presley lives on in a multitude of ghoulish guises.

Edited by PHIL McNEILL and KATE PHILLIPS

THRILLS



The ghost of Elvis Presley rises up paying out dollars and cents, courtesy of illustrator TONY RIOT. Special Thrills investigation pages 19-21.

SEX PISTOLS JUBILEE BOAT TRIAL RESULT

WHILE MASTER PHILLIPS gurgles snugly in his cot at Buck House and a nation drools, Jubilee year is climaxing in a different way for a select coterie of New Wave royalty.

Remember the Pistols' Jubilee boat-trip back on the Queen's big day? (If not, see *NME* 18.6.77). The party ended badly for several people — particularly for Pistols manager Malcolm McLaren and his girlfriend Vivienne Westwood, who were among those arrested when the police 'persuaded' the revellers to break things up and come ashore.

Last Thursday both were called to Bow St. Magistrates Court for the continuation of their respective trials; McLaren's, however, was postponed, to hang over his head until February 3, so *Thrills'* own court-hack sidled into No. 3 Court instead, to observe the end of Ms Westwood's trial on a charge of obstructing the police.

Two policemen had told the court that the defendant, having already been restrained from trying to pull a cop off McLaren whilst he was being arrested, had become violent, kicking and punching other policemen who were gathered round the van into which McLaren had been put away. A third was now corroborating their evidence down to the last detail.

He told the court that he and a colleague put Ms Westwood into the van, told her she was being arrested, and cautioned her. He was unable to say definitely how she might have incurred bruising on her right hip, left leg and ankle: it might have been as a result of her struggling as she was lifted into the van.

Ms Westwood, dressed in a sea-green mohair sweater and black leather trousers, told the court that she was McLaren's "common-law wife" and that he was the father of her second child. She claimed that her first contact with the police that night had come when they had dragged her off the boat and down the gangplank, pulling her by both legs.

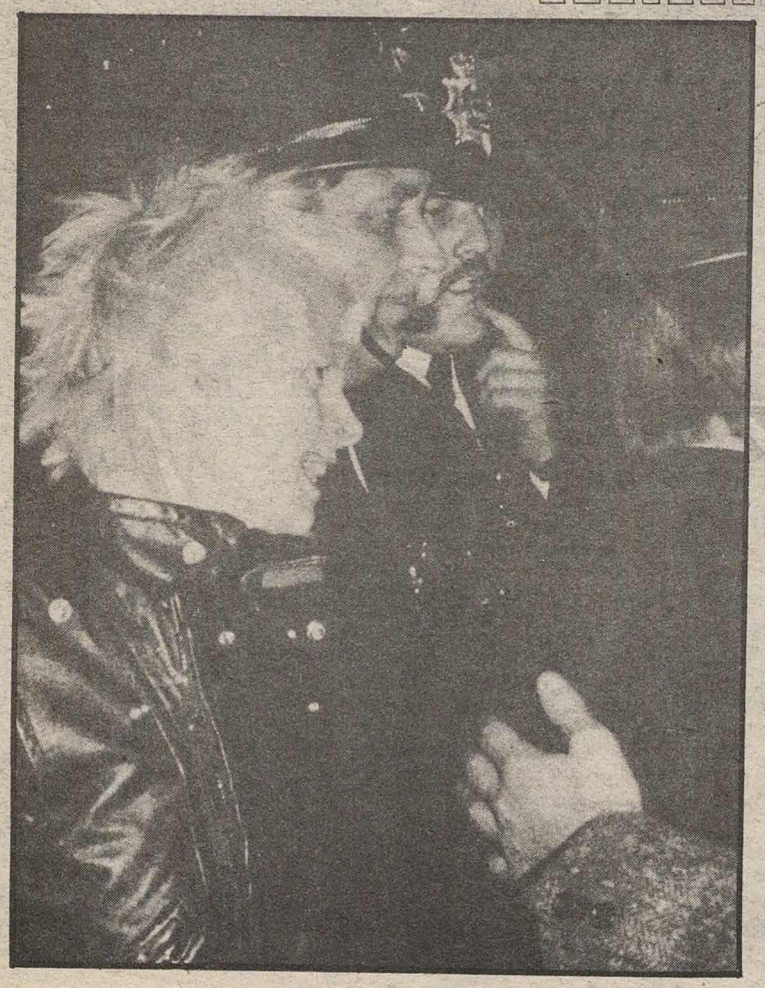
She denied assaulting any police officer, claiming that she had simply tried to keep McLaren in sight as he was led away, because she was afraid he would be taken to a police station and beaten up.

"I was not cautioned till I reached the police station," she claimed. Asked if she had not been "very angry with the police", and so upset that it would have been "reasonable" for her to grab the arm of the police officer arresting McLaren, she replied: "I don't get angry at the police any more. I know they behave like that to people like us."

She was found guilty of obstructing a police officer and fined £15 with £15 costs. As we all left the court, I heard one policeman remark to another: "It's amazing how these people can transform themselves, isn't it?"

AMY PROSSER

THRILLS



Vivienne Westwood on the scene of the "crime"

... AND MALCOLM UNVEILS PLANS FOR YUGOSLAVIA

NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS — smash hit albums are fine, but no compensation for not being allowed to perform live. Yeah, windy insurance companies, cagey promoters and perennial local council reactionaries are forcing The Sex Pistols (*so they claim —Ed.*) to try to tread live planks outside the borders of this green and bigoted isle.

"So we'll play abroad," reveals Malcom McLaren. "All over the continent but *not* in the places that people usually expect a band to play, like Germany — we'll be keeping right away from those gaffs and playing Spain, Italy, Yugoslavia. We're very big in those places, there's a lot of enthusiasm for The Sex Pistols there."

McLaren says that the countries in Europe where the Pistols will gig have only been into rock music for a matter of a few years, and therefore are spared the jaded attitude that you find in, say, a London audience where the crowd sits back waiting to be entertained.

"It'd be great for one of those countries to become *the* centre of rock!" McLaren asserts with contagious subversive enthusiasm. "It's all new, fresh and vital to them, they *haven't* seen it all before — that's why they love the album so much, why it's selling so well there ... and why we're gonna play there."

Someone in Yugoslavia sent me a letter saying the Pistols were gonna be there in February.

"Yeah, that's about right, February in Yugoslavia!"

When do you start shooting the movie?

"First day of next year."

Are the Pistols gonna tour the States?

"We wanna play there, but keep away from places like New York and Los Angeles. They would be very easy to set up for us, but totally pointless, as we would just be perpetuating the same old system that we detest, that we set out to change.

"Where so many of the punk bands screwed up is that they allowed themselves to be assimilated into the system too, too easily — they gave up what they had initially for too little, just the same old shit."

McLaren cites the willingness of so-called new wave combos to play the establishment venues like the Rainbow or the Hammersmith Odeon, where the authorities can contain whatever genuine rebellion happens to be present by employing psychotic bouncers to keep people glued to their seats.

The Pistols have avoided all that shit, and remain the one band whose next move inevitably keeps the world anticipating with bated breath.

"What I'd like to do," McLaren confides, "is to pick some place on the map that no-one has ever heard of before — somewhere in Alabama or near the Mexican border — and do a gig *there*. Even if they hate it, at least it's helping to decentralise and get away from every band playing New York and LA just because everybody else plays those shitholes.

"Or if *we do* play those cities, then do it *away* from the established venues and in the Mexican quarter or somewhere ... just fuckin' keep away from doing what everybody else does simply because it's the easiest thing to do, the line that gives you the least trouble, the one that perpetuates the same old system ..."

And is always the most boring.

"Exactly. Like you say, the Pistols started it all and we've gone through too much shit to quit doing what *we* want now. Like, as late as *after* the A&M split I was going round to record companies and nobody would *talk* to me, the big shots' secretaries told me there was no-one to talk to me, that I wasn't wanted there and would I please leave.

"I knew *exactly* what we were doing when the Pistols signed with EMI," Malcolm McLaren smiles, "because, of all those companies, EMI were the biggest of all ..."

We exchange notes on our mutual favourite talents currently going the rounds, McLaren citing Ian Dury as a heavyweight, me spreading the word on Manchester's The Fall, and both of us extolling the praises of Buzzcocks. And what's gonna be the next big thing, Malcolm?

"Pop-hijacking," he laughs. "Where a band's booked to play some venue but they can't make it and another band plays as an alternative!"

Never mind the bollocks, this is ...? If it all comes true, Malcolm, that's something else.

TONY PARSONS

THRILLS

MODERN MEETS REAL WORLD—HUNDREDS HURT

THIS IS THE MODERN WORLD. *Zigzag* editor Kris Needs has just been physically assaulted outside Newcastle's Mayfair Ballroom. He stands stunned, blood trickling from his face and down on to the Jam backstage pass which is stuck to his black leather jacket.

Needs, because of his punk clobber, has come off worst in our party, after several local thugs decided to get stroppy with the gentlemen of the press who've travelled up to Newcastle to report on the opening night of The Jam's second 1977 British tour.

The locals resented the fact that we might be allowed into the venue when the management had told them the house was full.

Incidents of this nature are, apparently, by no means a novelty in Newcastle on a Friday night. "It's been like this for the last 20 years," a cab driver tells us as we make what turns out to be an abortive visit to the local police station.

Inside the Mayfair one member of the support band, New Hearts, has been cut by a flying beer mug. The Jam, familiar with the gig's vibe from a previous visit, are a mite apprehensive about facing tonight's audience.

Perhaps with this in mind, Paul Weller bawls: "Rock'n'roll should be fun!" into the mike before delivering the opening number — something which too few people have remembered in their keenness to perfect a '77 rock'n'roll attitude. How I sometimes long to see a band who could exude fun like, say, The Faces used to.

Unfortunately, apart from the visuals, The Jam do nothing for me until the encore.

Maybe it's because I'm not yet familiar with the new material, which so far seems radically inferior to their early songs. There is still an undeniable magic about the group.

Indeed, Paul Weller, while defending the new album — which was, I agree, somewhat unreasonably slagged in these pages several weeks ago by Mick Farren — says: "It's one of the best pop / rock elpees to come out in the last ten years. I think it's brilliant".

And with the perspective that late 1977 gives us, the pop / rock tag seems a sight more applicable to The Jam than any other new wave / punk tag. Sure, The Jam are punks in the way The Small Faces were in their heyday, but not in the way Strummer or Rotten are now.

Clearly Weller feels nothing in common with his supposed peers. "There's been no progress," he remarks. "Put it this way. The Pistols' elpee is the same stuff they were playing in clubs two years ago. There's a big difference between 'In The City' and 'The Modern World' — and it's only a matter of months.

"I can't say what that difference is. It's not something you can grasp. There's a few other good bands, like The Boys and the New Hearts, but they're not really noticed because they're not trendy and they're not political and all that shit.

"They've still got something to say. They're still playing some good rock'n'roll. That's important. The Pistols' album is like 'The Carpenters' Greatest Hits'. The singles are great, but why stick them on an elpee? They're becoming what they set out against.

"There's no way we're ever going to stick four of our greatest hits on an elpee and bung it out in a poxy sleeve. And rip off the kids for about three and a half quid."

Weller says he doesn't envy the Pistols' success. "I think The Jam are as successful as the Pistols. We're doing our second major British tour and they haven't even done their first one yet.

"That's what I call popularity."

But don't the Pistols have problems playing live?

"Bollocks. We know they can. It's not the sort of thing we want to talk about, anyway. The facts are there for people to see. Surely people must see what's going on.

"It's not for us to say."

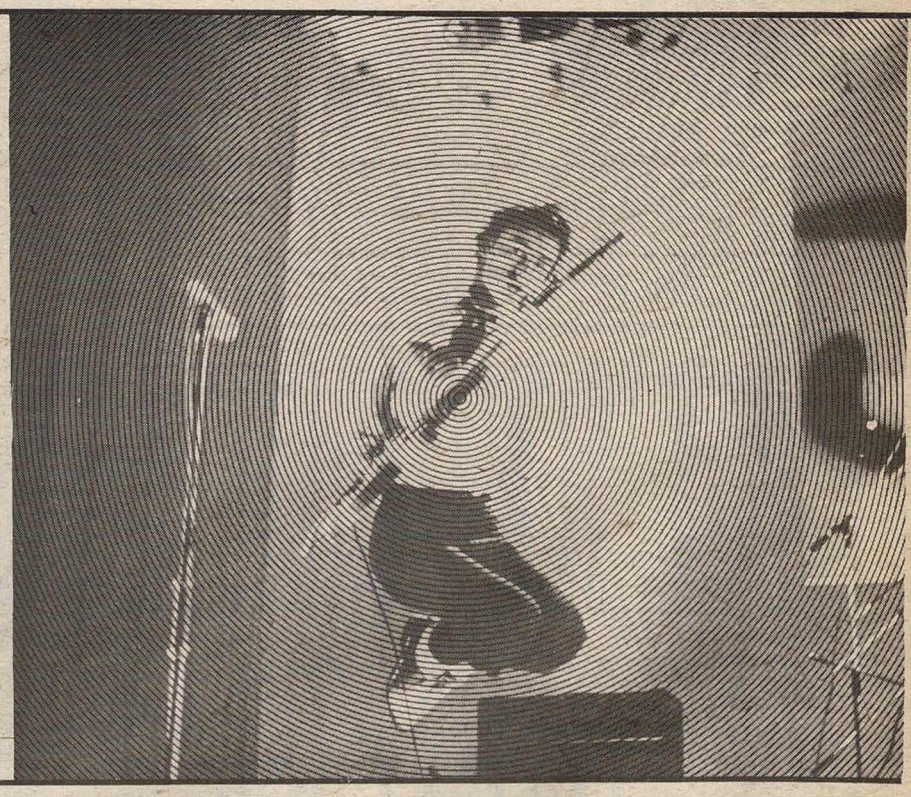
Meanwhile, Weller, who is a deal more confident than he was six months ago, has more to say about Mick's review — particularly on the subject of copying The Who.

"We've never denied our influences," he emphasises. "We've run down old fat pop stars, but the 'My Generation' elpee is still the greatest in my book. Same as 'Revolver'. And I still dig The Beatles."

"I'm just another gullible youth," Weller sneers sardonically. "I'm into idols."

STEVE CLARKE

THRILLS



EVERY HOME WILL HAVE ONE

THIS WEEK FLEETWOOD MAC'S "Rumours" is in its thirtieth week at number one in the US album charts.

And if Warner and his Bros have their way that's where it's going to stay for the rest of our lives.

Initially the record company was a little taken aback by the success of the album, which is now the biggest selling LP ever. Its sales figures top the ten million mark, humbling into insignificance the precedent set by "Fleetwood Mac", which could only drag in a pathetic six million customers. "Frampton Comes Alive", at eight million copies the Hip Easy Listening pathfinder, offered little opposition.

*Like all good upwardly mobile record companies, however, the boys at Burbank have not allowed themselves to gasp with admiration for **too** long at this apparently quite unexptected success.*

*By Christmas Day, in fact, it is intended that "Rumours" will have notched up a minimum of a **further six million** sales worldwide, giving it a total of sixteen million units shifted.*

Don't fret now. It isn't just the Yanks who will have shelled over something like fifty million pounds for the erstwhile blues group's latest release. You'll be pleased to know that we here in Blighty are going to be doing our bit to help Mick, John, Chris, Stevie and Lindsay buy up all of California as well.

*Starting December 1, Warners UK launch a £50,000 advertising campaign — their most expensive ever — to ensure that when Mr Average Brit starts scratching his head to come up with that surprise Christmas pillow filler, **the only record he can think of is "Rumours".***

*Via ads in the **Sun, Mirror, Express** and **Daily Record,** and 600 poster hoardings plus another 600 bus sites, his skull will have been battered open until roast penguin will probably take over as the traditional British yuletide feast. Each of these ads will feature the legend "The Most Popular Album Of The Year", plus such seasonal fun figures as S. Claus and assorted vicars.*

*It was suggested to Warners that perhaps the ads should also mention the artistically superior "Fleetwood Mac" album, but this, apparently, is not on. The sort of consumer at whom the campaign is being aimed has a hard enough time of it keeping the name of **one** LP in his head, without having to deal with the confusion of two.*

If anyone gives you a copy of "Rumours" for Christmas (sorry, Xmas) you know the utter derision they have for you.

Elmore James and Peter say "Hi, and have a nice new year!"

CHRIS SALEWICZ

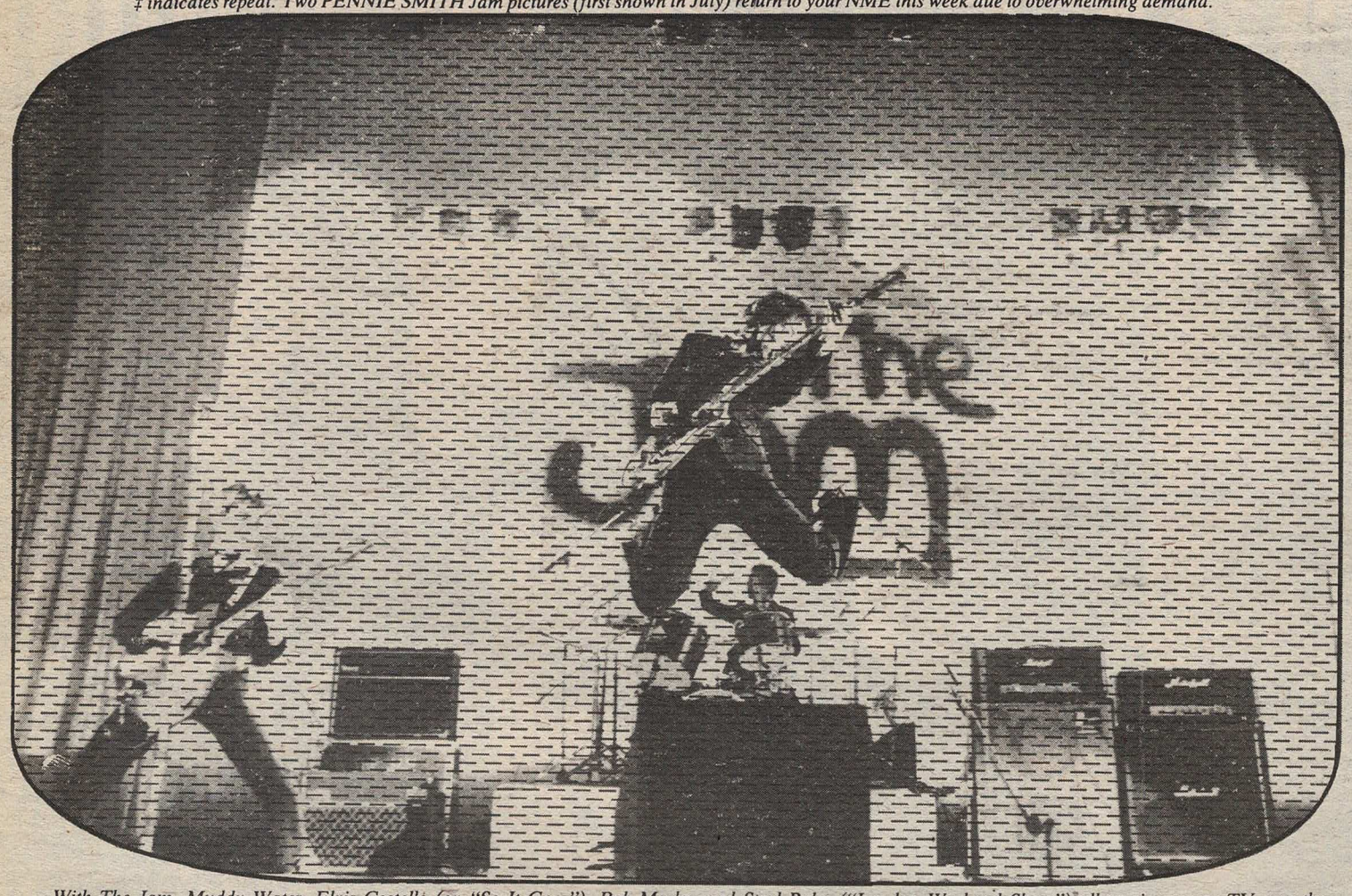
THRILLS

CROSBY + NASH LIVE

polydor

Album & Cassette Available Now

‡ indicates repeat. Two PENNIE SMITH Jam pictures (first shown in July) return to your NME this week due to overwhelming demand.



With The Jam, Muddy Water, Elvis Costello (on "So It Goes"), Bob Marley and Steel Pulse ("London Weekend Show") all turning up on TV over the weekend, the box evidently isn't nearly as stagnant as it used to be. Volte-Face Incorporated proudly presents . . .

IN PRAISE OF "SO IT GOES"

TO NORTH WEST telly viewers Tony Wilson is known principally as a slightly anarchistic news deliverer. To little pockets of people who are 'allowed' to receive Independent Television's only rock programme, *So It Goes*, he is the apparently irrelevant, comfy frontman of that show.

Does *anyone* like him? Well, the little kids with droopy socks and runny noses who linger outside Granada TV studios ready to pounce for a quick autograph, they do — and so do a lot of lonely middle-aged ladies who, over the years, have been perversely attracted to Wilson's bemusing, stylised delivery of "funny" news stories for the tea-time news programme *Granada Reports*. An audience, sure, but hardly the one whose respect he wants to win.

The 1977 rock fan is more Wilson's mark — plus, most crucially, the Granada heirarchy and other network bosses, such as the guy from Yorkshire TV who decided not to run the new series of *So It Goes* because, he explained, the show was a little too, er, elite for his rural area and more suited to the "aware" North West/London areas. Swallow that.

The first series drew fairly comprehensive and deserved criticism and derision from just about everyone everywhere. Sterile studio locations, incoherent pacing, blank audiences, and to cap it all the over-eager Tony Wilson — who not only immediately alienated everyone with his ostensibly down-the-nose presentation but also, poor sod, with the way he looked.

Still, in odd two-minute bursts there was some interesting stuff. Wilson being a very rock-as-art conscience person (and believe me, he does love rock'n'roll), he introduced us to such inaccessible but delightful obscurantist packages as Bettina Jonic, The London Saxophone Quartet and The Sex Pistols. Rock'n'roll to myself and Wilson but not, alas, to many more. The series bombed and Wilson was a little humiliated.

Surprisingly, though, Wilson was given a second series. Determined to give the series more obviously relevant cultural bite, to reflect what was happening, maaan — Wilson determined to present a 75% punk/etc quotient on the show.

With a maturer presentation and a more sympathetic producer in the assured Geoff Moore, the new *So It Goes* is a good, well-balanced programme, and so *fresh* compared to the *Whistle Test*.

This series features just about the best in new music. Buzzcocks, Elvis Costello, Nick Lowe, X.T.C., Penetration, Iggy, Siouxsie and the Banshees, Magazine, Clash, Albertos, John Cooper-Clark, Steel Pulse, Tom Robinson . . . phew! Wilson and Moore have also worked really hard to get the Pistols back, despite continual curious reluctance from McLaren.

Wilson *will* be interviewing John and Sidney, but he and Moore are, not surprisingly, more than a little angry about McLaren's claim that no TV company would approach them!

You probably haven't viewed this new, improved, watchable *So It Goes* yet (even if you decided that you wanted to after last year), as pitifully few regions chose to screen it. London have shown it on Saturday evening, which isn't exactly optimum time for anything rock music (though it *is* after midnight — some compensation at least). For the people who haven't had the choice to see it it's a sad loss, but as hardly any viewers have howled, those faceless ones who make the decisions have decided *no-one* wants to see it.

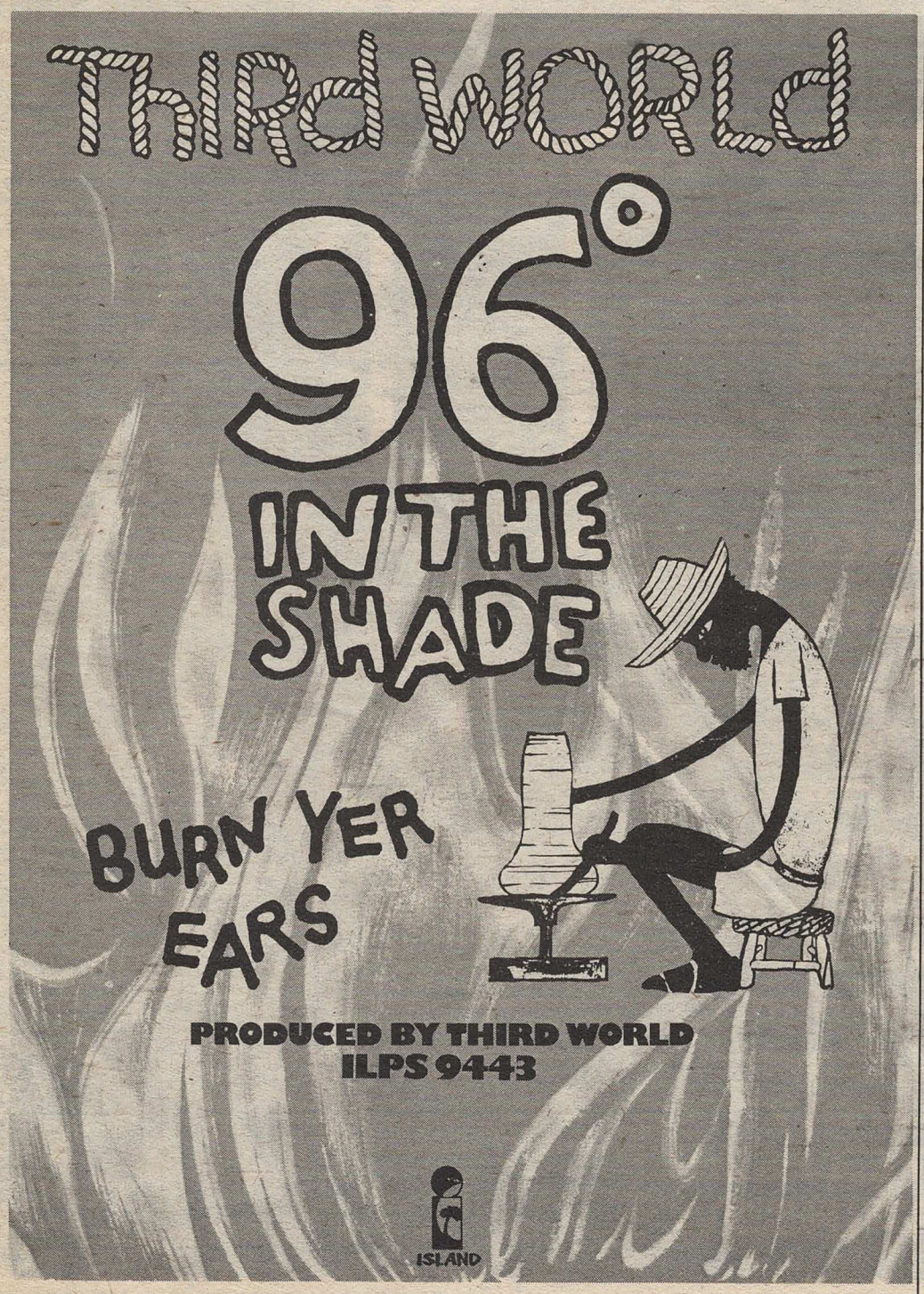
There are no plans for another series.

This is a tragedy. Granada executives seem a little horrified at the "punkish" contents of the new series, even though they cannot fault the new-found maturity of production and presentation. So the series is to die — unless we scream at people that a modern rock series with a finger very close to the pulse is *necessary*.

There are three shows left, and Wilson promises to pull out all the stops. He needs some positive response.

PAUL MORLEY

THRILLS



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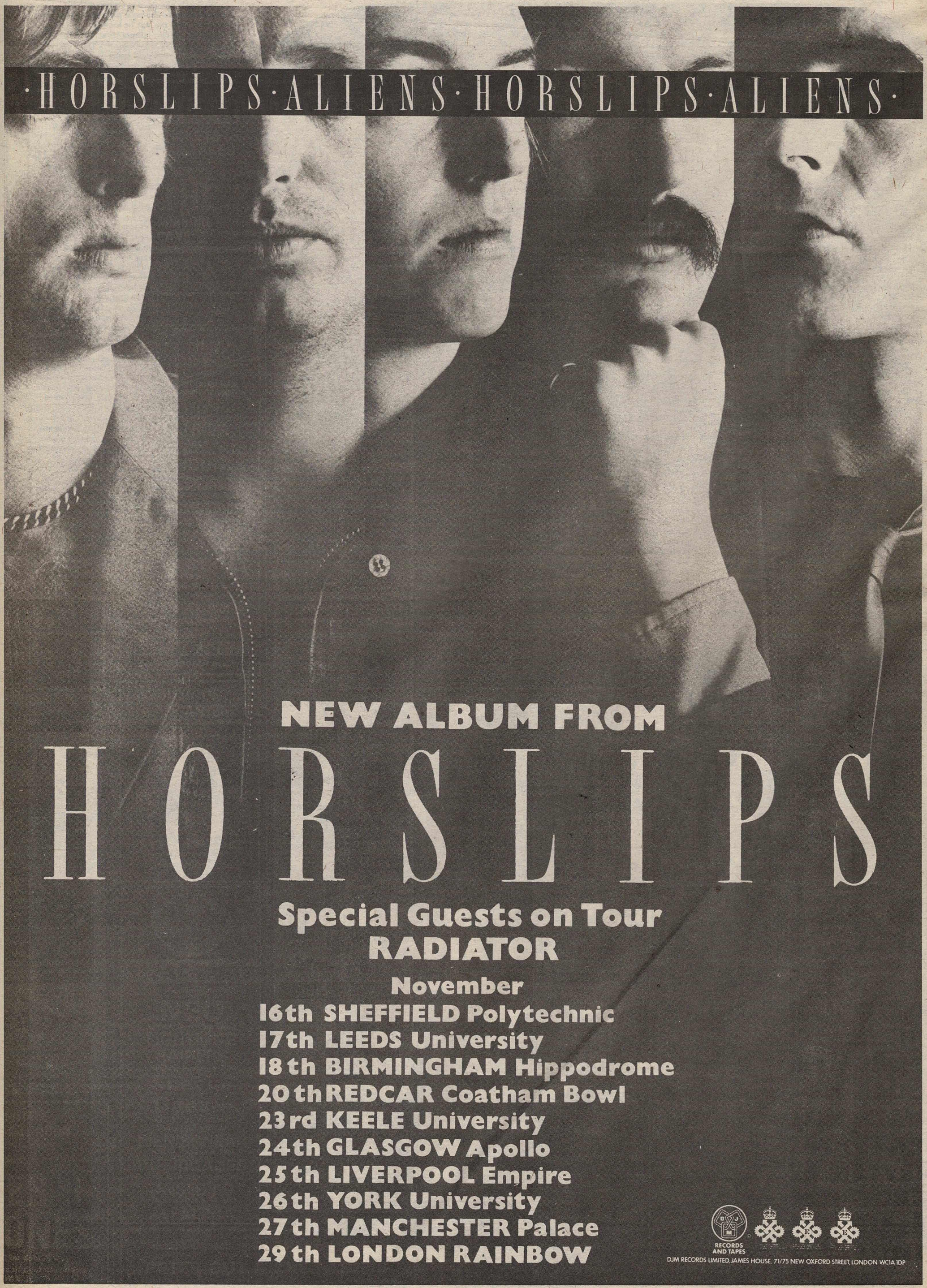

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R-E-S-P-E-C-T FOR THE SUFFERING FANS

ARETHA FRANKLIN seems to have brought upon herself the wrath of the entire music industry by failing to show for her three sold-out concerts at the London Palladium on November 14 and 15.

"Aretha Snubs Britain" was typical of the headlines when the concerts were cancelled with barely 24 hours notice. The papers further suggested that the reason for her non-appearance was that "she couldn't be bothered".

The concerts were to have been promoted by Jeffrey Kruger, chairman of Ember Concert Division. Their press spokeswoman, Angela Mortimer, detailed to *Thrills* the multitude of problems presented by the last-minute cancellation.

Aretha and her 17-strong entourage — including musical director H. B. Barnum, six musicians, famed ex-Motown bassist James Jamerson among them, and three backing singers — were to have boarded a plane in Los Angeles on Friday, November 11. When they didn't, the tickets were transferred to Sunday, and the hotel suites in London similarly held over.

Rehearsal time with the Alan Peters Orchestra had been booked for the Sunday afternoon. 15,000 programmes (with biographical notes, doubtless excellent, by Cliff White) had also been printed.

The cancellation was announced so late that it made only the late editions of Monday's papers; people making journeys from outside London were quite conceivably unaware of the situation until they arrived.

Angela Mortimer stated that the concerts had been cancelled for contractual reasons — although all the legal formalities had been completed, and a deposit on the contract money had been sent to, and accepted by, Aretha.

"What really hurts is that we've never had a formal We're-Not-Coming." Ember maintain that the true state of affairs had only been discovered when they placed a call to Los Angeles on Sunday evening.

***Thrills* contacted Aretha's New York agent, Ruth Brown, for her side of the story. Ms Brown agreed that the only hitches had been over the small print in the agreement; the final stumbling block was that "Kruger would not agree to pay his share of the transportation and accommodation costs involved."**

She confirmed that a price had been fixed (thought unofficially to have been £50,000) but there had never been an actual specific contract. Yes, she said, a deposit had been sent, and this had now been returned to Ember. She emphasised that there had been contractual difficulties throughout and that there had been ill-feeling from the start because "Ember had advertised the concerts before we'd OK'd the dates at all."

They had categorically told Ember on November 7 that the concerts would not take place.

Aretha's only other commitment in this country had been — rather improbably — to act as a judge at last Thursday's Miss World contest. However, she also had engagements in Holland and France, which were subsequently cancelled as well. The letter was to have been a major television appearance; there are unconfirmed rumours that she is now being sued for $200,000 in connection with this.

Certainly, Ember are suing her and the key figures in her organisation for breach of contract.

As is so often the case, innocent parties seem to have suffered. Aretha's record company, WEA, were not obligated in any way at all (in fact, Aretha has never agreed to meet any of their requests, not even for phone interviews), and Ember said they had been helpful throughout — yet their only reward has been a multitude of calls from irate fans saying they will never buy her records again.

BOB WOFFINDEN

Left: Radio Star Andy Ellison checks that CHRIS GABRIN's got enough pix of his arrest.

Below: Children and old age pensioners dancing in the street to the R.Stars sound.

STARS SHINE ON CARNABY STREET

THE GRATEFUL DEAD have done it many times, Hawkwind used to do it, the Stones did it in New York some two years ago, and The Jam did it last year. So the time was probably right for someone to do it again.

Do what? Simply get together with a generator and a truckload of equipment to play music in the street for the people — and, of course, the publicity. Radio Stars were the ones doing it this time, to notify the world at large of the release of their first album.

The itinerary listed about seven stops around London, but due to a late start and a general lack of organisation only four were covered: Portobello Road, Kensington High Street, Leicester Square and Carnaby Street.

The first three performances went off without incident. The generator ran out of petrol once, a perturbed old lady tore the posters off the lorry, and surprised spectators were treated to a fistful of punchy songs at each stop.

The crowds took it in the intended spirit, obviously pleased to find such diversion on a cold, cheerless day. The police, however, were not amused. They pulled the plugs on the first three stops and turned out in force for the fourth, using three vans and four cars.

Radio Stars were into their fourth song, the "Nervous Wreck" single, and perhaps in too much of a jubilant mood for their own good. While the rozzers searched for the power source, Andy Ellison jumped on top of the nearest police van and finished the song from there.

This astonishing sight brought howls of laughter from the crowd and a reaction akin to panic from the surprised, affronted constabulary. They seized Ellison as soon as they could, and carted him off to be charged with criminal damage (though how a van could be damaged by dancing on it in sneakers is not clear). He was later given a conditional discharge and fined £65.

As Radio Stars' bassist and songwriter Martin Gordon later remarked about the over-zealous police, "they couldn't have done it better if we'd paid them."

Earlier on, I talked to Ellison and Gordon about Radio Stars' position in the scheme of things. About how, despite three sturdy releases, their existence has to be brought to public attention through such stunts — albeit such entertaining ones.

"It's funny," says Ellison. "I got talking to a guy who saw us live recently. He was totally surprised, because he thought we were going to be middle-of-the-road. From the pictures he had seen of us he thought we would be a straight pop band trying to be new wave.

"He said, 'Why don't you do pictures like the way you sound?' " Ellison looks bemused at the thought. "He said he thought we were like the Rick Derringer of this country."

A fair comparison point. Radio Stars operate roughly the same furrow as the Winter brothers' old cohort. Both play raucous rock instilled with popular melody, a kind of brash heavy metal that you can sing along to.

Though you wouldn't know it from his sprightly, clean-cut features, Ellison is no youngster. He sang on John's Children's 1967 hit

● *Continued next page*

LONE GROOVER — *BENYON*

GASPO! IT SAY'S CHICKS FLASH THEIR PERT LITTLE KNOCKERS AT RODNEY WHEN HE'S ON STAGE.
NO WONDER HE'S TOURIN' AGIN!
IT SAYS HE HAD SIX CHICKS UP IN HIS ROOM AN' HE CHOSE ONE FOR TH' NIGHT....
ONLY ONE??
.....IT SAYS HE ALWAYS HAS A DELICIOZA HANGIN' ROUND HIS NECK —— BUT HE HAD T'GO T' NEW YORK T' REST HIS SORE...
HARDLY SUPRISIN'
.....THROAT!
HIS THROAT?? THAT MUST BE A TYPIN' MISTAKE!
NME
INSIDE ROD...
ON TOUR

THE DAREDEVILS LAY IT ON THE LINE.

"Don't Look Down"

THE NEW ALBUM FROM THE OZARK MOUNTAIN DAREDEVILS

"a rock solid slice of contemporary music"

A&M RECORDS

AMLH/CAM 64662

The Englishman abroad: Mick Jagger en vacances in Bodrum, Turkey's hip Aegean coast resort, where he and Bianca stayed as guests of Ahmet Ertegun in September. Picture taken from the "Gunadyin" newspaper, sent by Sedat Nemli. Love the knees, Mick!

THRILLS

RODEO STORES Continued

● *From page 17*

"Desdemona", the best remembered legacy from a bunch of psychedelic miscreants, and released three solo singles in the following years.

He has also studied mime and fallen in front of cars at a stunt man for *The Avengers*.

Then in 1975 he and Martin Gordon formed Jet, a little sparkle at the tail end of the glam-rock comet which was steered rather erratically by its management, Mike Leander's glitter organisation.

Nevertheless, it was in Jet that the foundations were laid for Radio Stars, as the band also featured future Radio Stars guitarist Ian McLeod.

"Leander figured Jet could be a commercial Glitter Band," Martin Gordon recalls. "What the Glitter Band could have been if they were credible. We really got pushed.

"We had to wear the most stupid clothes — just look at the back of the Jet album! It's too embarrassing to talk about even."

Jet lasted long enough to record one album for CBS and complete a tour with the Hunter-Ronson band, but died quietly soon after.

About nine months later, however, Andy Ellison, Martin Gordon and Ian McLeod got back together and recorded "Dirty Pictures" which, after being refused by no less than thirteen record companies, became Radio Stars' debut single on the fearless Chiswick label.

Finally they recently found themselves a drummer, a Canadian called Steve Parry.

Since then the band has been toning-up its live proficiency in readiness for their current tour and the release of their first album, "Songs For Swinging Lovers". Sinatra is not expected to sue, though he might balk at the cover concept.

If you've heard Radio Stars' new single, "Nervous Wreck", you'll know that the recording technique used by Ellison & Co. would be even less to Sinatra's liking than their use of his album title.

"It's a method of recording where you do everything as much and as loud as possible," Martin Gordon explains. "Quite a lot of people use it — what we call the Eric Blatant principle — but it's used subconsciously. Status Quo are an example."

This element of humour extends further in Radio Stars' work. They are a quirky outfit, and a lot of it stems from Gordon's off-beat preoccupations. For example, collecting idiotic cuttings from the sensation mongering tabloids features in his list of activities, and many of the songs he writes are, well, not strictly serious.

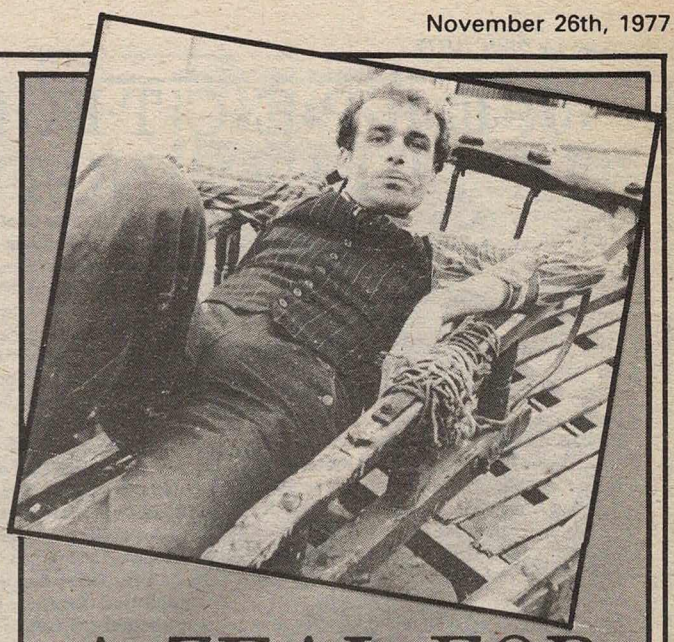
"I don't think I could sit down and write a song about a subject that didn't have any kind of humour in it, because I don't work like that. My songs are about trivial situations and things of no consequence, because that's what amuses me.

"Sometimes the themes in my songs are the usual themes people write about, which in themselves aren't particularly funny. But I find other people's approach to it — the humourless approach — very boring. Ours is the opposite of that."

Radio Stars are touring everywhere until Christmas, still wondering how to be photographed the way they sound.

PAUL RAMBALI

THRILLS



A ZEAL FOR XENOPHOBIA

GENUINELY FUNNY rock songwriters are thin on the ground. Birmingham's 27-year-old John Dowie, late of John Dowie's Big Girl's Blouse, is one of the few.

His first record release, the Virgin EP "Another Close Shave" — which has, of course, been stubbornly ignored by our wonderful radio network — features Dowie's hilarious send-up of the British Attitude To Foreigners in a song called "British Tourist", where Dowie tells the unsuspecting Dutch just where to stick their tulips.

In actual fact, Holland is one of the few places Dowie has performed outside the UK. Not expecting the song to be taken seriously, Dowie had no qualms about laying "British Tourist" on his Dutch audiences — and was nonplussed to be met with a stony silence.

Not wishing to offend, he changed the target of his ironic venom to the Belgians, but then found several Belgian nationals in subsequent Dutch audiences. Complains a rueful Dowie: "There's not many people you can pick on any more. They've always got a representative everywhere."

Another cut from the EP eulogises Jim Callaghan. Dowie wrote the song after watching one of the Prime Minister's promo speeches. "I wouldn't mind if he looked like Superman or Charles Atlas," Dowie moans. "But he's just the standard Woolworths human being churned out for the masses. He looks like a greengrocer."

Other favourite topics for Dowie are deformities (he claims he wrote "I Want To Be Your Amputee" after watching a man with an amputated leg walk starkers through Birmingham's crowded Bullring area one Saturday afternoon) and premature ejaculation.

"People should realise," Dowie tells *Thrills*, "that premature ejaculation is as trivial as a pimple or dandruff, and that just because you've had a limb off it doesn't mean you're not normal."

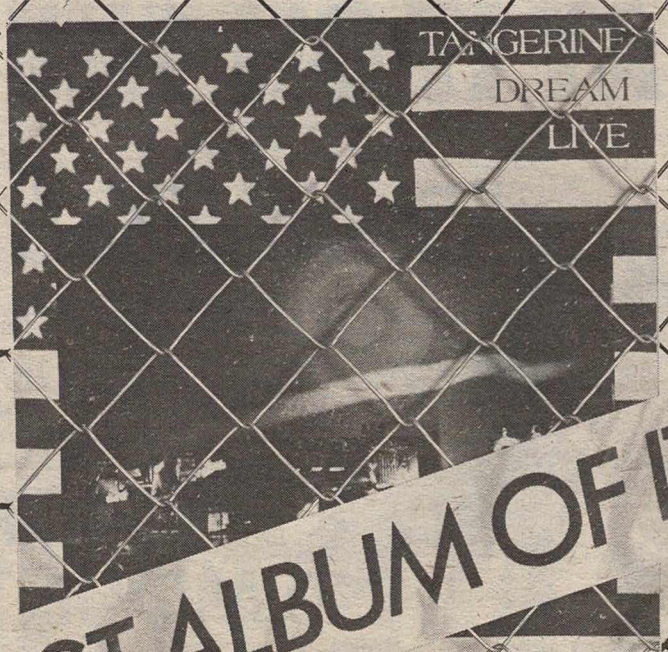
With this ejaculation, John Dowie limped off into the distance.

STEVE CLARKE

THRILLS

DANGER LIVE

TANGERINE DREAM ENCORE



THE LAST ALBUM OF ITS KIND

...ngerously fantastic.
... of Tangerine Dream's recent American tour.
And it's all brand new.
...u can play it up to four times a day, but no more.
It may be dangerous to exceed the stated dose.

Encore Out now on Virgin. Album VD 2506 Cassette TCVD 2506

TROWER TALK

Hmmm. This is a different Robin Trower. Bluntly, Trower has gone funky. Find that hard to swallow? I did. But after a while it slips down most enjoyably.

JIM EVANS
RECORD MIRROR

IN CITY DREAMS THE NEW ALBUM FROM ROBIN TROWER

Chrysalis Records & Tapes

NEW SINGLE
'GOLDEN EARRINGS'

CLOVER
is growing everywhere

Love on the Wire
Album 6360 155 Cassette 7138 094

The new album
and on tour with Graham Parker

NOVEMBER		26th/27th	LONDON, Rainbow
22nd	EXETER University	28th	BRISTOL, Colston Hall
25th	OXFORD, New Theatre	29th	BRIGHTON, Dome

Produced by Robert J. Lange

VERTIGO

marketed by phonogram

THE PROBLEMS OF BEING A DICTATOR IN GERMANY

WITH GERMANY BOLTING its shutters in fear of what's shaping up to be the Dr Strangelove of the '70s — the armed terrorist — it would seem to be the wrong time for bedraggled rock groups to go traipsing around that orderly country.

A couple of months ago The Vibrators were subjected to the attention of an edgy and anxious police force. Next victims were Peter Gabriel and his band, in Switzerland. Now it has happened to The Dictators.

Handsome Dick Manitoba's version of the story goes like this: "Dem Nazis came up to me and I said, 'You can't push Dick Manitoba around!' I smacked the cop, knocked the machine gun out of his hand and blew 'em all away . . ."

In fact what happened was a public spirited citizen telephoned the police after seeing The Dictators trying to buy their morning coffee with Dutch instead of German currency. About twenty minutes later the 'Tators' bus was surrounded by six police cars, two helicopters and some fifteen machine guns with faces at the other end barking commands in German.

Language problems prevented an immediate explanation of the Dics' line of work, but, as Manitoba points out, "Even when they found out we weren't terrorists they wouldn't let us go. They started looking for drugs and so forth, so it wouldn't look like a total waste of a day's work. Anyway, they wound up with egg on their faces."

And the group wound up spending five hours with the police, catching colds through being made to stand in the freezing rain with just their shirts on, and missing that day's Berlin gig.

Which wasn't the end of their misfortunes in Germany . . .

Their projected Nuremburg gig happened to fall on the same day as Remembrance Day, a German public holiday during which only events of "cultural significance" are allowed to take place.

In what must have been a perverse joke on his part, the promoter took the "Go Girl Crazy" album down to the local authorities to try and prove that The Dictators were culturally significant. He argued his case by pointing to the track "Master Race Rock".

Needless to say, the gig didn't take place.

PAUL RAMBALI THRILLS

The death of Elvis Presley has precipitated a crisis in the record pressing industry (they can't keep up with demand) . . . triggered off the biggest print run on any new book in literary history (for his bodyguards' memoirs) . . . drastically changed the face of live concert performance, with some Elvis imitators now able to draw larger crowds than many major rock stars . . . and has now given rise to a special, fascinating ***Thrills*** *investigation into . . .*

THE ELVIS INDUSTRY

THE KING MAY BE DEAD, but he'll live on forever in our memories. Business, big and small, will see to that.

The wheels of industry show no signs of slackening the pace at which they grind out Elvis Presley memorabilia.

Name your fetish, it's available. Tribute records, all manner of merchandise (mirrors, mags, books, etc), statues, impersonators, stage shows . . . the lot. Not surprisingly, there's also rip-offs aplenty in amoungst the oceans of corncrud and the occasional worthwhile artefact.

Thrills has been holding its nose and monitoring the goings-on since Elvis kicked it at the end of August, and as our special tribute to the great Western icon — bread, dumbo — we thought we'd bring you a few edited highlights.

First off, the facts.

Estimates of Presley's total gross from his entertainments activities put his lifetime's earnings in excess of 4.3 billion dollars. Of this 50% has always gone to his manager, one-time carnival owner Colonel Tom Parker, who will retain control of all Presley's posthumous finances.

Soon after Presley's death RCA reluctantly divulged the figures on Elvis' sales whilst still alive.

During his 22-year RCA career Presley earned the company an estimated 150 million dollars. In total, he sold more than 600 million singles and albums worldwide, ten million of those since 1975.

Fifty-five of the singles were million sellers, with "Hound Dog" and "Don't Be Cruel" topping the 8,000,000 mark. Fastest selling was "It's Now Or Never", which did 1¼ million within three weeks of release.

Of the albums, 24 went gold, with "Blue Hawaii" topping out at 5,000,000.

As for Elvis' film career, while none too illustrious in content, the 33 movies still managed to gross more than 150 million dollars.

Since 1969 Elvis averaged 50 one-night stand live shows a year, earning an average nightly gross of $100,000.

All these works will, of course, continue to earn mountains of cash. When it comes down to *new* ways of coining the Elvis legacy in the absence of Presley himself, however, a company called Factors Etc Inc. have got it all sewn up — officially.

Factors Etc Inc. recently concluded negotiations with Col Parker, Vernon Presley, the Elvis Presley Organisation, the Elvis Presley Estate and their merchandising vehicle, Boxcar Enterprises Inc. The result was Factors' acquisition of "the sole and exclusive licence throughout the world to manufacture, distribute, advertise and sell all merchandise of whatever kind, size or nature utilizing the name, likeness, visual representations, etc of Elvis Presley."

Apart from RCA's rights to the records and tapes, in other words, Factors and its sub-licensees are the only people authorised to sell Presley product. The only condition of the contract is that they must not use photos of Elvis looking old and fat.

Factors muscle has already been successfully flexed. Just over a month ago the New York Federal Court upheld a suit brought by Factors against the Creative Card Company.

So Elvis joins a Factors roster which already includes *Star Wars*, Farrah Fawcett-Majors and *Rocky* star Sylvester Stallone.

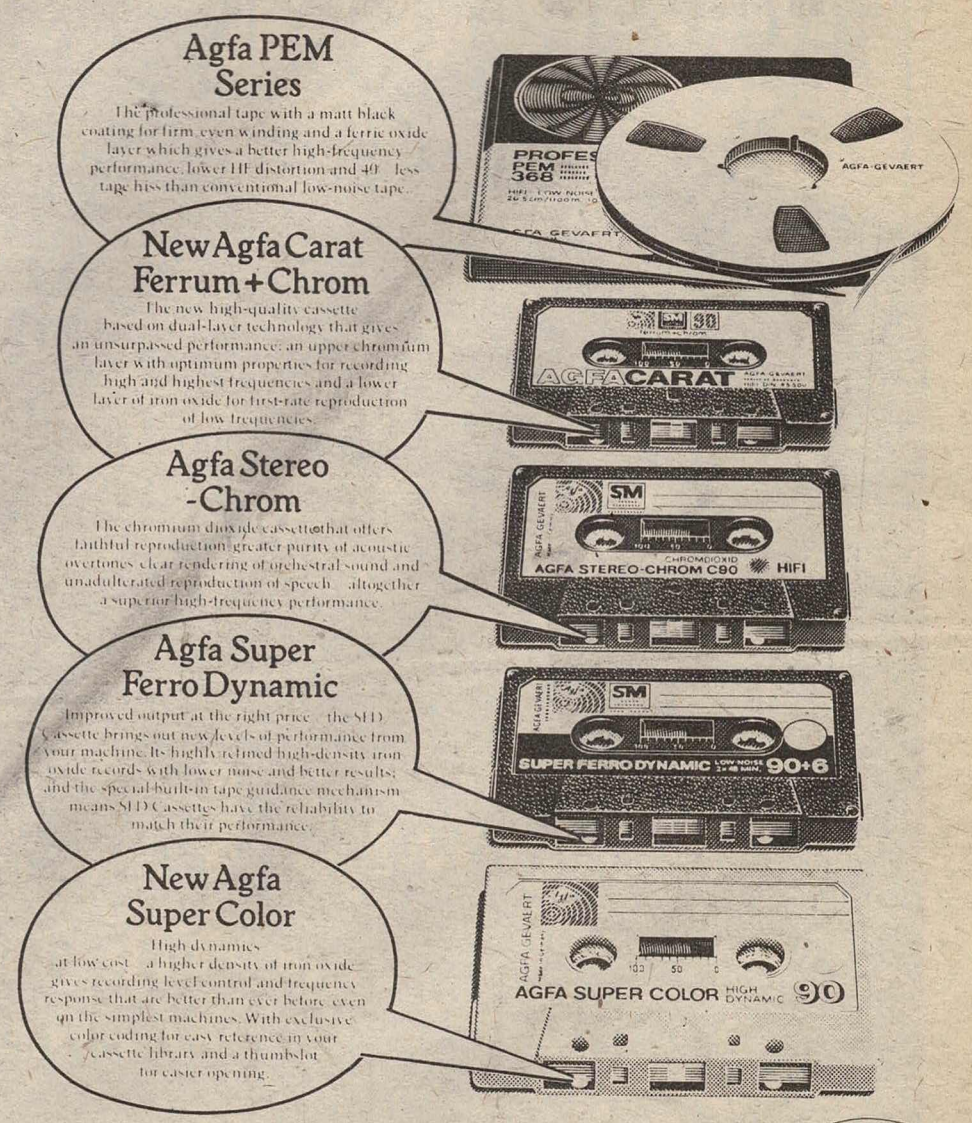
As for RCA themselves, they announced that earnings for the entire corporation —not just records — were up 88% in the third quarter of 1977, which included just six weeks' trading after Presley's death.

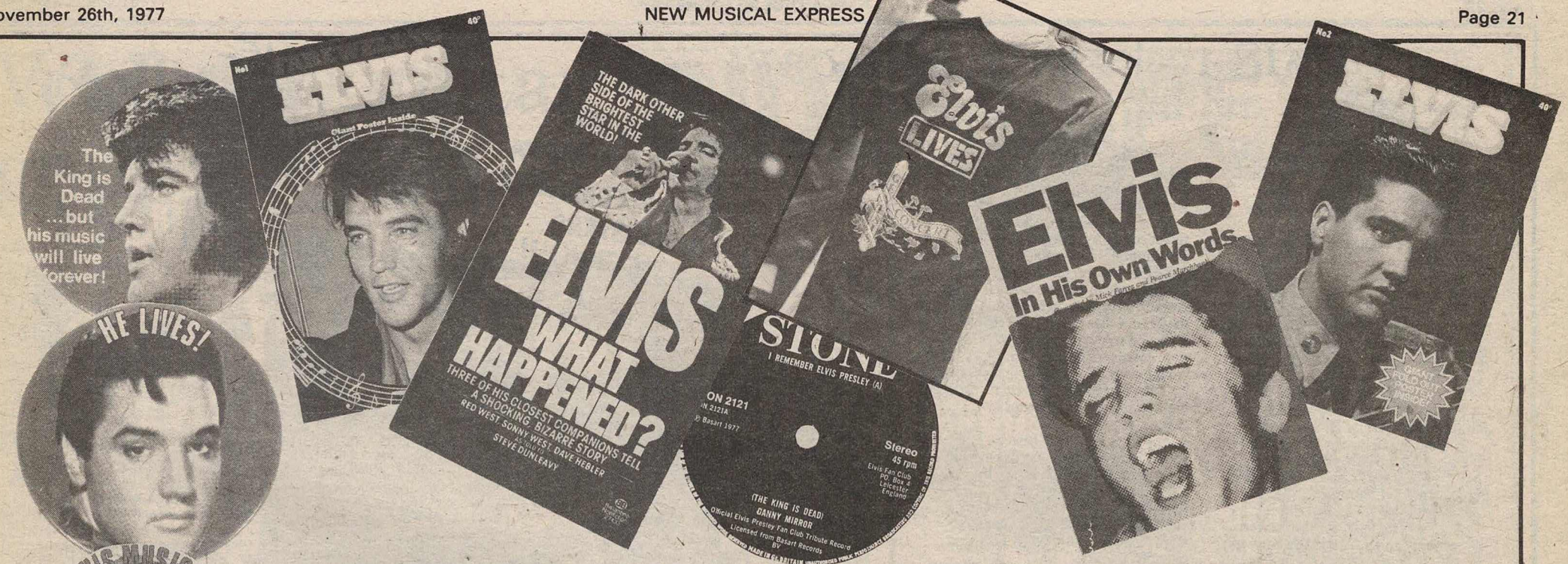
Quite a tribute to the king, huh?

Of the more conventional "tributes", the best-known here is probably Danny Mirror's "I Remember Elvis Presley", which took Sonet Records to the dizzy heights of No 3 in the UK singles chart.

While none of them have been that successful, tribute records seem more

STORM WARNING
HURRIGANES
DEVASTATE BRITAIN!!
EYE OF THE STORM
NOVEMBER
SAT 19th RED COW Ldn| MON 21st ROOK GARDEN Ldn| TUES 22nd THE NASHVILLE Ldn| WED 23rd THE GOLDEN LION Ldn| FRI 25th THE MIDDLESEX POLY| SAT 26th N.E. LONDON POLY| MON 28th 100 CLUB Ldn| TUES 29th BLIMPS CAMBRIDGE| WED 30th MUSIC MACHINE Ldn
DECEMBER
THURS 1st FULHAM GREYHOUND Ldn| FRI 2nd THE PENTHOUSE SCARBOROUGH SAT 3rd THE CASINO WIGAN SUN 4th THE TOP RANK SHEFFIELD
DEBUT ALBUM- HURRIGANES- (SNTF 732)
LIMITED EDITION SINGLE- 'HEY, HEY, HEY'|'ELEPHANTS BOOGIE'
-(SON 2129)- FIRST 9,217 (APPROX) COPIES IN PICTURE BAG
Sonet
MARKETED BY SONET RECORDS
DISTRIBUTED IN THE UK BY PYE RECORDS


Each one has something different to say for itself
Agfa PEM Series
The professional tape with a matt black coating for firm, even winding and a ferric oxide layer which gives a better high-frequency performance, lower HF distortion and 4dB less tape hiss than conventional low-noise tape.
New Agfa Carat Ferrum+Chrom
The new high-quality cassette based on dual-layer technology that gives an unsurpassed performance: an upper chromium layer with optimum properties for recording high and highest frequencies and a lower layer of iron oxide for first-rate reproduction of low frequencies.
Agfa Stereo -Chrom
The chromium dioxide cassette that offers faithful reproduction, greater purity of acoustic overtones, clear rendering of orchestral sound and unadulterated reproduction of speech... altogether a superior high-frequency performance.
Agfa Super Ferro Dynamic
Improved output at the right price... the SFD cassette brings out new levels of performance from your machine. Its highly refined high-density iron oxide records with lower noise and better results; and the special built-in tape guidance mechanism means SFD cassettes have the reliability to match their performance.
New Agfa Super Color
High dynamics at low cost... a higher density of iron oxide gives recording level control and frequency response that are better than ever before, even on the simplest machines. With exclusive color coding for easy reference in your cassette library, and a thumbslot for easier opening.
AGFA CARAT
AGFA STEREO-CHROM C90 HIFI
SUPER FERRO DYNAMIC 90+6
AGFA SUPER COLOR HIGH DYNAMIC 90
There's a lot to be said for Agfa
JOIN THE AGFA SOUND IMPROVEMENT MOVEMENT



commonplace in the States. Merle Haggard got closest to charting, with "From Graceland To The Promised Land" (MCA). Others included "Elvis Has Left The Building" by J. D. Sumner, who apparently sang bass on many Presley hits, "Hound Dog Man" by Lenny LeBlanc, and, sickest of the lot by several miles, "Welcome Home Elvis" by Billy Joe Burnett.

This tasteful waxing is narrated from the supposed viewpoint to Presley's still-born twin brother Jesse, greeting Elvis on his entry to Heaven.

Rivalling the tribute disc in the necrophilia stakes is the boom in Elvis impersonators. This market has apparently gone wild in the States.

One impressionist, Rick Saucedo, who has been aping the king for five years, says: "The audience reaction has easily tripled since Elvis died. People are crying and emotions are flying.

"I'll get rich if I don't get killed first!

"I drew 13,000 people to Lesourdsville Lake in Cincinatti on September 2. It was the largest crowd in their history. We had seventeen armed policemen with clubs and riot ropes trying to restrain the crowd."

Saucedo now earns five times as much as he did when Presley was alive — as does Bill Haney, an impersonator who works in and around Elvis' hometown of Memphis. He too has to hire guards to protect him as he leaves the stage nowadays. The audiences "are getting wilder".

Another guy called Johnny Harra, an uncanny lookalike, drew a 2,000 crowd in Dallas two weeks after Presley's death and caused a riot.

"Three people got hurt when I threw a scarf out into the crowd," he recalled. "They just went crazy and came over the bleachers, screaming and hollering. It was scary."

And Harra's manager admitted: "Elvis' death is making Johnny a star."

Yet another Presley mimic, Alexander Longrifle, has an album and single due out soon.

Probably the most ambitious gig so far by an impersonator took place over the weekend in Baltimore. A totally unknown character by the name of Little El was booked into the local 12,700 capacity Civic Centre, which Presley sold out three months before his death, but which such highly successful rock stars as Ted Nugent don't manage to fill completely.

As yet, *Thrills* hasn't heard whether the 23-year-old cleaned up or bombed out.

More to the British taste — or so the impresarios hope — is an evening of nostalgia at the theatre, with yer impersonators labouring more discreetly under the guise of actors.

Two shows are due to hit the West End. Jack Good opens his dialogue-less *Elvis* revue at the Charing Cross Road Astoria on Monday. It stars three separate actors as Elvis — PJ Proby as the elder, Shakin' Stevens the middler, and the unknown 16-year-old Tim Whitnall as the young Presley.

The other show, also simply titled *Elvis*, opened up in Cork last month with 26 dancers and 17 musicians — and two Elvises, played by Donal McCann and Cahir O'Docherty. Described as a play with music, it's expected to move to London at an as yet unknown future date.

Elvis played by two Irishmen? It's not as far-fetched as it sounds. A posthumous survey of Presley's background has discovered that his family emigrated from Ireland in the 18th Century. So there.

Meanwhile, the posthumous surveys of Presley's body are also all complete. Athough ten drugs were found in Presley's bloodstream — an antihistamine, codeine, demerol and several tranquillisers, including Valium — it turns out that they did *not* contribute to his death.

Shelby County medical examiner Dr Jerry Francisco, who directed Presley's autopsy, stated that Presley "would have died when he did with or without prescribed drugs present in his body."

The cause of death was "hypertensive heart disease with coronary artery heart disease as a contributing factor."

● *Continued over page*

FOOTBALL AIN'T THE ONLY FING PLAYED WITH BALLS

Cock Sparrer

new single **WE LOVE YOU**

DECCA

LFR 13732

ELVIS rocks on

● *From previous page*

As for Presley's personal physician, Dr George C. Nichopoulos, he is now under a 24-hour police protection following an attempt on his life at a football game.

The attack came after Nichopoulos released a story to the *Memphis Commercial Appeal* newspaper in which he said Elvis was "moody, taking certain drugs and also acting violent at times." He also claimed Presley took a rifle and shot out all the TV screens in his palatial Graceland estate.

Sounds quite sensible to us . . .

Presley's father has severed all connections with Dr Nichopoulos.

Almost the first scam to break after the death, of course, was the body heist. This, it now transpires, was a hoax. Ronnie Lee Adkins, the man who informed on Presley's three would-be body-snatchers (who were supposedly going to hold the body for £1,000,000 ransom) has himself been arrested for fraud whilst impersonating a police officer at a local Memphis hospital.

Consequently, the body-snatch prosecution have dropped all charges against the arrested men.

Despite this, Presley's body has still been moved from its marble mausoleum in Forest Hills cemetery to a new resting place in Gracelands — as has that of his mother, which had already been shifted once to lie alongside Elvis in the original tomb.

On the subject of mausoleums and stuff — another fave rage is statues. Already two have been erected in Nashville and Miami — whilst another, which the Memphis Development Foundation intended to stick up in Memphis, has led to yet more squalid legal problems.

The Memphis Foundation, see, is a charity — and they reckon that Factors Etc Inc., the people who own the copyright on Presley's image, have been illegally hindering them in their efforts to get this Presley statue together. They've filed suit for 8.4 million dollars against Factors (yes, you did read that figure correctly).

More legal disputes: a Houston ticket company called Quick Tick International is suing another firm, MK Enterprises, for forgery. Quick Tick printed authentic tickets for an August 27 concert in Memphis, and they claim that MK copied their ticket style and sold souvenirs tickets for two dollars each.

Naturally, it's a red-hot market for rip-offs, and Presley's early records are starting to hit the shops at ridiculous prices.

The Elvis specialist Beacon Hill Music Shoppe in Boston has already tried to defuse the explosion by announcing that only Presley's first five Sun records are of any real high value. Before his death "That's All Right Mama" was already selling at over 500 dollars.

Barry Appleton of Rock On Records in Camden Town has now compiled a comprehensive Presley price-guide for this country, and tells us he is in the process of contacting other reputable dealers in an attempt to stabilise prices.

"If we wanted," Barry says, "we could ask anything we wanted and get away with it, because with the volume at which Presley's old records are selling, it seems that almost everyone is an Elvis fan.

"Things that were rare before his death are still rare, but we haven't put the price up — not like one bloke I know of who doubled the price of all his imported records the morning after Presley's death."

Appleton stresses that only mint condition records are valuable — and anyway, "at the most, mint copies of the HMV 'Sun' cuts are only worth around a fiver.

"Come Christmas, those rip-off artists currently flogging Presley gear at extortionate prices will be selling *Star Wars* tickets on the black market."

A seller's market indeed — and we haven't even touched upon the welter of books flooding the market, many of which have been taken out of the remainder rack and reprinted.

Most ironic tale there is the one about the best-known Presley 'biography', *Elvis: What Happened?* — the junk expose written by three former Presley bodyguards, Red West, Sonny West and Dave Hebler. They sold their scuzzy reminiscences to *Sun* magnate Rupert Murdoch before Presley's demise for a flat 50,000 dollars.

They must have have had the smiles wiped off their faces when Elvis went and died, and Murdoch ordered up the largest print run on any book in publishing history — three million copies of the book already having been ordered by the K-Mart Corporation, which owns 1,300 discount chain stores across the USA.

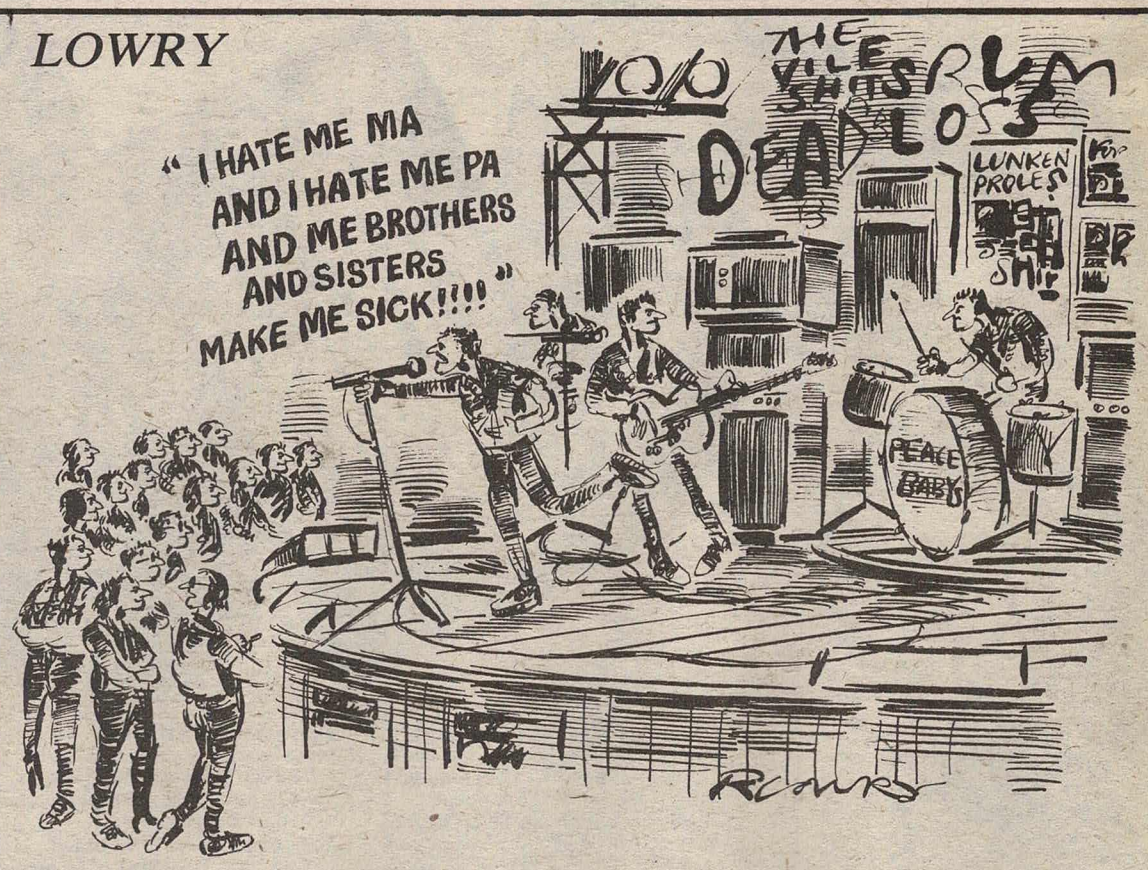
Three million also happens to be the number which American housewife Pat Mumford has in her mind. She aims to collect that total of signatures on a petition to present to the White House, at the end of the two-year campaign she has just launched . . . *to have Elvis Presley's birthday made a national holiday!*

The date to remember is January 8. As if they'd let you forget.

DICK TRACY
PHIL McNEILL
ROY CARR

THE END

LOWRY



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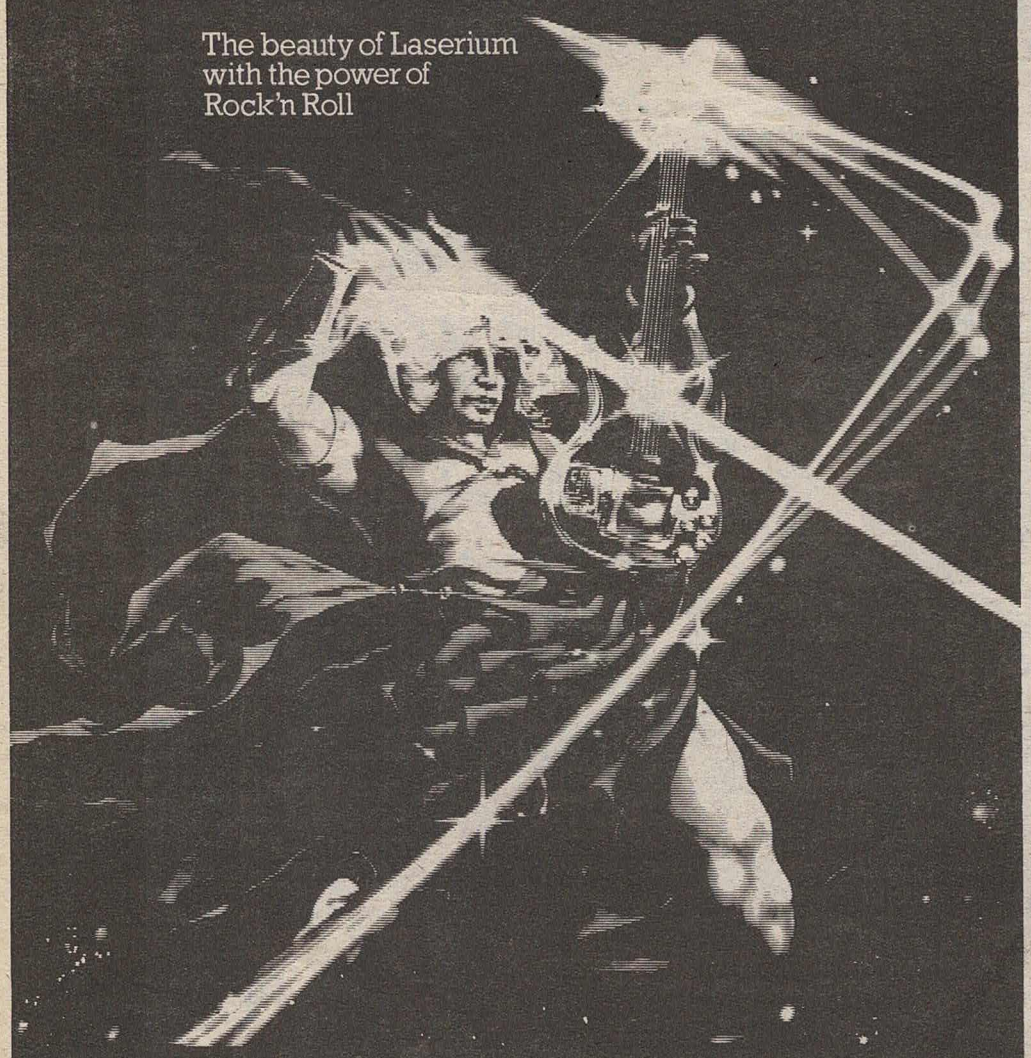

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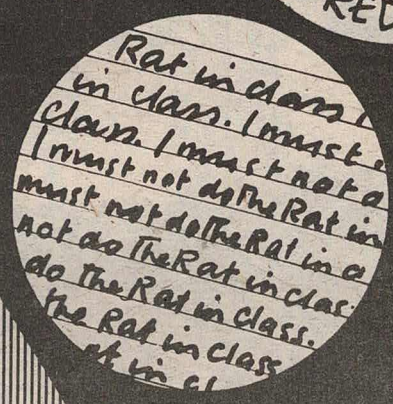
Rat in class
in class. I must
class. I must not
I must not do the Rat in
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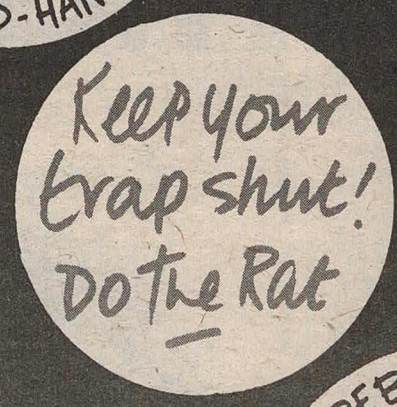
not do the Rat in class
do the Rat in class.
the Rat in class



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6TH: EDINBURGH ODEON
7TH: GLASGOW, APOLLO

MARY X MAS

9TH: BRISTOL, COLSTON HALL
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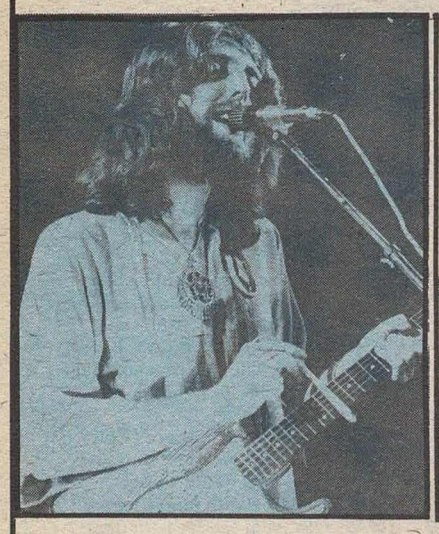

Cantcha feel it? Pic: DAVID HILL

UFO spottin' in the age of punk

STEVE 'I was never a hippy' HILLAGE still picks up those cosmic vibes, follows ley-lines, deals in spiritually motivated mythological symbols. So how does it feel when gobbing is the new thing? CHRIS SALEWICZ checks out the state of play.

AS WE reach the summit of the hill Steve Hillage squats down on the verge of a wide, straight tractor path and gazes around the Wiltshire countryside where he now makes his home. Certainly, the guitarist figures, the tractor path is a ley-line. Wiltshire, he points out, is riddled with mystical associations. "But" he smiles enigmatically, "so is everywhere."

Thousands of feet above us an RAF jet fighter cracks the silence and the cloud-spotted blue sky. "Chasing UFOs, I expect" mutters Hillage matter-of-factly. He stands up and, with his sheepdog Dagabert just avoiding being sliced in two by a passing piece of agricultural machinery, begins to amble on down the path/ley line to the 17th century cottage he shares with Miquette Giraudy, his lady/synthesister player, in the village of Great Bedwyn.

Walking pleases Hillage. "Eventually," he smiles, "men will be able to travel by thought. But even then they'll chose to walk on many occasions, simply because it's so pleasant."

Okay, okay, okay. Pseuds' Corner stuff, you say? Well, perhaps we should nail our colours to the mast right now. This piece will contain occasional references to esoteric occult matter, and though ironic asides may now and then be made it will generally be treated with all due sincerity. The author, you see, has already made his decision, long ago suspending his disbelief, and, though perhaps not such an adept, is as fascinated by all this cosmic buffoonery as Steve Hillage.

The former Gong guitarist's view is that you may snigger *now* but necessity will shortly ensure that you change your tune.

"I think," says Hillage, "that we're living in a time when man's technological progress has suddenly come across a great barrier. This is why there is a growing interest in safeguarding our future by more inner-directed means."

Each of Hillage's three solo albums, "Fish Rising", "L", and, now, "Motivation Radio" contain considerable reference to arcane knowledge. And to attempt to remain in contact with the spirits who are truly in command of our existence he endeavours to infiltrate his own existence with a "meditative discipline."

He does not feel he's being presumptuous in pushing his own discipline on to his audience.

"I think" — he leaps across a broad mud patch with one stride — "everyone does that but most people aren't aware of it. Every popular song lays down a particular myth. 'I went out with my baby on Saturday night' — that's still a myth, still a set of symbols.

"I realised that all popular music lays down a set of symbols and then thought of using it to put over spiritually motivated mythological symbols. I open myself and try and get the thing to pass through me. Which is what Gong did too.

"As I mention on 'Motivation Radio', to find the really big spiritually motivating force you have to rise up and direct it down yourself. If you just sit around and wait for it to come it won't happen. That's why most people don't believe in God: they don't make themselves rise up to a point where they can perceive what is meant by this concept."

The former Kent University philosophy student, breaks off to point at several shafts of sunlight scything through a cloud. "That's rather nice," he smiles.

AFTER HAVING put out "Fish Rising" during the last months of his four years with Gong, Steve Hillage recorded "L" — his first release as a solo artist proper, — in Woodstock with Todd Rundgren as producer. He feels that although they share common head space Rundgren's "spiritually motivated rock" is "a little brash".

However, he does think that their studio mating was largely successful, though he regrets Rundgren's inability to spend longer on "L" due to his Utopia committments.

To record "Motivation Radio" Hillage and Miquette travelled to Los Angeles — "It's interesting to go to different parts of the world to make records. I might go to EMI, New Delhi, for the next one."

LA was chosen for three specific reasons:

"One: I wanted to experience life on the West Coast and the best way to do this was to go and work there.

"Two: I wanted to meet producer Malcolm Cecil, of Tonto's Expanding Headband fame, and work with him. We worked in the Record Plant and at Westlake which are the forerunners in all studio development. So I've now learnt all the necessities to become a producer in my own right and will probably produce my own albums in the future."

(At present, in fact, he's putting his experience to good use, producing an album of flute playing in the Great Pyramid by former Hawkwind reedsman Nik Turner. The music will be complemented by lyrics from the Egyptian Book Of The Dead.)

"Three: I wanted to work with young West Coast musicians."

The two West Coast musicians most prominently featured on "Motivation Radio" — drummer Jo Blocker and bassist Reggie McBride, both, incidentally, black — are currently working on the road with Hillage in the four-piece he now has for stage performances. The band, he says, is like two groups in one — "Me and Miquette producing spacey sounds. Me and the bassist and drummer playing rhythm together."

Los Angeles, Hillage remarks as we walk through the gate to his cottage, he found "potentially amazing but with an *awful* lot of bullshit. This was especially apparent as I was making a record which is about motivation which is, I think, a very important concept. The music you play inevitably reflects the motivation behind it."

Presumably he is implying that if a record is made just to make money then this will come over in the music.

He nods as Dagabert cocks a leg against a tree: "One of the problems of America is motivation. There are two basic streams in US culture: some people who went there were extremely creative and found Europe constricting, and others just wanted an easy time where they could kill a few Indians and escape themselves.

"On the West Coast these two motivations clash because they have—

■ *Continues over page.*

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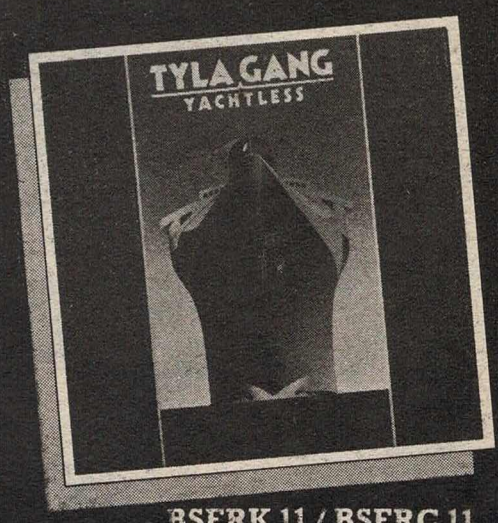

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Hillage

■ *From previous page.*

nowhere further to go. They arrived at this beach and built this great city full of loonies."

Though he is appalled by some grossly negative aspects of LA life, such as the dominance of the cocaine culture ("The LA coke culture freezes people's lives like it does your gums") and the fact that both he and Miquette became ill from breathing so much carbon monoxide, Hillage remains convinced that the city possesses much positivism if only it can be harnessed.

"Somewhere buried amidst all that insanity is an incredible energy centre. I think it's connected to the earthquake situation. LA has a very subtle relationship with the body of the earth."

However, not many natives of the city appear to understand how to utilise that energy, I point out.

Hillage nods. "I know. In England there's an unbroken tradition that goes back as far as the Druids. When Christianity first arrived in England it wasn't just a bloody invasion by missionaries.

"In America they wiped out the Indians and thereby wiped out a lot of those ancient psychic associations with the land. I think one of the problems of America right now is that there are a lot of people who're out of touch with the soul of the land.

"But," he qualifies, "although there are a lot of things about American culture I don't like there's a lot of American people I do like."

AS TO the state of his former group, Steve Hillage does not seem too infatuated with the current Gong output: "It's mostly Pierre Moerlen's music now. As far as I'm concerned the Gong was that particular combination of people that made the records up to 'You'."

Perhaps Gong must now be viewed as a creature of our pasts. Certainly in the light of Virgin Records' current biggest selling act, Gong — and perhaps Hillage himself — appear somewhat anachronistic.

Placidly sipping a cup of Lapsong Souchong tea which Miquette has brewed Hillage sits in his oak-beamed kitchen and vehemently condemns the convenience of social groups as places in which to place supposed types of people. He was never, he insists, a hippy.

"I grew my hair long because I think I look nicer with long hair. When I cut my hair my head gets all lumpy. It loses a certain grace that it has when it's long."

Also, he says the rumours that he'd threatened to quit Virgin if they ever signed any punks were totally incorrect. Though he finds certain aspects of punkdom, like violence ("A lot of that is to do with certain drugs like speed which are not exactly great healing forces") thoroughly negative, the committed social changer within him is heartened by the movement.

Besides he wasn't caught too off-guard by its arrival: I recall him pontificating in 1975 on the imminent changes that all occult sources predicted we would see in the next couple of years.

"There was a time last year," he admits, "when I reacted a bit against it. At that time the whole thing seemed as nasty as Charles Manson. A bit of a drag to say the least.

"But I've changed my attitude. I still don't like the nihilism and violence. I just think violence is valueless. I suppose if your're pissed off and someone sings to you about being pissed off you feel they're expressing your feeling for you, but ideally pissed off-ness is not a good thing to express. It just makes an endless circle in which you become more and more pissed off.

"If you want to stop being pissed off about things you just have to stop.

"Becoming negative or nihilistic is like falling at the first post in a particular set of obstacles that have to be overcome. Which is a very different story to generally reacting against something that wasn't quite right.

"Yet at the same time there definitely is A New Wave: in several spiritual teachings you can read of how a new energy arrived in the world at the beginning of 1975. New harmonics were set up. Punk is rock music that's grown out of this new energy, so it seems very alienated from what went before.

"But I'd say *my* music was New Wave. It's very much part of the later 70s. One of the themes of 'Motivation Radio' is a discussion of how to deal with them without becoming pissed off."

Even so, it seems virtually certain that Steve Hillage is viewed as a Boring Old Fart. . .

"Well," he smiles blearily, emptying the pot of tea into his cup," making judgements is always a dangerous thing."

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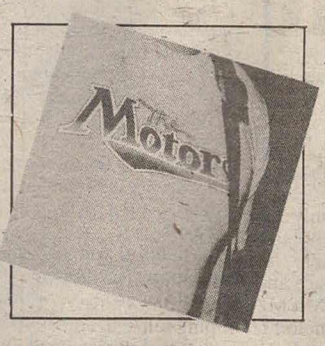
REVIEWED By TONY PARSONS

SINGLE OF THE WEEK: WHO-WHO-WHO SLAPPED JOHN? IAN DURY AND THE BLOCKHEADS: Sweet Gene Vincent (Stiff). His first Stiff single and ex-Power Play of this Imperial Good Companion typewriter, "Sex And Drugs And Rock And Roll" was no one-shot wonder and this ash-tray eyed ode to the tortured avatar lifted from his "New Boots And Panties" album is destined for airplay at both The Black Raven and Vortex, an inevitable hit single that will end the stupid Teddy/Punky-boy friction and give hours of pleasure to anyone who doesn't have blotched and larded skin, particles of food in their teeth.

Spliced in two paradoxical sections, the first an evocative tribute to Sweet Gene over period-charm echo chamber vocal and poignant musical understatement by The Blockheads that exudes deep-felt empathy (albeit with a South Street 'Romford' vernacular) that never — *not ever* — crosses over into realms icky-schmaltz . . . The blocko rocker celebration segment is where the folk-hero plus Blockheads pay homage by taking no prisoners and the hoodlums bite their rancid nails. Shall I mourn your decline with some Thunderbird whine and a black handkerchief? Nah . . . *"Who-who-who's slapped John?/White face!/Black shirt!/White socks!/Black shoes!/Black hair!/White Strat!/Dead white!/Dyed black!"* It's a raucous wake for rotting rockers, completely wipes the floor with the rest of the opposition this week. Somewhere Eddie Cochran is sneering with delight. Bury me in my shades.



THE MOTORS: Be What You Gotta Be (Virgin). Pumping-iron fun-packaged mop-top HM beat group use brash, major-chords that overwhelm in the boredom stakes and are not helped in the search for a *TOTP* slot by the hoarse, strangled mucho macho vocal. If it was a disco record they'd be telling ya to git down to the morning light, party-party thru the night, but as these guys are old white honkies their schtick is to make you wanna bawl and shout, let everybody know what it is all about. The Motors should do very well.

SAILOR: Romance (Epic). Those whacky matelots give the elbow to their brief flirtation with ubiquitous Discomat fodder with their latest nickeloden nonsense offering of chronic insipid *non-quayside* (Yah! Boo! Sucks!) contrived corn designed to capture the housekeeping purse-strings of the nation and splice the main-brace of swinging chart sounds after exposure through Diddy David's airwaves. Barnacles to you, sailor.

BOZ SCAGGS: Hollywood (CBS). White man sing with middle-aged Hip Easy Listening tongue dung done *avec* crass soul (less) singalong bouncy soundtrack that went out with The Four Tops ingratiating toothy beams eons ago. Or so I had ASSUMED! apparently *NOT!* Get yer shit together, Boz. At least clear up the mess on the reviewing room floor. We ain't in The Tower now.

CAROLE KING: Labyrinth (Capitol). *"We are lost in a labyrinth!"* the Mrs. Mills of Laurel Canyon whines in self-pity over quasi-Richman syrupy-cute-cute chopsticks Joanna and vacuous sentiments about peace, love and energy free your mind, presumably a token Pro-Plus reference tagged into the atrophying hippie adage as a concession to the punky-waver apocalypse. Sounds like the MOR folk-muzak that any number of West Coast professional starcrossed lovers churn out with interminable blanderama regularity. The title refers to the complex cavity of the internal ear and the record makes you sorry you scrubbed the wax out.

MANIACS: Chelsea 77 (UA). With a title like "Chelsea 77" a classic rock-45 song could have been written about how a prospective Tory MP called Jonathan Guiness living in the rich-bitch zone played host to an ex-SS officer. But; hey, baybee, rock 'n' roll! This is mere sheer sheet Heavy Metal drone albeit played at the speed of sound so I guess The Maniacs don't wear flairs. Producer Dave Goodman has been responsible for some stunning vinyl in the past with the Pistols and Eater and shouldn't waste his time with raw material as mediocre as this.

JOAN BAEZ: Time Rag (CBS). *"Ripping along towards middle-age and my musical*

SINGLES

Ian Dury and the Blue Gene Bop

career kinda missed a page,/Record sales began to drop and my management began to hop,/"Not to worry!" they said. "You'll see! What you need is some new pub-lice-it-ee!/Give us a nod and we'll all leap! Put you back on top of the heap!/I said, "FINE! GIVE ME A WHACK!" Pathetic ageing desperation with pitiful mock-Zim spoken verses and depressingly predictable folky songbird soaring, all about growing old in an industry that needs young blood like *Snouds* hacks need Valderma. Wrinkle-rock.

THE CRUSADERS: Put It Where You Want It/Stomp And Buck Dance/Keep That Same Old Feeling/Chain Reaction. Twelve-inch gross, mellow jazz dross, don't bother to hear it, dead mute they're no loss.

PATTI LABELLE: Dan Swit Me (Epic). Reviewing the efforts of all these old dears reminds me of Christmas when my Aunties pick me up and tell me how big I'm getting (I'm only 38). Most gourd-churning unpleasant, it is. Patti Labelle here insults her gender, her race and my intelligence. "Dan Swit Me" is eye-rolling, melon-chomping self-hatred exploitation that translates into "Dance With Me", an uninspired funk flurry aimed touching wood and clutching rabbit's foot at the pose-and-pulling venues of UK discotheques. They're playing our song? Nah, *Dan Swit Me, Dan Swit Me, ad infinitum.*

NEW HEARTS: Just Another Teenage Anthem (CBS). Ahhh, Boring Young Farts, just as dire. New Wave? This sounds like The Rubettes striving to sound like The Jam, aims for punk and comes out pap, pretends it's teenage whereas it's just crap.

ISAAC HAYES: Theme From Shaft (Stax). Stax re-release a batch of classics and others this week and thereby earn the honour of having the Parsonic seal of Vinyl Factory of the week. They're so sheer, they're so chic. (Can I have it in used luncheon vouchers plus a ticket to LA, sir?) The Hayes theme-tune will *(wah-wah)* already be very *(tra-la-la-la)* familiar to you unless *(who's a sex machine to all the chicks?)* you're *(John Shaft!)* a one-day old pit pony *(shut yaw mouth)* who's allergic to celluloid *(but we can dig it).* The Voices, sometimes I wonder if they're real . . . you don't look so black, Isaac . . . *(you don't look so white, slit-eye).* The one damp squib in the week's Stax Explosion.

JOHNNIE TAYLOR: Take Care Of Your Homework (Stax). It's almost a decade since 1968 when Johnnie Taylor released this vastly underrated Sam and Dave derivative of timeless soul perfection of Otis Redding quality (whose worn vinyl I've revisiting lately as the geezer's been dead for ten years next month). Pure magic. A miss.

RUFUS THOMAS: The Breakdown (Stax). Joe Tex without the humour demonstrates latest model of Funky Turkey with the saving grace of staccato horn-blasts over the atmospheric nostalgia of true Mecca dance culture with irresistable bass-line and chopped snare. Rufus orders you to dance like a degenerate Moses. You take her in your arms and the light reflects on the metal clips of the braces holding up her white Levi Stay-Press as the Rude Boys set fire to the plastic palm trees. Nice here, innit?

BILL FREDERICKS: Love With You (Polydor). From the movie *Black Joy.* Jack Jones impersonation for someone who wants to sing "I've Gotta Be Me" off Idiot Cards in plush dicky-bow establishments. Sometimes I think they're so much more *alive* than we are, man.

STAPLE SINGERS: I'll Take You There (Stax). Life-affirming righteous family entertainment, tasteful though trite. Gospel meets superior disco . . . but they sound like they mean it so you can pogo to it without too much trouble.

WILLIAM BELL AND JUDY CLAY: Private Number (Stax). Genuinely moving scenario in the call-and response mode that Bowie plundered for the sanitised, blanched soul of "Young Americans", with stifled sobs as the duo make Marvin and Tammi look like Cheech and Chong. Tangled love lines and vinyl to treasure forever. Probable buyers; coquettish receptionists.

PUBLIC ZONE: Naive (Logo). Woman-hating would-be punks who still play their Roxy Music albums. *"So naive! Your offer's always on your sleeve! Too easy to deceive! So naive!"* They should have just released the sleeve, which is a striking red and black for those of you without colour sets.

WIRE: Mannequin (Harvest). Magnificent "Sweet Jane" riff repetition, ludicrous surfing back-up vocals, heavy petting in the middle of a fire fight from veterans of the Roxy era overcoming the age barrier with a shambling punkathised pop-consciousness and one for suitable vinyl fodder for a *K-Tel Presents Punky Waver Explosion.* Aimed at the position which will soon be held by The Rich Kids.

BILL WITHERS: Lovely Day (CBS). Just one look at you, he knows it's gonna be a lovely day. And the world's alright with him, he knows it's gonna be a lovely day. Gentle soul-jog with "Dah-dah-dee" Beach Boys harmonies over soothing strings and ribbon section, content platonic eternity fraternity pin wallpaper music suitable for the re-runs of Lassky and Crutch.

SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY AND THE ASBURY JUKES: The Fever (Epic). He-Slut equivalent to Rula Lenska's single in which she drooled, dribbled and drawled, *"Eeez zaaat er gun een yawer pock-eet or are yew jest glad tew see meee???"* White dopes on bromide, darlink. *"Ain't nuttin' else a paw boy-er kin dew!"* Stop looking at Bruce like that, Southside, old chap. Sultry, burning, steaming, throbbing, pyjama-sticking soul-shoes saxophone orchestration on Springsteen's song for swinging male strippers suffers from machismo overkill, John, me son. The Slight Thin Juke should release the highly evocative "Love On The Wrong Side Of Town" as a single if he wants to persuade nit-picking pop-punters to peruse his albums.

POCO: Rose Of Cimmaron/Keep On Trying/Indian Summer/Staring At The Sky (Anchor). Hot dang, I aim a stream of gob at the review-room portable gramophone; obviously "Keep On Trying" is one of the most moving love songs of all time and totally transcends the spliff-toking C & W C & A that pollutes the remaining 75 per cent of this otherwise yawn-inducing 12-incher. But that one cut is worthy of Neil Young. Yea, I dig him, man/punk. Just to keep the population down. But I need ya now, and that's why I'm hanging around. (Written by Edinburgh bard Ronnie Gurr and the best fanzine in the world.)

Status Singles

STORMTROOPER: I'm A Mess (Solent). Grating pathological shyness about as musical as the sound of a commuter getting shoved under a tube train during the rush hour.

PVC: Deranged, Demented And Free/Pain/Put You In The Picture (Zoom). Do anything you wanna do, don't believe your elders, your teachers don't understand and your Auntie tells you fibs. Furiously commercially viable punk-solipsists punish their frets relentlessly and slash out declaration of intent. The punks are revolting.

THE WARSAW PACT: Safe And Warm (Warsaw Pact). Plodding geriatric hippies struggle through quasi-Motorhead rock-schlock for middle-aged old maids who would like to relate to the kids in the street, dig? Destroy and recycle.

THE REAL KIDS: Common At Noon (Sponge). Anguished HM pop-pap from Boston bozos featured with a brace of disposable trash on "Live At The Rat", yet another double-album that would have made a superb EP. Johnathan Richman loves them.

THE DRONES: I Just Wanna Be Myself (Valer). My Auntie tells me lies but I don't drone on and one and on about it, do I?

RIKKI AND THE NUMBERS: The Heartbreak Kid (Rainbow). Finely honed headbanging sneer with highly sanitised "catchy" attempted chart-action "chorus" for a honey-menthol clear throated tune to appease all listeners who may have been offended by the "Wally" overtones of the verses' watered down Led Zep cosmic ace posturing. Only for pop-kids who are still thieving their Mum's downers.

THE OUTSIDERS: One To Infinity (Raw Edge). Tuneless, gormless, gutless. An Anglo middle-class version of Blue Oyster Cult's rivet-punching guitar solos and portentious dark visions. The Outsiders are obese midgets who wear bicycle clips on their flairs because they think it looks punky. I like them a lot. It takes real punks to make a record like this.

THE STOAT: Office Girl (City). Undistinguished wet-dream fantasy amidst muddy guitar twanging as a pin-stripe stud lures shorthand typist nubile behind the filing cabinet for a clandestine keen trembler. Probable buyers; young executives who can't.

TALKING HEADS: Uh-Oh, Love Comes To Town (Sire). Fey Funk for passive intellectuals with added ingredients of hesitant steel band backing David Bryne's contrived flitty yelp. Their unfulfilled promise disappoints while hardly causing long winter nights of insomnia.

THE PANIK: Modern Politics (Rainy City Records). Excellent picture-sleeve reprinted courtesy of *Life* magazine 1964 depicting a gaggle of Peppermint Lounge embryo Debbie Blondies looking for the night. The record itself is provincial nihilism oozing with the self-directed loathing of unlistenable contemporary crassness.

HEADACHE: Can't Stand Still (Lout Records). Hot Rods R&B meets Velvets' zomboid repetition. Pass the Panadol.

KRYPTON TUNES: Behind Your Smile (Black And Red). Welsh fluoride punk-schlock that sounds like it was recorded in an old baked beans can. One of them sports a dead caterpillar on his upper lip. Devolution is looking better all the time.

THE WASPS: Teenage Treats (4 Play). Refreshing dynamic pyrotechnics.

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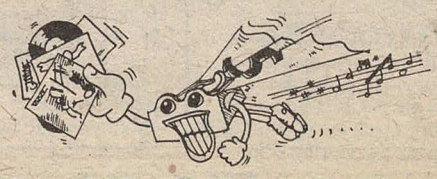

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Why aren't these people holding guitars?

Cos they sing the chewns and they got a whole bunch of people behind 'em who play the music.
They also got three crates of special brew behind the piano, seeing as how this is the NME ~~DRATS~~ DARTS featurette by ~~MONTY SMITH~~ MINTY SMOFF ...

THUMP THOMSON makes no bones about it. He *wants* to be a pop star. Not for the adulation or the media coverage. And sod politics, definitely. Not even for the money, though he's averagely keen to pick up a bob or two along the way.

Nah, Thump's in it for the laughs. Just as well he plays bass for The Darts, really.

One ambition has already fallen by the wayside. He's appeared on *Top Of The Pops* — twice! The first time he was well chuffed at seeing one of Legs and Co ("The blonde frizzy-haired one") in the nude, the second time amused that one of Tom Robinson's Band bent over backwards, as it were, to assert his heterosexuality. " 'Cor, did you see Legs and Co?' he kept saying. 'Alright, mate', I said. 'We get the picture'."

Thump's serious about his music, mind. They all are. All nine of them. It's just that if he can't *enjoy* himself, then he'd rather jack it in. No chance of that. For the first time in his 10-year career, Thump's in a band which is taking off. And there are enough low-brow laughs flying around Darts to keep even Elvis "Smiler" Costello in fits.

SINCE THEIR formation in August '76 Darts, with ever-increasing momentum, have built up a devoted following on the pub/club/college circuit and are even now in the midst of a massive junket which is taking them the length and breadth of Blighty.

Everyone likes Darts live. Their hard-nosed doo wop/R&B is a Guaranteed Good Time and that, as our Asst Ed is always at pains to point out, is "what it's all abaht, innit?"

The Dury-esque Spencer was one of many who mourned the passing of Rocky Sharpe and The Razors. Darts don't.

Vocalists *par excellence* Griff Fender, Rita Ray and Den Hegarty (Rocky hisself) and saxophonist Horatio Hornblower formed Darts from the ashes of Rocky Sharpe, adding singer Bob Fish, pianist Hammy Howell and the axis of the defunct John Dummer Band (guitarist George Currie, Thump and drummer Dummer) to the formidable cast list.

"Rocky Sharpe was popular," says Horatio, "But pretty shabby. The only reason we were popular was because of London Teds, who don't know any better. Darts have got direction."

DURING THE only break in their current tour, Darts went to Saarbrucken, West Germany to record a set for European TV. I went with them, in their 15-seater mini-bus, driven in turn by Thump and Bob Fish.

On the Dover-Calais ferry, Thump gives me an inkling of what I've let myself in for. He's describing the Darts Committee, membership of which is limited to those who perform "particularly vile acts above and beyond the call of duty".

Like all road bands, the (male) Darts indulge in, er, eccentric activities to relieve the wearisome tedium of constant travelling. Membership stands at five, for the moment.

"Grandad (the band's nickname for Dummer) is in for rolling about in the sewerage on Stockport beach," says Thump, warming to the task. "He was covered in black mud and poops. McGoogy (roadie Dave McCann) for filling seven duty free plastic bags full of sick," adding proudly, "And me for dipping a chocolate biscuit into one and eating it. Hammy's in for shagging a girl who looked like Miss Piggy — and that's a generous analogy — and Horatio is a member for —"

He pauses, then concludes ominously, "Well, just for being Horatio, you'll see . . ."

It transpires that Horatio, the 20-year-old baby of the group whose ambition is to be "the most hated man in the world", assumes the personality of one Arthur Higginbottom whenever he's pissed. Which happens often and very quickly.

By the end of the trip, he looks at death's door, having fallen prey to a flu bug. Thump puts it down to general alcoholic excess and points knowingly: "Shot his bolt, didn't he?"

After a bright start (Den, Bob, Griff and Rita earn free beers in quaint Frog bar outside St Orme by putting on an impromptu acappella performance while the rest of us pay for the privilege of quaffing mugs of froth), nothing much worse happens during our Saarbrucken stay than the police being called to the hotel ten times in one night, the band running up a damages bill of some £200 and being evicted on the morning of the TV taping.

Dummer had started the trouble, ripping paintings and light fittings off the corridor walls. The pictures *were* awful, Tesco's gipsy dayglo prints positively artistic in comparison.

"They'd been getting on my nerves all day," was all he would say about it. The police — big, burly, armed to the teeth — thought it was a bit of a laugh. After all, one hysterical hotel manager and a bunch of British drunks are child's play compared to the Baader-Meinhoff mob.

DARTS' MANAGER, an engaging wide-boy called Bob England ("No, no, your namé, not where you are from," said the hotel receptionist), doesn't mind the aggro — he secretly enjoys it, to the point of being a sly instigator — so long as the band don't screw up the TV show.

Smokey Robinson and Roger Whittaker are also taping at the studio, for the same programme. "Christ!" says Horatio, "They'll make us sound like The Clash".

Darts' record company have sent their international lady, Sarah Jones, to supervise the session. She's been telling the Germans that Darts are a "slick, punk Manhattan Transfer". Thump looks skywards in amazement.

"I'll tell you what we are," he says, with mock authority. "A new wave New Seekers, teaching the world to be sick."

When Griff and Rita tape an interview for German radio, the poor bugger talking to them obviously knows nothing about Darts and even less about R&B. Hurriedly primed by Ms Jones, he asks, "Manhattan Transfer is an idol for you?"

Rita patiently explains that MT are swing ('40s), Darts doo wop ('50s).

"But you don't make black music," he rejoins in a surprised tone.

"This *is* black music," says Rita, exasperatedly. "Because of the situation in the States in the '50s, people didn't play this music."

But it isn't soul music, states the confused Kraut.

Griff's had enough.

"Do you understand the term rhythm and blues?" he asks, condescendingly.

Ja.

"Well, we do R&B, which is a forerunner of soul music. Is that clear enough for you?"

The interviewer, completely lost, changes tack and, hoping for safe ground, asks if Darts are interested in doing 'punk and political songs'.

"No, that's rubbish!" spits Griff. "Absolute muck. We do it for fun, not for ulterior motives."

OK, that is gut, ja?

The TV people — having heard about the hotel eviction and seen Den throw a characteristic tantrum in the studio reception area — are genuinely taken aback by Darts' professionalism and all-out *attack* during the taping of "Daddy Cool", "Come Back My Love" and "Too Hot In The Kitchen".

Rita, resplendent in her glittering striped dress, is the cameraman's focal point as they attempt to sort out the assortment of jumble-sale spivs surrounding her. Den's anarchic stage antics keep the Germans amused and even though the lighting and sound men keep cocking up, the band are just about perfect every take.

After an especially vicious rendition of "Daddy Cool", Bob Fish shouts "That woke you up, didn't it" to no one in particular.

I'VE SEEN Darts dozens of times, but watching them at close quarters in a TV studio really brought home their dynamic visual qualities. They perform to the manner born. But like many of their admirers, I'd been worried about how successful they'd be in transferring this considerable stage presence to vinyl.

Back at the hotel (another one) I spoke to some of the band about the recording of their debut album. Had they attempted to coalesce the stage choreography and nun's-twat tight arrangements in the studio?

"Very good question," says Dummer, propped up in bed, as stone-facedly enigmatic as Buster Keaton. "What we did is, we kept the dancing on the album to a bare minimum. There's very little dancing on it.

"Don't be a prat, Monty, it can't be done."

George Currie interrupts the laughter with a terse, "It's all relative, it's down to the music."

A sore point had been hit upon.

Thump Thomson is a big, affable *ursus horiblis* of a man *(Bit like you, Monty. — Ed.)*, rarely ruffled, but Darts' 'Great Live But . . .' schtick tends to make him lose his rag.

"Any band that's visually good, people say that about. It's pigshit. A lot of people have *seen* Darts, but I don't think they've *heard* us. So many record companies came down to see us and said, 'Oh great, but how do you put it on record . . .'."

"We *are* good time," says Bob Fish. "But serious. People who don't know the band, have only seen us once or twice, assume we're a joke. They see comedy on stage, like Den going off his head, chucking himself in the audience . . ."

Thump butts in.

"But he could only do that if the band was fucking tight. One bloke in some review said about Den, 'He attacked the audience, like Iggy Pop used to, but Iggy did it for real'. He wants to have Den attack *him* one day. When Den goes on stage, he's not *there*. He does it for *real*, mate."

Thump is equally dismissive of the people who've labelled Darts revivalists.

"How can you write doo wop songs? A song is a song is a song. The vocal arrangements make them doo wop. 'Blue Moon' wasn't written as a doo wop song.

"The vocal style is all we're reviving. We're not trying to be a bunch of Fonzies — we're as new wave as anyone.

"But when we get hit records, people who come to see us won't be disappointed. And that's the way round it should be." What people probably don't realise is that at least half the Darts' set comprises original numbers.

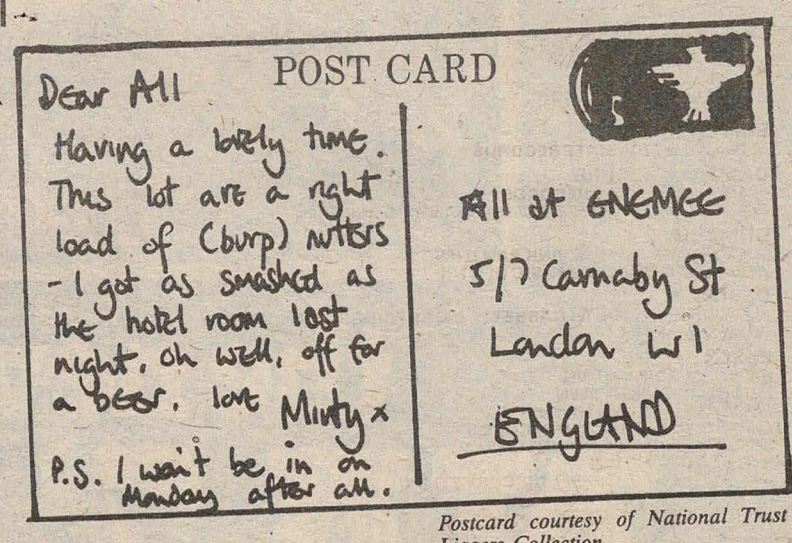
"*Chewns*, mate, like Charlie Murray said, that's what you've got to have. If you ain't got *chewns*, forget it. Music's always been about *chewns* — fuck politics."

On the way home, Den celebrated his acceptance by The Committee. In an Italian restaurant he'd spooned ice-cream up his sphincter.

Thump was glum at the prospect of confronting customs officials whilst sober. "It'll be nice to see a British bobby again," he mused. "No guns like those trigger-happy bastards, just pointy helmets and socks full of sand so they don't leave any marks when they give you a good hiding."

This happy bunch of loutish misfits are still schlepping around out there. Go see 'em.

It's the most fun you can have outside of swearing at foreigners.


POST CARD
Dear All
Having a lovely time. This lot are a right load of (burp) nutters - I got as smashed as the hotel room last night. Oh well, off for a beer. love Minty x
P.S. I won't be in on Monday after all.
All at GNEMEE
5/7 Carnaby St
London W1
ENGLAND

Postcard courtesy of National Trust Liggers Collection.

You mean we have to list all that lot? Oh, alright then. l. to r. Bob Fish, Den Hegarty, Horatio Hornblower (ill), Thump Thompson (pointing), George Currie, Hammy Howell, John Dummer, Griff Fender (kneeling), and Rita Ray. *Pic: MINTY*

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BEFORE & AFTER SCIENCE

Thinking about music with BRIAN ENO. Some monologues recorded and compiled by IAN MacDONALD.

Part 1: Accidents Will Happen

ON THE NIGHT of January 18 1975, whilst walking back from a Phil Manzanera session at Island Records' Basing Street studio to his home in Maida Vale, Brian Eno found himself engulfed by thoughts of darkness and sudden death . . .

"For about a week I'd been feeling that I was about to have an accident. It was the same feeling as I'd had before I got appendicitis when I was 16 — or before my lung collapsed when I was doing my first and last tour at exactly the same point in 1974.

"I always seem to sense when I've pushed too hard, you know? When I've been carried off on the momentum of media approval or professional opportunism and have ceased to think about where I am and what I'm doing.

"We'd just finished the song called 'Miss Shapiro' and I found myself thinking 'I wonder if that's the last thing I'll ever record?' and saying 'Well, I wouldn't mind so much if it was' sort of thing.

"And then I thought *'What the hell are you talking about?'* You know — what a ridiculous train of thought to be on.

"About a hundred yards further up the road I walked in front of a taxi."

The taxi was doing about 40 mph. Eno stepped back instinctively at the last minute, but was too late. It hit him, running over his legs and throwing his head back against a parked car.

People from a nearby pub gathered around him while someone called for an ambulance. "He's a goner," observed some impartial witness.

Eno realised that this warm stuff running past his eyes must be blood. He touched the top of his head; it felt as if it was split open. Anxious to prevent his brain falling out, he kept his hands pressed to his skull until the ambulance arrived.

A few minutes later he was being wheeled along a hospital corridor, still holding onto his brain.

"The whole thing was horrible. I was conscious all the way through. And I was thinking 'You stupid cunt, you brought this on yourself.'

"I knew absolutely that I was responsible for it. It was not an accident at all. It was a whole . . . trick that I'd brought on myself."

A nurse gently attempted to prize away his hands. "What are you doing?" she asked.

"Keeping my head together, man," he replied.

BRIAN ENO WAS BORN in the village of Woodbridge, Suffolk, on May 5 1948 and educated by nuns and Brothers of the De La Salle order until he was 16 — at which point he enrolled for a two-year course at Ipswich Art School.

"I went to art school because I didn't want to do a conventional job. I saw a job as a trap and something to avoid. In fact, that's a characteristic of my life: making moves not so much *towards* things as *away* from them, avoiding them."

Although young Brian knew he didn't want to be ordinary, his conceptions were, at that point, quite as ordinary as those of his fellow students. He was in need of a shake-up.

"By a stroke of luck I happened to go to a very good school. Ipswich was run by a guy called Roy Ascot — a very brilliant educationalist, I think — and what he and his staff were concerned with was not the teaching of technique so much as experimenting with notions of what constitutes creative behaviour.

"So, instead of sitting there doing little paintings, we found ourselves being required to get involved in discussions and self-investigation projects. Like, the first thing we had to do was a 'mind-map', which was constructing a series of tests to find out what sort of behaviour we exhibited in different situations, from which it was decided what sort of character type we each were.

"Having established that, we had to behave in a way diametrically opposed to our normal selves, ie., if you were naturally extrovert, you had to be introvert; if you were a born leader, you had to be a follower, etc."

Which were you?

"I had to become a follower. I had to execute everyone else's ideas, not make a fuss, not try to dominate the proceedings.

"Some people really pushed it. One girl was very perky and exuberant and the only way she could get herself to calm down was to tie her legs to her chair. Another girl, called Lily, was very nervous — she made herself learn how to walk the tight-rope.

"I sat on this porter's trolley all day. If anyone wanted me to do anything, they had to wheel me to where I was required.

"All of this was very exciting and disorientating and aroused in me a lasting interest in working with other people under what might normally be considered quite artificial restrictions."

During this period, Eno met a major influence in the artist Tom Phillips, who was one of the staff, and began to get interested in music via a chance encounter with John Cage's book *Silence* and the occasional visit to the school of avant-garde composer Cornelius Cardew.

Unable, as yet, to manipulate a conventional musical instrument, he started playing about with tape-recorders and, by 1955 — at which juncture he left Ipswich for Winchester Art School — he had amassed about 30 machines, of which only two were in full working order.

Winchester was a traditional institution and Eno found his newly-inspired experimentalism forced underground. The staff and most of the other students made no secret of finding him rather odd.

"I felt that art was more serious and important than they seemed to think. They regarded it as merely decorative — or there to make things a bit better or something. I thought there was much more to it, but I couldn't then put my finger on it.

"Also, there was my mother-in-law — a very bright woman, a logician into scientific method — who'd always say to me things like 'I can't understand why somebody with your mind is wasting his time doing this'. She was very cutting about it indeed.

"So I was forced into justifying my position and that started what has been a continuous train of thinking over the last ten years."

THE BASIC QUESTION seemed to be: What was it all *for*?

CONTINUES OVER

Eno began to read voraciously, picking up and discarding theories at an ever-increasing rate.

"First, I agreed with John Cage that 'art is purposeless play'. Then I dropped that and began to think that it was a kind of Zen meditation activity."

Round about then, The Who released "My Generation" and Eno pricked up his ears.

"I thought 'Oh-oh — rock music is going to do something' and realised that this area — which I'd previously imagined to be rather unserious — might actually turn out to be interesting after all."

And so, in uneasy alliance with his more solemn ventures into Lamont Young territory, Eno began a group — The Maxwell Demon — with co-student and guitarist Anthony Grafton.

"One night at the end of the Christmas term we got together and he just started playing the guitar and I started singing and that was the first thing we wrote — straight off. The first thing I did in rock was an instant success!

"I've still got that tape. It's called 'Ellis B. Compton Blues'. It's got this amazing guitar solo in it . . ."

At the end of 1969 Eno moved to London to live in an artistic commune devoted to keeping its members from having to do boring jobs by pooling its resources on creative projects.

Roxy lost it somewhere in the middle of 1973 — although my favourite Roxy album is the third. If the band had broken up then it would have been sensational.

"I always had this thing of keeping as many things cooking at one time as I could. I was simultaneously involved with Tom Phillips, who lived next door, with the Scratch Orchestra and the Portsmouth Sinfonia, and with my own group."

But eventually the money ran out and Eno found himself stranded for three months as a paste-up assistant on the advertising section of a local paper. As soon as he realised that this form of occupation drained him of any energy for creative activity, he quit and became a dealer in semi-defunct electronics, buying up old speakers, making cabinets for them, and selling them to friends.

At the end of 1970 he ran into a saxophone-player he'd met a few years before at an avant-garde concert in Reading. After a preliminary discussion of the intellectual scene, Eno mentioned that he'd got very interested in rock recently and thought that that was where things were happening.

"Yeah," nodded Andy MacKay. "I do too."

Three months later, Eno got a call from Andy asking him if he'd be interested in working with a band.

"It turned out to be Roxy Music — though, at that stage, it was just Bryan, Andy, Graham Simpson and me. I joined as a technical assistant because I owned a Revox and they wanted to make some demos. There was a synthesizer there which Andy had brought along and I started looking after that too. And gradually I became a member of the group."

"I never expected it to be a success, but there was nothing else to do, so I stuck with it. I was very surprised when people started saying they liked us."

What about Bryan Ferry?

"I liked him. There was no personality problem then. We were all working hard and, since there was no income for the band, there was no possibility of unequal shares. It was a case of just getting on with it — and we all did what we were best at: me doing all the soldering, Andy driving the van, etc."

Towards the end of 1971, they played a few trial gigs most of which went disastrously wrong because of equipment failure. There was a lighter side, however:

"In those days I was just mixing them, so I wasn't onstage but I did have a mike and did some harmony singing. And so there I'd be, out in the hall at my mixing-desk, and I'd suddenly start singing into my mike. And people would sort of wheel about and stare at me — this guy standing in the middle of the audience, singing. It was very funny."

When, in 1972, Roxy signed with E. G. Management, Eno was persuaded to move from the back of the hall to the stage. He was now a fully-fledged public person and very nervous of the prospect.

"The equipment the band had made it necessary that Bryan and I — operating the keyboards — had to stand at opposite ends of the stage. Which made it look as if we were the two stars of the group, I suppose."

It was only a matter of time before the autocratic Ferry would notice that the spotlight of audience attentions was beginning to stray from him to the befeathered creature at the synthesizer.

Eno's days were, in fact, numbered.

HEADY DAYS, they were too. Moving from a hole in the wall in Battersea to a posh flat in Redcliffe Square, Bryan Ferry directed his troops through an erratic session for their debut album to the recording of the ice-breaking "Virginia Plain" and the group's first British tour.

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

The first art-school invaders of rock since the mid-Sixties saw the rise of acts like The Who, Pink Floyd, The Soft Machine and The Kinks, there existed no competition for a line-up exuding both glamour and the intellectual je-ne-sais-quoi of those versed in concepts like Dramatic Irony and the Auteur Theory.

(Except David Bowie, of course.)

But success brought more than fame. There was also the question of how to dispose of the fortune that was now beginning to roll into the King's Road coffers of E. G. Management.

Eno recalls:

"Even taking into account that Bryan deserved more than the rest of us, having written all the material, to me the revenue was unfairly divided. He took all the revenue was royalties *and* a sixth share in the arrangements — which meant he ended up with over 70% of what we were collectively earning.

"I'm not saying we should have split it equally, just that he could have given away a little more than he did . . ."

This would not have been so bad had Ferry not forbidden — at least at first — Roxy to perform any material not composed entirely by himself. When he later began to ignore the democratic charter of the band by taking decisions about, for example, the group image, without consulting the others, relationships started to get a little strained.

"Silly things, like whose photograph was biggest, seemed just gigantically important at the time. And then there were the endless tours. In 1973 we were on the road for ten months continuously — and this rapidly began to affect the quality of our work, which got slicker in direct proportion to the extent to which it grew safer.

"The second album, for example — it was just slung together, not worked on like the first one. Like, 'The Bogus Man' could have been really good, but it was just left as it stood — and I thought 'Grey Lagoons' was a very trivial track, our Fifties gesture type of thing.

"I thought 'Beauty Queen' — which Bryan did practically by himself, incidentally — was spectacularly beautiful. My favourite Roxy track. But the rest . . . Well, I would like to have seen the experimental stance maintained a bit. Because 'Bogus Man' was almost like some of the things Can were doing at the time — you know, open-ended, improvisatory, and not just thoroughly-rehearsed performances with bits for the band to fiddle around in.

"But we didn't go that way and, instead, went for the zippiest, slickest option of just hitting the audience with the most exciting succession of ideas and images. Because you can't handle those huge tours without working to a safe formula, you know. You just get too tired to be creative every night, so you settle for a crowd-pleasing act that you can sort of sleepwalk your way through.

"So, for me, Roxy lost it somewhere around the middle of 1973 — although actually my favourite Roxy album is the third one, which I wasn't on. A great album, that one. But it also contained the seeds of their destruction because it was getting very polished by then and didn't really contain any new ideas. It was just more professional all round.

"If the band had broken up then, it would have been sensational. It would have been one of the great phenomena, you know.

"But the other two albums rather let it down."

BY THE MIDDLE of 1973, Eno was attracting a great deal of press attention.

"Some of the papers seemed to think that I was the leader of the group, which was very embarrassing and quite unjust to Bryan. But then he went and started doing interviews where he'd try to re-establish the real position and started saying completely over-the-top things like 'This band is my baby and I could have done the same thing with any other group of musicians' — which was blatantly untrue.

"And then there were the 'Eno!'-shouters in the audience. Because, you know, in the quieter, slower numbers in the set the audience would always shout my name. And I could understand exactly how Bryan felt. He'd be singing this beautiful, quiet song — and some pranny at the back of the hall would bellow 'Eno!'

"Obviously, he got progressively more pissed off."

Finally, the group played the York Festival. Ferry arrived to find the day's music press all carrying interviews with Eno about the avant-garde record he was recording with Robert Fripp of King Crimson. Then he found out that Eno was actually onstage with the Portsmouth Sinfonia, getting cheered at in advance of Roxy's scheduled appearance.

To crown it all, the "Eno!"-shouters were out in force and "Beauty Queen" got smothered under a barrage of incongruously hearty Northern enthusiasm for the wraith-like Wittgenstein of rock who, in fleeing the stage to give Ferry a chance to emote, only made things worse by what seemed a purposely dramatic absence.

After the concert, an ashen-faced Ferry informed his managers that he would never get on a stage with Eno again.

"Bryan never faces you with this kind of thing. It's not part of his character. He always goes through back passages and so on — and when he sees you afterwards he sort of smiles it off."

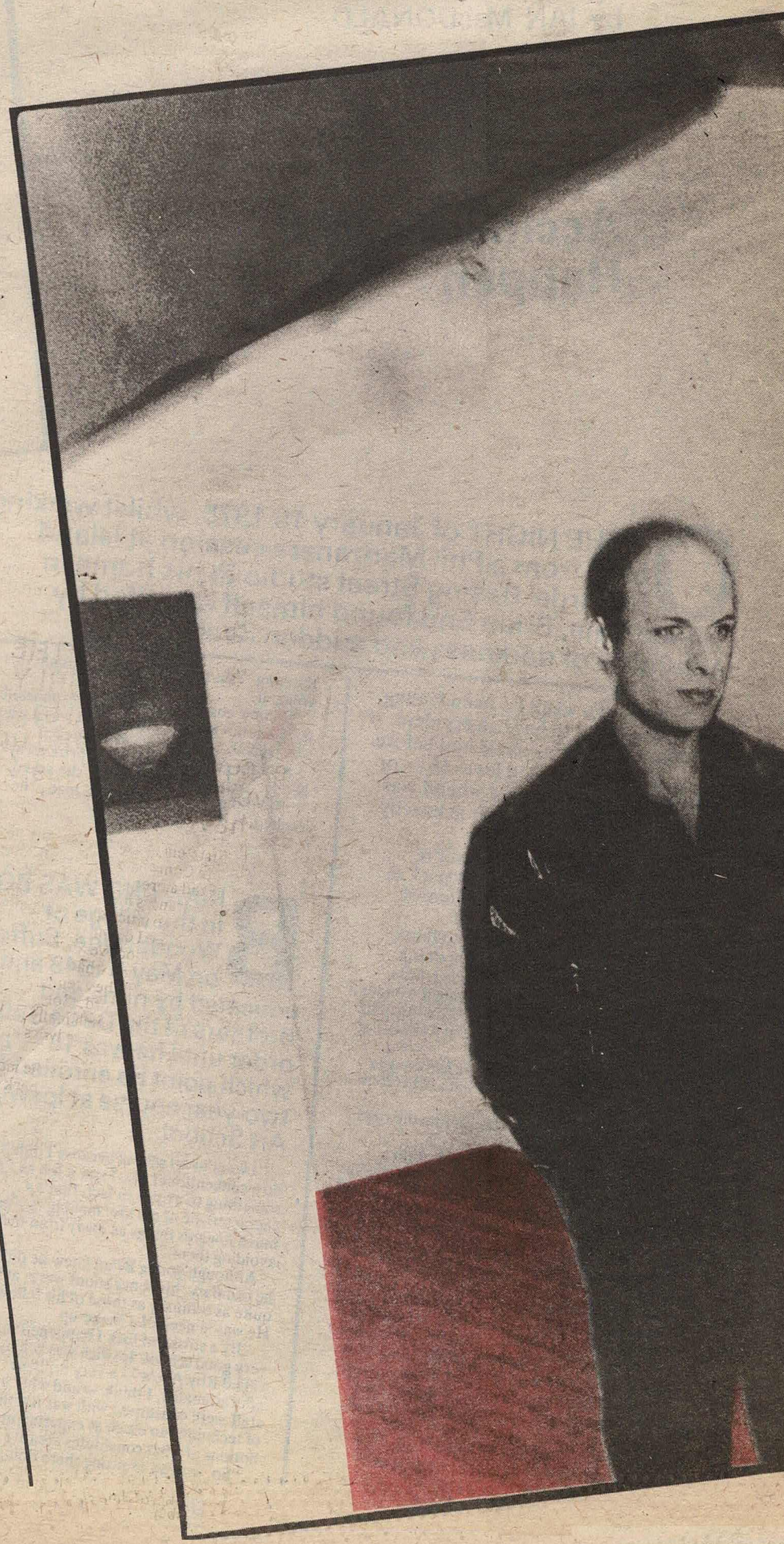
To call Ferry's bluff, Eno demanded a meeting of the group-members.

"I was pissed off at the subterfuge and wanted Bryan to actually say it to my face. But he didn't. So eventually I just stood up, said 'OK, fuck it, I'm leaving' — and walked out.

"And, as soon as I'd done it, a great weight lifted and I felt so exuberant. I ran up the King's Road singing and leaping. It was really fantastic — as if I'd left school or something.

"I felt anything could happen. So I went straight back home and started writing and wrote 'Baby's On Fire', in fact, on that same day — June 21 1973.

"Then E.G. called me to tell me how my finances were after Roxy. I was £15,000 in debt. That's what you get for trying to be a rock star."



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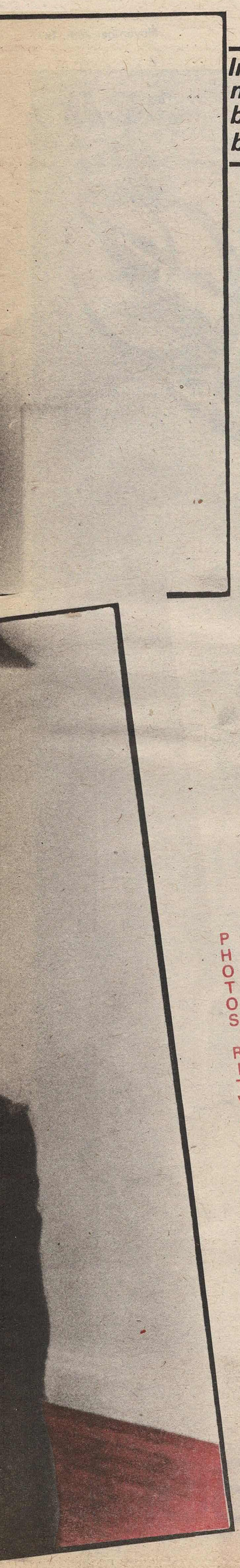

PHOTOS RITVA SAARIKKO

HIS FIRST MOVE as a soloist was an unqualified disaster.

A projected single with Andy ("Never A Light Without A Shadow") had to be scrapped and, against management advice, Eno insisted on releasing a curious album of slow-moving electronic tide-patterns entitled "No Pussyfooting" as his post-Roxy debut.

"In career terms it was definitely a wrong move."

But he had nothing else ready for release at the time and his enormous debt (later graciously lowered to £5,000 by a magnanimous E.G.) forced him into the cheapest studio in town for the sessions for what was to become "Here Come The Warm Jets".

"I was living in a real shit-house at the time. It was just so awful — cockroaches everywhere and so cold that I couldn't sleep at night. I had to walk around to keep warm, you know.

"And it was so weird to see myself on the covers of magazines and to be actually living in such dire poverty. I was in complete mental disarray, I can tell you.

"Anyway, the album was done in 16 days — three of the tracks on the spot in the studio: 'Dead Finks Don't Talk Too Well', 'The Paw-Paw Negro Blowtorch', and 'Blank Frank', which was written with Robert Fripp and based on a story I wrote about a criminal-type I once knew in Ipswich."

Pausing only to release the long-deleted punk pre-echo "Seven Deadly Finns" as a ho-hope single, Eno set off on the road backed by Philip Rambow and The Winkies.

"It could have been the beginning of a really boring career. You know, the typical rock-star life-cycle: album, tour, two-week holiday, album, tour, etc. And I hated the role of lead figure, of having to be theatrical, as it were.

"So, fortunately for me, my right lung collapsed and put a stop to the whole charade. And I felt a great sense of relief — as if, once again, I'd been let off the hook."

Flat on his back in hospital, Eno began to think.

Was there a different way of working? What *was* work anyway? And was there truly a place for him in the rich and varied world of contemporary rock'n'roll?

"I decided that I didn't want to be a star — the kind of figure Bryan became. I knew that becoming that would only inhibit what I really wanted to do, because my ideas are so diverse and frequently apparently unrelated that I need a low profile position from which to produce them.

"Bryan, through choosing fame, has got to a position where he can't make a radical move without attracting a huge amount of probably misinterpretative attention. I, on the other hand, can release records almost on the side and leave people to come across them at their leisure. All of which thinking is, of course, also the germination of Obscure Records.

"I decided, in addition, that I preferred recording to performing and that one impulse was an aspect of another — and so retired, in the main, from stage-appearances."

AWAY FROM THE HURLYBURLY, Eno continued to excercise his mind upon every aspect of his behaviour.

The first item to come under the microscope was "Here Come The Warm Jets" itself, for which he did a promotional tour of radio-appearances in America in early 1974.

"In talking so much about that album — in New York alone I did 48 interviews — I came to examine my methods very closely and began to see what worked and what didn't. In so doing I rejected about half the avenues of approach suggested in that record. 'Some Of Them Are Old', for example, which really makes me squirm to hear now — the lyrics are so . . . stupid.

"Although oddly enough the mood of that number seems to have come back on this new record I've just finished, 'Before And After Science'.

"As for 'Warm Jets', though, I didn't think it deserved the good reviews it got. There was a sort of mystique about it which protected it — made you think that if you didn't like something about it, it was your fault and not mine.

"The only tracks I really like now are 'Dead Finks', 'Baby's On Fire', and 'Driving Me Backwards' — with 'Blank Frank' coming up close behind, I guess. And maybe 'On Some Faraway Beach' . . .

"I also began to wonder about what lyrics were — because, apart from 'Blank Frank' and 'Baby's On Fire', the words on the first album are just there to give the voice something to do. Just arbitrary sets of words which didn't add a dimension to the music."

Are lyrics a problem for you?

"Well . . . you expose yourself when you write words and I no longer find that exposure as embarrassing as I used to. For example, you realise how sentimental you are and that can make you retreat. I don't mind so much about that now.

"So they aren't a problem in the sense of inhibition — but they *were* a problem in that I didn't have anything to say. I didn't have a message and I didn't have experiences that I felt strongly enough to want to write about. In fact, I felt far more strongly about the intellectual side of me that was going into essays and lectures and things.

"So I had a problem about the function of lyrics. All my favourite songs had lyrics which I didn't quite understand. For example, that Velvet Underground number 'What Goes On'. He sings: 'I'm going up, I'm going down/I'm going to split my skin in two.'

"What I liked about that was that it seemed to be saying something, but it was unspecific. It gave a definite feeling to the song without being a particular statement.

"My own favourite songs had lines like that. 'Dead Finks', for example: 'Oh please sir, will you let it go by/Cos I failed both tests with my legs both tied/In my case the stuff is all there/I've never been so sad for a very long time.'

"Which gave me a picture of this tongue-twisted boy who had just failed an interview and was sort of blushing and embarrassed.

"And I decided I wanted these picture-lyrics. Because love-songs don't do that. Love-songs make a number of *statements* — which I'm wary of doing — so I've avoided love-songs, and it's only on this album I've just done that anything like a love-song starts to appear."

Cut to Eno on the West Coast. It's Chinatown in San Francisco and he's shading his eyes to peer into the window of a small shop where stand displayed a set of postcard "stills" from a Red Chinese ballet-film called "Taking Tiger Mountain By Strategy".

Freeze frame and roll the intro to "The True Wheel" . . .

"It was so exciting! I thought *'That's* the sort of lyric I want!' There was 'Tiger Mountain', which gave it a medieval, almost folksy, flavour — and 'By Strategy', which was very up-tempo and modern.

"So I bought the set and started carrying it around with me and thinking about it. And when I got to New York I went to stay with this girl called Randi and fell asleep after taking some mescaline and had this dream where this group of girls were singing to this group of sailors who had just come into port. And they were singing 'We are The 801/We are the Central Shaft' — and I woke up absolutely jubilant because this was the first bit of lyric I'd written in this new style.

"Because I didn't know what it meant — but I got the feeling of 'Christ, this means something, this is interesting'. Except it wasn't specific, you know?"

BACK HOME IN LONDON, Eno began to go through hundreds of taped fragments he'd amassed over the previous ten years.

The fervour induced by the epiphanal discovery of his 'new style' provided him with more than enough energy for his mountainous task.

"I called up Phil (Manzanera) and asked him over to help. What actually happened was that I'd have loads of little bits and pieces lying around which I'd give to him to work out what key they were in, etc., and then he'd come back to me and say 'Well, this bit might fit onto the end of that bit', you know?

"He helped a lot by plastering it together — and also by co-writing 'The True Wheel' which contains the fragment about The 801.

"As soon as I'd made up the shape of the song, I made a plan of it on paper, sketching out all the spaces where I wanted words, and began running through it, just singing whatever came into my head. And every time I hit on a phrase I liked, I'd write it down in its particular place in the framework.

"And gradually I'd arrive at a kind of 'found' document made up of half-obscured fragments — and all I then had to do was fill in the blanks by reconstructing what I thought each lyric was about. Automatic writing, in fact.

"I liked the idea of making myself into a channel for whatever it is to transmit ideas and images through. So my lyrics are receivers, rather than transmitters, of meaning — very vague and ambiguous, but just about evocative enough to stimulate some sort of interpretation process to take place.

"The mysterious thing is: where do the words come from?"

Quite.

"So, anyway, it came out in November 1974 and I was really pleased with it and was looking forward to the reaction of the critics. And the first person who reviewed it was Pete Erskine in *NME* and he absolutely slated it. Said the only good thing in it was Phil's solo on 'China My China' or something.

"Most of the other reviews were quite good, but that was the first one that came out — and, boy, was I depressed by that. It's still one of my favourite albums, though."

1974's was a particularly jam-packed itinerary even for a self-confessed professional opportunist.

It seemed that there was nowhere to take a quick breath and grab some time for self-examination; thinking developed its own impetus and carried Eno through an immense amount of work (with John Cale, Nico, Robert Wyatt, Phil Manzanera, Quiet Sun and many others).

One peak was supposedly achieved on June 1 with the Rainbow concert given by a super-group dubbed (by a witty young *Gasbag* correspondent) ACNE, after the initial letters of the names of the participants: Kevin Ayers,. John Cale, Nico, and Eno himself.

What was the real story?

"I think it was made to seem more important than it actually was. There wasn't really much else happening and, since there are a lot of people who are professionally committed to discovering novelty, this was seized upon and blown up beyond its real significance."

And the legendary Velvet Underground — how did they stand up to personal contact?

"Well, I'd worked with John before on 'Fear'. I like working with him — he works rather like David (Bowie) actually — and, as soon as we were all rehearsing, there ceased to be any sense of history or awe about it.

"Mainly, I thought it was under-prepared — in terms of discussion, that is.

"There's a real bogey among rock musicians about talking about music — they seem to think that if you discuss it, the magic dies or something. I disagree. I think that if you can argue yourself out of doing something, you should. Anything that's strong enough will stand up to any amount of analysis.

"In that project — and in The 801 last year too — there was just not enough common understanding of the over-all conceptual umbrella, if you like, underneath which the project was being carried out. It should be possible to have a framework that predicates a certain class of outputs and stops you having a lot of daft arguments at a later stage when you should really be operating within certain agreed guidelines.

"'June 1st 1974' suffered from the lack of close scrutiny — not to mention the personality problems involved. Which I shan't mention. Generally speaking, people weren't willing to surrender their own positions for the greater good. It was a depressing experience."

(Look out — there's a taxi coming.)

DARKNESS AND SUDDEN DEATH. The self-sustained impetus of thought experienced a kind of hiatus in a hospital off the Harrow Road and in the pale emptiness of Eno's modernistic ground-floor apartment in W.9.

He was in a state of "moderate disorientation" and had no way of telling whether this was permanent or simply the passing effects of concussion.

He also had a sneaking fear that his brain might have been damaged and felt obscurely that he ought to think while he still could — before he started to deteriorate. . .

In the haze of his convalescence, Judy Nylon came one day and brought him a record of virtuoso harp music. When she'd gone again, he hobbled to the gramophone, put the album on, and collapsed, exhausted, back into bed.

The room was in half-darkness and it was raining heavily outside. Eno waited for the sound of the music.

". . . It was much too quiet and one side of the stereo wasn't working and the side that was the furthest away from me and pointing in the opposite direction anyway, but I was too weak to get up and change it.

"So I drifted into this kind of fitful sleep, a mixture of pain-killers and tiredness. And I started hearing this record as if I'd never heard music before.

"It was a really beautiful experience, I got the feeling of icebergs, you know? I would just occasionally hear the loudest parts of the music, get a little flurry of notes coming out above the sound of the rain — and then it'd drift away again . . .

"And I began to think of environmental music — music deliberately constructed to occupy the background. And I realised that muzak was a very strong concept and not a load of rubbish, as most people supposed."

And what did Muzak think of you?

"They didn't seem very interested. None of the canned music companies did. They're making money hand-over-fist, so they probably don't care about new ideas.

"Anyway, the result was that I resolved to make a much stronger commitment to experimental music and take it much more seriously.

"Firstly, I thought contemporary experimental music was too intellectual and

CONTINUES PAGE 42

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Going on means going far.
Going far means returning.
TAO TE CHING

SPIRAL. HIS NEW ALBUM.

ALBUMS

THE BEATLES
Love Songs (Parlophone)

CHRISTMAS IS COMING, the goose is getting fat; please put a penny in the old man's hat . . . thank you, squire . . . and EMI have another compilation of The Golden Heritage of The Fabs ready for the Christmas Nostalgibuzz market.

It's called "Love Songs", and it's all packaged up in fake leatherette. After "Rock 'n' Roll" presented The Beatles at their toughest and grittiest and "The Beatles At The Hollywood Bowl" showed them at their most exhilaratingly bubbly and teenage, all that was left was an album of their purest gloop. I took one look at the sleeve, checked out the song list and thought, "A wimp's guide to the Beatles".

As usual, I was dead wrong. Though I doubt that anything on earth could make me like syrup epics like "Yesterday", "She's Leaving Home", "Michelle" or "The Long And Winding Road", the presence of songs as exquisite as "Girl", "I'll Be Back", "Yes It Is", "You're Going To Lose That Girl", "For No One", "Norwegian Wood", "You've Got To Hide Your Love Away" and "It's Only Love" haul this album out of the treacherous wastes of Wimpland without too much effort.

The one thing that pisses me off is EMI's lazy-minded equating of "love songs" with "soft songs". Most of The Beatles' best songs have been love songs, whatever their tempo, intensity or musical construction: EMI are using a term that defines *content* when the actual definition that rules this compilation is one of *texture*.

After all, "Help!" is one of The Beatles' greatest love songs, and so are "Can't Buy Me Love", "I Feel Fine", "Got To Get You Into My Life", "Good Day Sunshine", "It Won't Be Long" and many others.

If EMI mean that they want to do an Easy Listening Beatles album that's cool, but calling it "Love Songs" is to overlook the fact that Interpersonal Relationships are the subject matter of most of The Beatles finest work, irrespective of style.

As might be expected, the album is dominated by Paul McCartney, though John Lennon worked as memorably in this vein as Macca.

One of the most popular misconceptions/oversimplifications that you generally hear about The Fab Moptops was that Lennon was The Rocker and Macca was The Crooner, but just as McCartney could rock his ass off when he wanted to in those days (stop laughing at the back and check out the "Rock 'n' Roll" compilation for substantiation), Lennon was more than capable of turning out a slow soft-touch ballad that could tear your heart out when you weren't looking.

In fact, Lennon's work in this vein is generally more satisfactory than McCartney's because of the harder edge of his vocal delivery and his ability to write with a directness then astonishingly rare in rock and roll ballads.

The aching beauty that he could bring to a song like "Girl" or "I'll Be Back" was created by the added poignancy of the fact that we were listening to a hard man's tenderness, whereas McCartney sang with an unalloyed sentimentality which rarely carried more than limpid charm, and the love songs that he wrote seemed to be depicting far simpler, more one-dimensional situations than Lennon's.

The songs are models of construction. Simple yet moving chord changes, soaring middle-eights, and beautiful major/minor modulations — pure pop devices, the old ones effortlessly rejuvenated and the new ones adding vast new annexes to the language (musical and lyrical) of the pop song.

Some of it sounded soppy compared to the crusading tirades and raw vastness of Bob Dylan or the tough-talking blues cops of The Rolling Stones, but the effect of lines like *"When I think of all the times I've tried so hard to leave her/She will turn to me start to cry/And she promises the earth to me and I believe her/After all this time I don't know why"*, was the real stuff, the warp and woof of relationships, the way it works when two people try to sort their lives out together and don't quite make it. An astonishingly authentic form of romantic realism, and there's nothing the least bit trite about it.

At a time when the musical consciousness is dominated by Soporific City on one hand (songs that never get real and don't disturb) and Ramalamadolequeue on the other, an album like this might seem irrelevant to both sides.

The blockheads might find that there's too much grit in the gloop to slide gently down their gullets, and the hard-core chain gang will find these songs too slow and too drippy (maaaaaaaaaaaan),but hey, this album might well turn out to be Our Generation's equivalent to all those Frank Sinatra albums that our parents listened to when they were lovesick adolescents.

I mean, you know what's on it so you're not going to expect rock and roll dance music. You won't play it unless you feel in the mood for it, and when you *do* feel in the mood for it (which you will sometimes unless you're some kind of graceless oaf), it'll be there waiting for you.

Obviously, I've got a quibble or two with the selection (howcum no "Julia" and "Things We Said Today"?) and the philosophy (if it can be dignified with such a term) behind this compilation, but it does what it's supposed to and most of the songs are just fine.

Yeah, boys, you're still passing the audition after all these years. Just don't do anything stupid like making a reunion album, that's all.

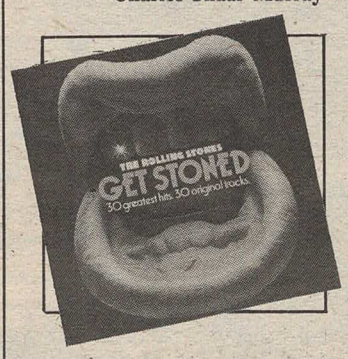
Charles Shaar Murray

THE BEATLES, February, 1964

THESE WE HAVE LOVED

Part 1003

THE STONES, January, 1967



THE ROLLING STONES
Get Stoned (Arcade)
THE YARDBIRDS
Shapes Of things (Charly)

TWO BANDS from the R&B era of 1963-5; started out playing pretty much the same places; started out playing pretty much the same music, to the same people, for the same reasons.

From '64 to '66, the Stones and the Yardbirds were two of my four favourite bands (The Beatles and The Who being the other two). I bought their singles religiously.

In '67 both groups screwed up some — Jeff Beck left The Yardbirds and the Stones went psychedelic. Then The Yardbirds went through a mess of personnel changes to become Led Zeppelin and the Stones swapped Brian Jones for Mick Taylor to become The Greatest Rock And Roll Band In The World.

"Get Stoned" is a double album (as is "Shapes Of Things") and each side sums up one phase in the Stones' development. The first side is the Kick-Ass Little Blues Band with embryonic Jagger-Richard pop thrown in, all hesitant vocals and out-of-tune 12-strings on numbers like "Tell Me" and "Good Times Bad Times".

"Little Red Rooster" is the only example of their hard-core blues work included here, which is a pity because "I Want To Be Loved" (B-side of their first single "Come On", the only Stones A-side not included) was easily their finest moment as a blues band. Big Hits: "Not Fade Away", "It's All Over Now", "The Last Time" and "Satisfaction".

Side Two presents the Stones in their guise as Exploratory Pop Group. It's all A-sides: "Get Off Of My Cloud" (sneering defiance, a breath of Dylan and a garage-band wall of noise), "I Wanna Be Your Man" (Lennon-McCartney noised up with urban-blues slide guitar), "As Tears Go By" (harpsichord, virginals, Jagger in his "innocent" bag making a prat of himself), "19th Nervous Breakdown" (beautiful sneering noise and great put-down lyrics, all capped by Bill Wyman's apocalyptic juddering dive-bomb bass riff at the end), "Have You Seen Your Mother Baby, Standing In The Shadows?" (the Stones' most chaotic and incomprehensible record and a true treasure) and the sinister "Paint It Black", dominated by Jones' spidery sitar and Charlie Watts' whomping drums. Bonus: "Mother's Little Helper" from the "Aftermath" album.

The Stones' third role is as Acid Romantics. It's their least convincing phase, and a whole side of songs like "Lady Jane", "Ruby Tuesday", "Dandelion", "She's A Rainbow" and "2000 Light Years From Home" is a trifle too sickly for comfort, even when leavened by the splendidly sardonic "We Love You" and dear old "Let's Spend The Night Together."

But finally there's the Greatest Rock And Roll Band In The World with a straight run of triumphs like "Jumpin' Jack Flash", "Gimme Shelter", "Honky Tonk Women", "Street Fighting Man", "Sympathy For The Devil", "Wild Horses" and "Brown Sugar".

All in all, a fair accounting of The Rolling Stones from '63 to '71. Me, I figure that they've been going steadily down the pan since "Exile On Main Street", and if you've got "Love You Live" but don't have this, you're crazy.

The Yardbirds differed from the Stones in that (a) they weren't Symbols Of A Generation or anything much other than geezers who liked to play rock and blues and pop, (b) they had a rather unremarkable vocalist whose fate was to be upstaged by a succession of astounding lead guitarists and (c) they weren't very good at writing songs.

"Shapes Of Things" covers their career from the beginning through to shortly before Jeff Beck quit, since all of it comes from the period when they were managed by Giorgio Gomelski. Therefore, it doesn't include "Over Under Sideways Down", anything from their second album (though there are a few backing tracks and outtakes of material that ended up on that album in different form) or anything from Jimmy Page's stay in the band. Inexplicably, it doesn't include "Heart Full Of Soul", their second big single and Jeff Beck's first A-side with the band, though the B-side "Steeled Blues" is here.

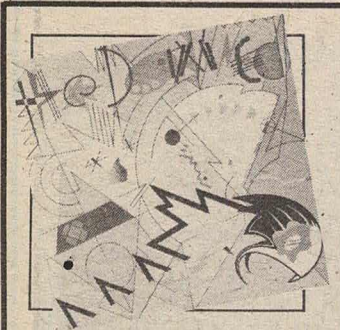
It opens up in fine style with the Clapton edition of the band blazing through Chuck Berry's "Too Much Monkey Business" in front of a sweaty, jampacked Marquee crowd in '64, and they still played it as good as anyone could play it now. The tracks are mostly blues workouts, primitive "experiments" that are still more raunchy and more *pop* and more rock and roll than most of the "progressive music" that they helped to inspire, plus a lot of very good pop singles.

Funnily enough, none of the band were exceptional singers or musicians except for the stellar axemen and bassist Paul Samwell-Smith — who can be heard here playing a lot of stuff that most people think Jack Bruce introduced to the vocabulary of the rock bass player. But their simple, energetic playing and superb grasp of the neglected art of dynamics stretched their gifts a lot further than might be supposed. The off-key vocals of the late Keith Relf grate sometimes, but at least he sounds like he's trying and he played more than fair mouth-harp.

The ultimate Child's Guide To The Yardbirds can be found on a couple of American-release-only albums on Epic entitled "Yardbirds Favourites" and "The Yardbirds' Greatest Hits", but if you can't get hold of those, then this is a more than fair substitute.

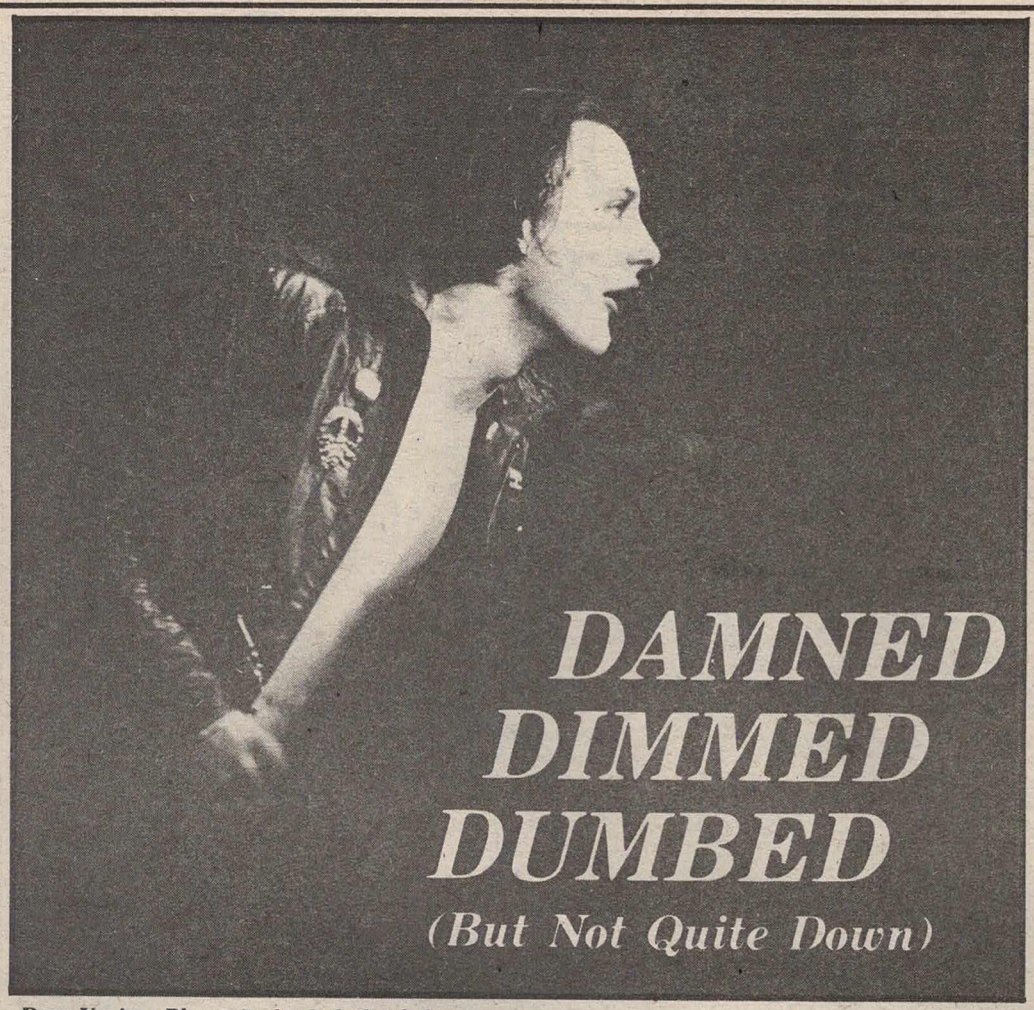
If you want to check the Yardbirds out and you know a record shop where they'll let you listen to the stuff, ask to hear "Too Much Monkey Business", "I Ain't Done Wrong" and "The Train Kept A-Rollin'". To my knowledge, this is the first time that this classic cut has been available in this country on any record other than the original soundtrack album from the *Blow Up* movie in which the Yardbirds were featured, and my thanks to compiler Chris Welch for including it.

Charles Shaar Murray



THE DAMNED
Music For Pleasure" (Stiff)

DAMNED DIMMED DUMBED (But Not Quite Down)



Dave Vanian: Bluster in the dark (ho! ho!)

THE DAMNED are in an almost stupidly unenviable position at present; they most definitely seem to be the group most likely to hit the pit and become the new wave first division's first floundering flop.

Everytime I read about the group these days, there's some new internal problem being hauled out for mass perusal and all of a sudden it's like we're supposed to be referring to the bunch strictly in the past tense.

You should all be acquainted with the scam by now — the fact that all manner of internal dissension has been reported, this having kicked off with Bryan James' decision to add a second guitarist right through the whole tasteless documenting of the Rat Scabies' exit to the latest number on how the band are having heavy management problems, the gravity of which apparently almost postponed this album's release.

To make things worse, two former active participants in the glory that was The Damned have been succinctly quoted as rating this second album as an artistic flop. Scabies himself the week after his departure, described it in pretty unenthusiastic terms as a sort of new wave "Satanic Majesties": an attempt to do something new which ultimately didn't quite come off.

Around the same time Nick Lowe, the band's original producer and consequent sharer in all the initial accolades when the first Damned tracks were cut, went into even further grim detail, confessing that he reckoned the band's new material wasn't up to scratch and that the only viable strategy he'd sighted for new Damned vinyl that would make the grade was an album of the poor sods amping up old late 60's heavy metal retreads.

Christ, it must be a pretty dispiriting existence being a Damned person these days. Not that I really feel inclined to offer critical garlands of sympathy after hearing "Music For Pleasure". But one thing they do at the very least deserve is a bit of decent perception.

See, I reckon that rock critics have done a lot of damage to this group all down the line. They started off overrating the band — in some cases, to an almost ridiculous extent — and now all of a sudden it's the cold shoulder treatment.

The first album was no masterpiece, but it had some great moments, principally in obvious songs like "New Rose" and "Neat Neat Neat", also those dazzling brief shots like "Fish" where the band actually attained a solid identity and played good abrasive modern rock 'n' roll.

What erked most was when the Damned tried to live up to their name so to speak, giving way to really gruesomely artificial items like "Feel The Pain". The Stooges they most definitely were not and there was something mot merely tasteless but very, very stupid in their adoption of that band's very real "Mark Of Cain" rock action.

Lead singer Dave Varian's whole vampire act was closer to Screaming Lord Sutch — pure vaudeville really and not strong enough in itself as the proper Damned image front. Thus Rat Scabies and Captain Sensible became the real personalities, the press again going stupidly overboard on reporting their every stunt.

I recall seeing Sensible at a reception at the height of it all in his usual madcap attire — a leather jacket and a ballerina's tou-tou. He was completely encircled by a bunch of cretin-sycophants willing him on to pursue further heights of self-demeaning idiocy for their own kicks. At one point, I saw his face that night looking so horribly vulnerable, so completely confused and bleak that it somehow mirrored just what that side of the whole Damned's image the whole gobbing headbanger slant had turned itself into.

But then again there's Bryan James who was the real leader even though he always got the least publicity, because after all he's the songwriter. He's written most of the songs on this new effort and even though the results prove that Nick Lowe was right in his summation that he and The Damned didn't have the goods ready for a second bout, James' essential style — that kind of oh so very tight rock dynamism that at its best gave the Damned a real edge — still impresses.

"One Way Love" for example mates the Damned patented good natured vitality with a Stones-ish raunch — the slide guitar is straight off "Exile" to neat effect while James' old "Fun House" infatuation, which caused that version of "1970" last time out, arguably provides the album with its ironic high-point in the closer "You Know". This time, James has gone the whole hog even bringing in Lol Coxhill to play some great sprawling ape-shit sax just like Steve McKay, only better I reckon; the riff, though basic as hell, really is mesmerising.

Everything gels here — nothing gets in the way and the result is the closest The Damned have yet got to successfully working that truly crazed rock energy. The real drag though is that elsewhere James has failed to come up with anything of the distinctive mettle of "New Rose" and "Neat Neat Neat". Number after number just doesn't work right — either the riff's not inspired or else the lyrics get in the way, because unfortunately there are some godawful lyrics on this album. Time after time, either James, Scabies or even Sensible really get obnoxious by penning stupid, puerile put-down lyrics that only end up making the composers themselves look as obnoxious as the subjects they so relentlessly slay.

They've chosen a diverse bunch of victims, mind you — but it's always the same dumb problem that nags away. "Politics", of course, tries to put all the new wave sloganeers in their place but "Gimme fun — not anarchy" and references to "Fascist managers" just miss the point completely. "Creep" could be about anyone — it's the usual harangue but Vanian just can't pull it off.

"Idiot Box" — the most blatant slag-off on the album — actually has few merits. Written principally by Sensible, it's a ripped to shreds view of Tom Verlaine and his cold fish band and it's musically clever with an effective almost subtle parody of a Verlaine-style guitar break. But the lyrics yet again suck on ice.

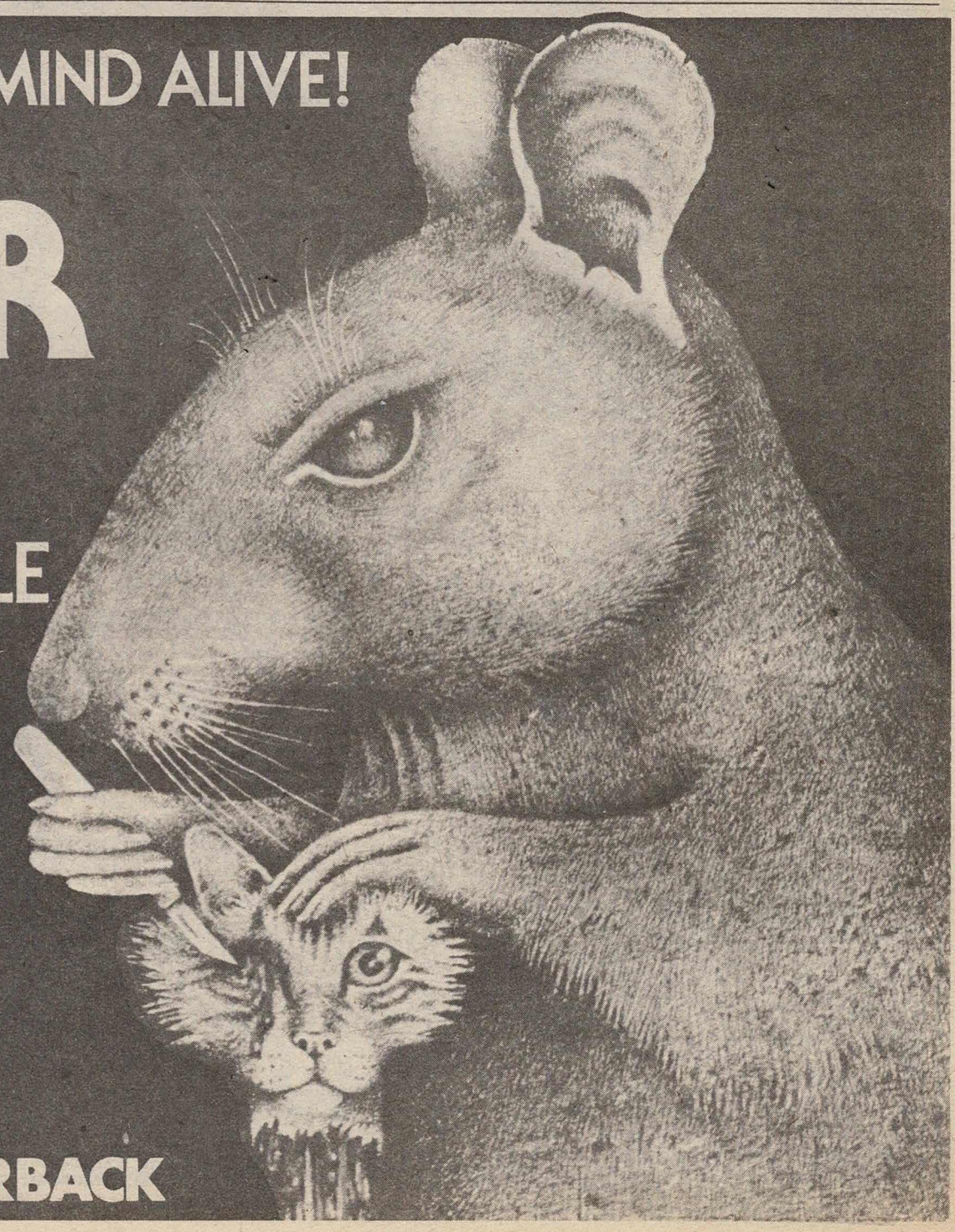
And it's sad. Because James particularly should know better. He's proven himself a powerful rock composer and guitarist albeit in a very one-dimensional way. Here the sheer lack of substance backing up the almost relentless Vanian bluster is just unforgivable.

Nick Kent

IT WILL FRIGHTEN YOUR MIND ALIVE!

DOCTOR RAT

WILLIAM KOTZWINKLE



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His Master's Voice Still Rings Clear

BRAND X
Livestock (Charisma)

I AGREE with Brian Case. With few exceptions, this jazz rock fusion music does come on like life in a large industrial complex — dreary and monotonous.

This is because it relies mostly on riffs and solos. Solos are worthwhile in the case of perhaps a handful of tenacious, creative musicians. Riffs however are rarely strung together with an ear for composition and melodic character.

Brand X, whose current album is their third in just over a year, rely on riffs, solos — and, to some extent, the reputation of their drummer, Phil Collins.

The music they make is *not* new; it's an amalgam of the music Return To Forever and Santana were making in '74, and the stoic introspection of ECM records. It isn't particularly gifted either, the soloing merely ordinary and the composition almost non-existent.

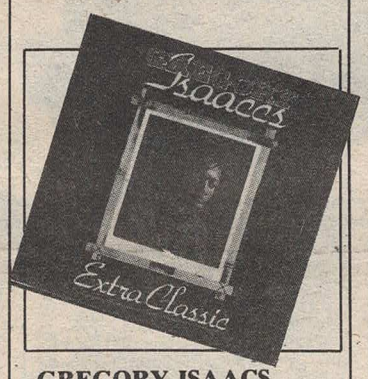
But within those boundaries Brand X work diligently and easily equal, sometimes surpass their American peers. They come off best when they don't play too fast. On three of the six tracks they allow speed to triumph over form and guitarist John Goodsall, supple and adept elsewhere, to indulge in a pastiche of "Welcome"-period Carlos Santana. They end up chasing their own tails.

In the instrumental proficiency stakes percussionist Morris Pert produces the most interesting ideas, followed by keyboard player Robin Lumley when he plays ensemble and manipulates synthesiser tones. Otherwise it's familiar Brand X.

Despite being recorded live from two gigs almost a year apart, there is litle difference in the band's capabilities or the music they perform. This begs the question of how long they can continue without progressing.

Maybe this music doesn't demand progression, but I know I do.

Paul Rambali



GREGORY ISAACS
Extra Classic (Conflict)

THE THIRD album from Gregory Isaacs, following some eight years' popularity on the roots rock scene.

"Extra Classic" is conclusively Mr Isaacs' top ranking album to date, featuring some half-a-dozen hits from the past eighteen months, including the big-selling "Black A Kill Black" (here retitled "Black Against Black"), one of last autumn's most popular tunes, as well as his last big UK success, "Mr Cop".

Isaacs is a sweet-voiced ghetto dread who croons lilting melodies of intercide, would-be regicide and confections of romantic love. Some see him as among the handful of top reggae vocalists; certainly his music strikes an invariable response in the wallets of his audience.

Personal preferences on "Extra Classic" — a joint Pete Weston/Lee Perry/Gregory Isaacs production — include "Dread Locks Love Affair", "Rasta Business", "Loving Pauper", "My Religion" and the aforementioned "Mr Cop" and "Black A Kill Black".

I also maintain a particular affection for "Something Nice", which utilises the "Thief A Man" rhythm track unaccountably absent from this set, but is nevertheless an enjoyable little number in its own right.

A pleasant excursion of North Parade sensibility that can be positively menacing played loud and is recommended.

Penny Reel

MICHAEL CHAPMAN
The Man Who Hated Mornings (Decca)

AN EMBATTLED old folkie, Michael Chapman has downed more bottles of wine than Oddbins flog to Kevin Ayers in one year and long since successfully carved a unique little niche for himself — a robust form of early hours rock'n'roll best summed up by the title of one of his earlier albums, "Millstone Grit".

There's something very reassuring about Chapman's distinctivley gritty delivery and each time I play one of his records, it's like reaquainting myself with an old friend. He never lets you down and though "The Man Who Hated Mornings" isn't quintessential Chapman, it's still a gutsy good time and always impeccably couth.

It's his Northern 'ospitality, isn't it, and me being a Southern jessie, I'm a sucker for all that. His gumtion only deserts him once, ironically on the title track, a jazz inflected number where the lyrics don't go far beyond rudimentary observation as Pete Wingfield tinkles away fussily on electric piano.

Chapman's at his blunt best on the three non-original numbers. The jaunty, crooked-teeth optimism of Danny O'Keefe's "I'm Sober Now" is lent a caustic dissaffection by Chapman's matter-of-fact tone and "Why Do You Bob Your Hair Girls?" (which doesn't sound like a Jimmy, Les or Lou Reed song, so I guess it's one of Jerry's) is given an affectionate, clipped rendition, Chapman harmonising with himself.

Best of all is Dylan's "Ballad In Plain D", Chapman on 'guitar and wine'. There's undeniable power and aggression in this singularly spunky interpretation, which gains much from the stressful voice and instruments (guitar *and* bottle).

And the crisp, clean, sharp "Dogs Got More Sense" (. . . than to sleep in the rain, but they can't play rock'n'roll") is as spritely a tune as Chapman's ever written.

"Turn this record up so the dog can hear it," he writes on the sleeve. "Listeners without a dog are strongly advised to get one." He's right. Get the album, live with it for a while, ignore what I've written and let Bowser point out the good bits.

Monty Smith

HORSLIPS
Aliens (DJM)

AS JOE Orton might have put it, Horslips have got what's known as a dilemma — they're on the horns of one.

With "Aliens", they've adopted a straightforward riff-rock approach, sacrificing the exciting integrated indigenous Gaelic qualities which so distinguished "The Tain" and "The Book Of Invasions".

Oh, we still get a bit of Charles O'Connor's fiddle and mandolin work, but it's negligible, given scant respect in the mix. Emphasis is placed on John Fean's (admittedly excellent) guitar and Jim Lockhart's flute, flutter-tongueing away to blatant Jethro Tull effect.

It all gets hard work, particularly since the narrative exposition is often lyrically clumsy and ambiguous, culminating in a climatic jump which the listener is dramatically unprepared for. That's "A Lifetime To Pay", an apositely brash and energetic, heavily ironic paean to the American Dream — success treated with quizzical cynicism and not a little bitterness.

For the consistently workmanlike, often inspired rock Horslips have given us, they deserve success. If the disappointing "Aliens" gives them the breakthrough they're striving for, let's hope they handle it more adventurously than this.

Monty Smith

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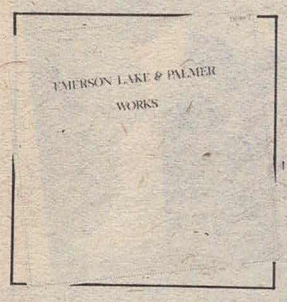


EMERSON, LAKE & PALMER
Works Volume 2 (Atlantic)

IT'S BEEN QUITE some time since I last listened deliberately (or, for that matter, willingly) to Emerson, Lake & Palmer. The album in question was "Pictures At An Exhibition"; after hearing it and seeing its filmic equivalent, I decided that I was going to avoid these cats like the plague.

Since then, I've accidentally (and, for that matter, unwillingly) been exposed to "Brain Salad Surgery" and excerpts from that appalling live triple album that they disgorged a few years ago. It all sounded pretty unpleasant.

Now here we are in the death throes of 1977, and ELP grace us with "Works Volume 2", a witty little product composed of no less than a dozen selections performed both individually and collectively by our talented three-some.

I suppose it's meant to be a crunchy little dessert to help the world choke down that rather indigestible double album "Works Volume 1", which presumably (luckily I haven't heard it; it missed me by inches, though) contained all the Heavy Serious Stuff that these musical muscle men had to get out of their systems. . .

Enough of the serious stuff; let's have some jokes!

The first joke is Emerson, Lake and Palmer's reputation as virtuosi, master musicians, poll winners and general heavies. On the very first track, "Tiger In The Spotlight", they attempt to get down and boogie on a set of basic 12-bar changes. Greg Lake's blues guitar solo is so astonishingly inadequate that it plumbs depths unheard since the gorier days of the Blues Boom. The track struggles on in a game attempt to achieve mediocrity until Emerson drops in a piano solo that's even clumsier than Lake's guitar solo. By the time the massed synthesisers come in it's all *over*, baby.

"Wonder what's the Italian for must be performed with piano crushing player? Pronissimo?"

No wonder they always concentrated on neo-classical barnstorming and swamp-crawling heavy metal riffs. In any style that requires raunch and feel, they're nowhere

Emerson has three more essays in Black American piano stylings with Scott Joplin's "Maple Leaf Rag", Meade Lux Lewis' "Honky Tonk Train Blues" and his own "Barrelhouse Shakedown" (on the former he is backed up by a bunch of mean session honchos known as the London Philharmonic Orchestra. — isn't it wonderful that pop and classics can merge like this?). On all three he contrives to sound like a mechanical player piano. How can Emerson love boogie, barrelhouse, stride and the other blues piano styles to the extent that he must do in order to record so much in this vein, and yet still miss the point so completely?

White folks sho' is crazy.

Palmer takes his solo shots by updating "Let There Be Drums" twice: once under the title of "Bullfrog" with the assistance of Ron Aspery (alto saxophone) and Colin Hodgkinson (bass) of Back Door; both these gentlemen are credited solely with helping Palmer compose the tune even though they are unmistakably performing it with him. His second attempt is with the assistance of Nick South and it's called "Close But Not Touching". Highly appropriate, Carl.

Lake's taste leans to horribly gloopy songs like "Watching Over You" and 'I Believe In Father Christmas", plus one of the album's most horrible moments (and, believe me, it has *plenty* competition) in his version of "Show Me The Way To Go Home" when — accompanied only by Emerson's piano and an orchestra — he sings the old song in a manner obviously intended to be soulful and moving.

The collective pieces are, if anything, even worse. One of them has a title which is obviously an indication of ELP's collective sense of humour. It is called "When The Apple Blossoms Bloom In The Windmills Of Your Mind, I'll Be Your Valentine".

Listen, all you heavy-duty connoisseurs of D-U-M-B-N-E-S-S in rock: these dudes make the Ramones come on like Ph.D's by comparison. It's like watching chimps typing out Shakespeare: it's very difficult and I wish it had been impossible. To acquire so much technical skill (without ever developing any feel) and then expend it on producing such colosally stupid music is virtually tragic.

I suppose I had to hear this to find out once and for all if ELP were the way I'd had them pegged as being. I now know that they're about ninety-four times *worse*.

So a special message and dedication to Keith Emerson, Greg Lake, Carl Palmer and all their wonderful fans out there: hi, I hope you're all enjoying yourselves!

Charles Sharr Murray

THE ISLEY BROTHERS
Forever Gold (Epic)

TIMELESS RETAINERS of impeccable soul credentials for nigh on twenty years; from the classic R&B of "Twist And Shout" through to the Motown Age as in "This Old Heart Of Mine" and "I Guess I'll Always Love You" right up to the distinctive panache of their Seventies contemporary brilliance, the Modern World Isley Brothers' superb, seminal "3 + 3" of 1973.

"Forever Gold" showcases the finest moments of the perrenial Old Masters starting from that album and the trilogy it preceded — "Live It Up" in 1974, "The Heat Is On" in 1975 and "Harvest For The World" from last year.

The material here stands shining in its own right, alright. Three tracks from the "3 + 3" renaissance are true starting blocks: an exhilarating new found musical consciousness instigated by either Sly Stone or, more probably, the ex-Isley Brothers' sideman James Marshal Hendrix, one that suggested that mutual soul/rock plagiarism could be indulged to the full.

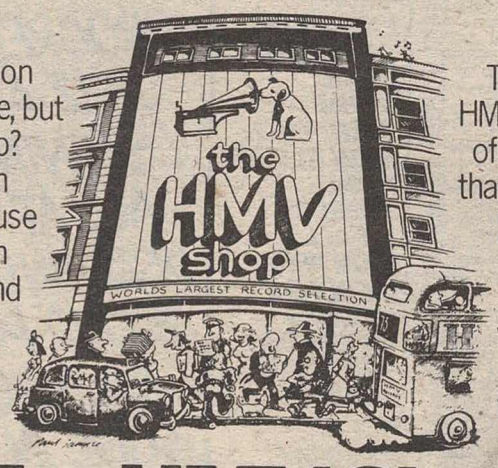
Ernest Isley's fluid axe whine is Jimi with the Virtuoso Overkill muzzled for the benefit of the songs' impact and steeped in the tradition that soul music is quintessentially emotional — music for dancing and screwing — whereas rock is basically cerebral — music for pharmeceuticals, theorizing and all forms of social preening and posing, polemics and pogoing.

Bittersweet vocals from O'Kelly, Rudolph and Ronald Isley; infectious, subliminal basslines handled with both hands by Marvin I.; chopped, crisp, clean, rolling-thunder skin abuse courtesy of George Moreland with Chris Jasper providing addictive purepop embellishments on electric piano and clavinet.

A wallow of sound incorporating rich raunch on the discomat dancefloor and

gabba gabba hey?

Ever been in a situation where you remember a tune, but not the title or the group? It happens a lot with P**K and New Wave, because every week there is so much good stuff developing and being thrown out that it takes a lot of keeping up with. HMV can help. They really know their stuff.



They have to, because HMV have a very large selection of P**k and New Wave and that includes imports and 12" singles.

So why not give us a try?

Incidentally, if you're still wondering about "gabba gabba hey", check out 'Pinhead' from the album "The Ramones Leave Home."

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TROWER TALK

Trower is, and always has been, a great songwriter who happens to play the most incendiary guitar this side of Hades.

MONTY SMITH
N.M.E.

IN CITY DREAMS.
THE NEW ALBUM FROM ROBIN TROWER

Chrysalis Records & Tapes

sensual sexuality under the continental quilt — the invigorating, obsessive funk of "That Lady" with its call and response vocal harmonies and lust-crippled stream of superlatives; "Summer Breeze" and "Highways Of My Life", both restrained, exquisite love-songs for romantics with a political consciousness.

"Live It Up" was released as follow-up to the cataclysmic "3 + 3" and maintained the balance of dancing to keep from crying represented here by the title track and screwing to keep from dancing as in the respectable face of Todd Rundgren. Refer to the anguished "Hello, It's Me" that the Brothers inject with a genuine warmth lacking in the original, which is never necessarily the greatest.

And so on. This album is the most perfect expression of seventies soulfire so far, and I can feel it in my loins that this here is as good as it gets. — **Tony Parsons.**

THE BABYS
Broken Heart (Chrysalis)

THE BABYS are a good five years behind the rest of the world.

Vocalist John Waite gives the impression that the only singer that he's ever heard is Paul Rodgers; the rest of the band sound like they learned

their respective instruments playing along with Led Zeppelin records but never quite mastered the pyrotechnics or natural slam of their heroes. For instance, once you get past the schmaltzy intro to "Wrong Or Right", The Babys lurch headlong into "House Of The Holy".

As if to disguise their lack of originality, almost everything is smothered in quasi-classical tearoom string arrangements. Everything has been expertly softened to the point where it can be played between the latest waxings by Barry Manilow and The Captain & Tennille without being detected.

Visually, The Babys are just as unoriginal in their appeal — hamstrung between Heavy Bubblegum and Kissy-Kissy mock-decadence. If ever I heard an empty gesture, this album sweeps the board.

Roy Carr.

IMPORTS

UNLIKELY but true is the news that the rival Oxford Street shops of HMV and Virgin are pooling their knowledge and resources to advance the flow of Euro-rock into Britain.

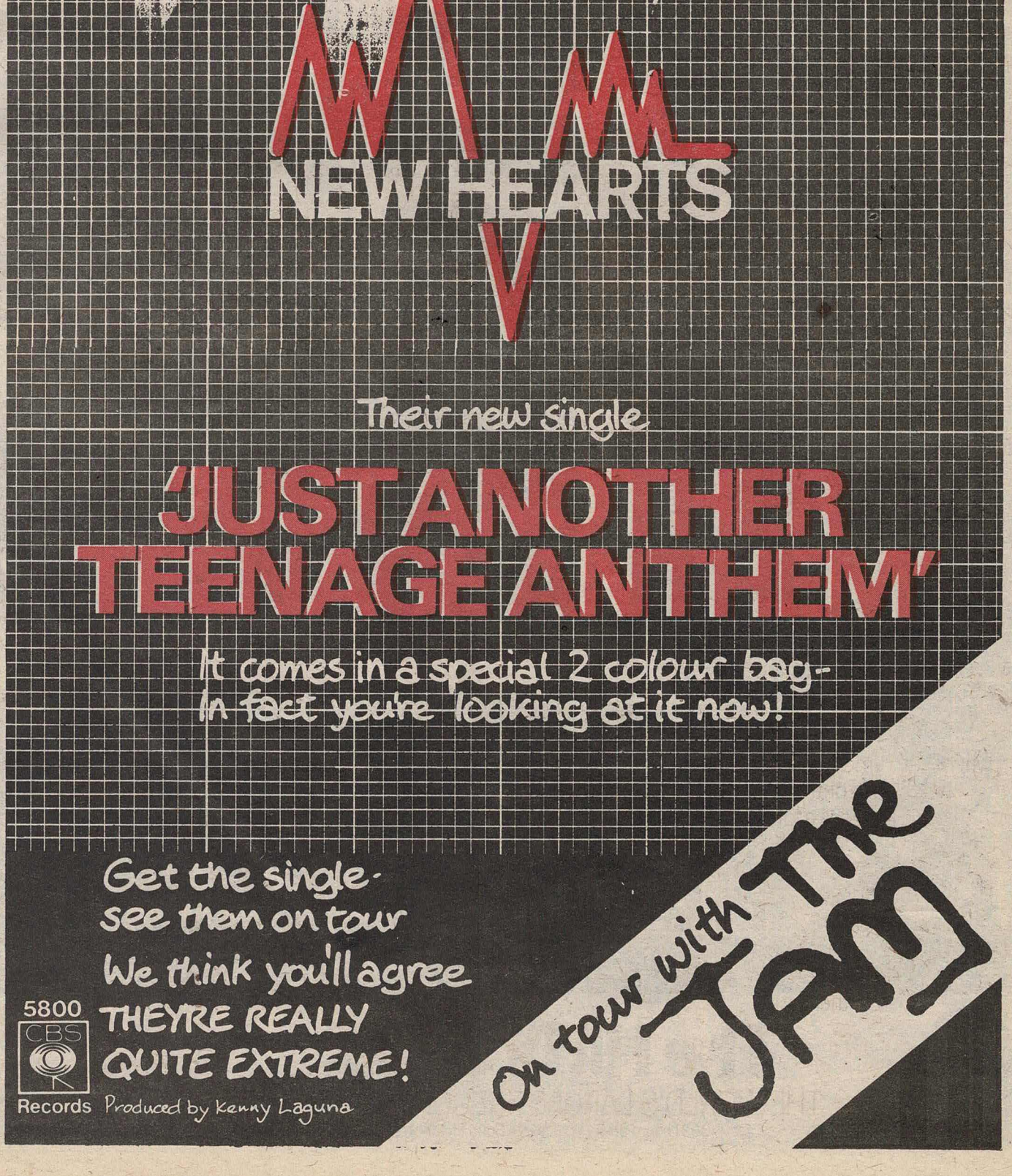
Already the relationship has paid off and resulted in the arrival of some previously unavailable **Klaus Schulze** releases, plus the re-stocking of **PFM's** first two albums on Italian Dischi Numbero Uno, but perhaps the most interesting item currently in the racks is **Clearlight's** "Les Contes Du Singe Fou" (Isadora) which features the synthesiser expertise of Cyrille Verdeaux, Tim Blake and Francis Mandis on three tracks — "Time Skatter", "La Clee" and "Soliloque", the vocalist being Ian Bellamy, who once fronted Zoo. Didier Lockwood (violin), Joel Dugrenot (bass), Yves Chouard (guitar) and Serge Aouzi (drums) comprise the rest of Clearlight on this occasion.

Still the new Stax releases continue to flood in, Fantasy obviously having a whale of a time with the 800-odd masters they've recently acquired. Perhaps one of the most potent is **Johnnie Taylor's** "Chronicle", a 20 Greatest Hits compilation, but **Albert King's** "The Pinch" should be acceptable to bluesmen and collectors of derriere adorned cover shots, while "Sunshine", an album of previously unreleased material by **The Emotions,** should find plenty of takers among those recently smitten by the group's "Best Of My Love" hit-parading goody. Tracks on this one include the Hutchinson's versions of Bill Withers' "Ain't No Sunshine" and Lambert and Potter's "Put A Little Love Away", backed by the Stax house band, including Duck Dunn and the late Al Jackson.

The Players Association — Messrs Chris Hill, Mike Brecker, Jon Faddis, Dave Sanborn, Mike Handel and Co. — grab a little rent money via "Born To Dance" (Vanguard), a release which openly boasts such tracks as "Goin' To The Disco" and "Disco Inferno".

Frankly, not much else has happened to heat up the town albumwise, the only other arrivals being "Cowboy" (Capricorn), another from the **Scott-Boyer — Tommy Talton band; Patti Austin's** "Havana Candy" (CTI); **Frankie Valli's** "Lady, Put The Lights Out" (Private Stock); **Jerry Lee Lewis'** "Country Memories" (Mercury); **Chocolat's** "King Of Clubs" (Salsoul); **Gino Vanelli's** "Pauper In Paradise" (A&M) and **"Rare Gems Odyssey"** (Casablanca) by a six-piece soul group who have chosen that ungainly name.

Fred Dellar



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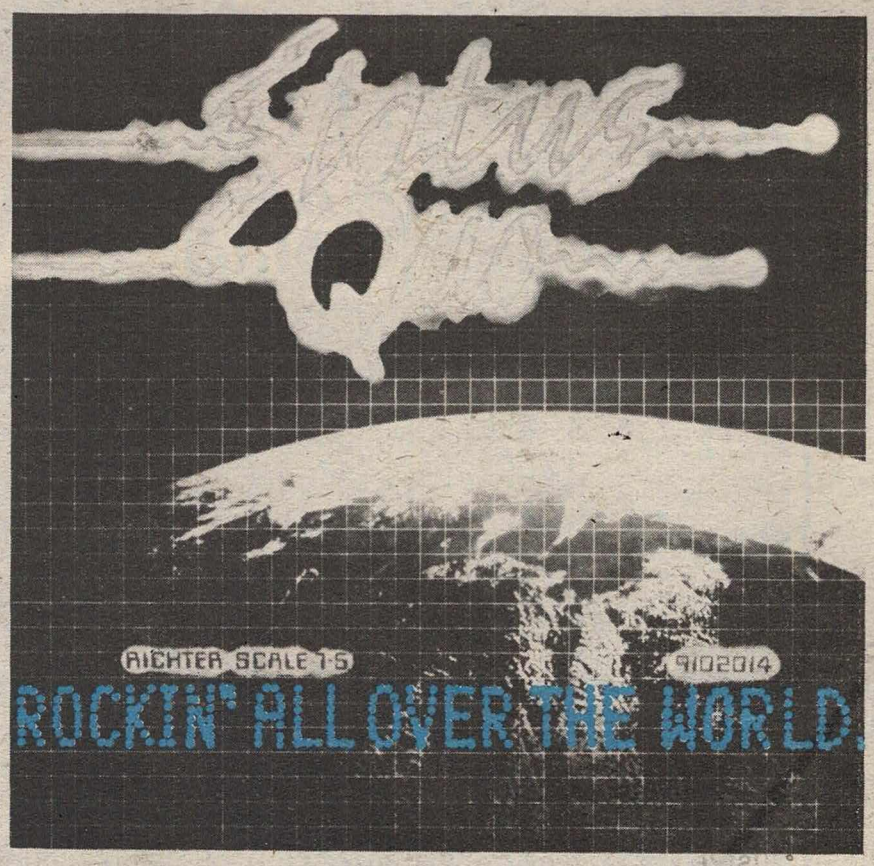

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The blues keep a-rollin'

NEW BOBBY BLAND, FREDDIE KING SETS, PLUS EARLY SUN SESSIONS

BOBBY BLAND
Reflections In Blue (ABC)
FREDDIE KING
Freddie King (1934-1976) (RSO)
VARIOUS ARTISTS
The Blues Came Down From Memphis (Charly)
Union Avenue Breakdown (Sun Roots Of Rock Vol. 12) (Charly)

THE BLUES keeps rolling on. Blues albums — both new and reissue — keep coming out almost as fast as WEA can delete them. To console you for the unforgivable deletion of Atlantic's excellent "Blues Power" series, here's what's current: old blues, new blues, borrowed blues and blue blues.

Bobby Bland is an uncommon bluesman: uncommon both for his astonishing singing and for the fact that he neither composes any of his own material nor plays an instrument.

For both these reasons he's a producer's dream: one of the finest vocalists in black music and yet dependent upon others for his material and for the flavour of his back-up. It was this combination of power and helplessness that made him swoon material with black audiences in the late '50s and early '60s.

Bland didn't achieve a vogue among white blues fans during either the '64 or '68 booms. He didn't have songs or an instrumental sound uniquely his own: just that voice, which is why kids who dug him were generally more into soul than the blues.

Now the boot's on the other foot; Bland can genre-hop with greater smoothness and alacrity than more instrumentally-oriented performers, which is why "Refelctions In Blue" will probably make more sense to the modern soul fan than any blues album since Albert King's 1974 classic "I Wanna Get Funky."

Produced by the dreaded Steve Barri/Michael Omartian team who've been responsible for so many mediocre B.B. King records in the last few years, it uses soft-funk cliches around expanded blues chord changes, but the quality of some of the songs — notably "The Soul Of A Man", "I'm Gonna Take Your Place", "The Throne Of A Poor Man" and Eddie Boyd's "Five Long Years" (despite the latter's misbegotten arrangement) — make for an album of compelling excellence.

Main pic: FREDDIE KING, by PAUL CANTY; above — BOBBY BLAND

Freddie King was unfortunate in that his name and style automatically compared him to Albert and B.B. If he'd been Freddie Fnurg, then it wouldn't have been so inviting to say things like "sings like Albert and plays like B.B.".

There *were* obvious similarities — his guitar playing wasn't as terse and idiosyncratic as Albert's or as mellifluous and elegant as B.B. — but as his two albums in Atlantic's "Blues Power" series ("Freddie King Is A Blues Master" and "My Feeling For The Blues") demonstrate — Freddie King was his own man.

King died late last year, and his last label, RSO, have now released a memorial album compiled from assorted sessions from '74 and '75. He's heard backed by a team of star Brit sessioneers, by his own group and — on a whole side — by Eric Clapton and his band. There's two pictures of Clapton on the back, a short eulogy by Clapton, and plenty of solos by Clapton on the second side. Indeed, on the last track, a live version of "Farther On Up The Road", Clapton even sings lead. It's enough to make you wonder whose memorial album it's supposed to be. If a cat can't even monopolise his own funeral . . .

Oddly enough, King seems very subdued on the second side. After the titanic verve, energy and imagination with which he slices through numbers like "T'ain't Nobody's Bizness If I Do", "Woman Across The River" and "Sweet Home Chicago" on the first side, one wonders what the point is of including numbers like "TV Mama" and "Gambling Woman Blues" where he seems more concerned with being a well-behaved guest at Eric's party than with cutting loose like the F. King blues freaks know and love. The Clapton connection may serve to get King's music into a few more homes but there's ways and ways of doing that. Stick with the Atlantic albums if you can get 'em.

Sun Records is, justifiably, famous because of Elvis and rockabilly and the birth of rock and roll blah blah, but Sam Phillips got started recording the local black bluesmen, and the two Charly compilations of early '50s Memphis blues are fascinating both in their own right and because of the sidelights they cast on Sun's more famous music.

Some of the featured performers on the two sets were later to make their mark elsewhere, like Walter Horton, Pinetop Perkins, Dr Ross, Rufus Thomas, James Cotton and Little Milton. Others, like Willie Nix, Jimmy DeBerry, Sammy Lewis, Willie Johnson and Willie Stewart, are highly mysterious, but whether the singer is a "name" or not, the combination of rough, raw, driving electric country blues and the emergent Sam Phillips sound (most of these recordings predate "That's All Right Mama") is required listening for anybody interested in how music grows.

Charly are apparently readying albums of the early Sun work of Howlin' Wolf and Junior Parker, and personally, I can't wait to hear them.

One last thing: if you have a spare few minutes in a good record shop where the assistant is cool and will let you listen, check out Boyd Gilmore's "Believe I'll Settle Down" — the last track on side two of "Union Avenue Breakdown" — and listen to the incredible guitar by Earl Hooker. While you're listening, remember that it was recorded in 1953.

Here's to "The Howlin' Wolf Sun Sessions"!

Charles Shaar Murray

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I was £15,000 in debt when I left Roxy. That's what you get for trying to be a rock star.

FROM PAGE 33

ignored the possibilities of appealing to the senses — whereas rock seemed to be off in the opposite direction, there being a strong heavy metal revival on at around this time.

"So I figured something ought to happen in between that was extremely beautiful but *unengaging*, as it were. So you could enter it on any level you chose, ie., sitting there with headphones on, really listening to what was going on — or else you could turn it down and let it sit in the background.

"The only thing I knew that sounded anything like that was Gavin Bryars' 'The Sinking Of The Titanic', which was why it was the first release on Obscure Records.

"Anyway, on May 9 1975, I did 'Discreet Music' which, for me, crystallized this new style."

"Discreet Music" is Eno's personal favourite amongst his own creations.

Oddly enough, it was actually produced by machinery, being a tape-delay pattern he set up and left going to produce a "landscape" for Fripp's guitar. All Eno did was play a brief phrase on the synthesizer keyboard; a Revox, on half-speed playback, did the actual music.

"It's one of a very select handful of pieces which I constantly return to and which I never seem to exhaust. They have this capability of being appreciated on any level. They don't dictate their terms. They're always fresh because they're always modified by their context.

"They're very bland, in a sense, and can accept any context you choose to play them in. It's no coincidence that, at around this point, I started to be involved in doing a lot of film music — and found that I enjoyed it almost more than the stuff I was doing for my own records.

"Because an important aspect of film music is that it lacks focus. It doesn't state a central issue, because the central image is the issue on the screen.

"And so, from then on, I began to remove focus from all my music — which led first to 'Another Green World', and then to this new one . . ."

But, before we get to 'Another Green World', a word to you, the reader. Whatever you think about focus and context and why some things seem to be more obvious than others, put aside your prejudices against modern music for just one record, scheduled to be released in the New Year and called "Music For Films".

It is, as the title concisely suggests, a compendium of Eno's work as a soundtrack producer — which, it appears to me, is his true forte as a musician.

Should you hear his next official solo-album "Before And After Science" and agree with me (in which case you'll like best a track called "Through Hollow Lands"), then wait patiently for the release of "Music For Films" and I'm sure you'll be surprised and delighted.

And now: back to the Voice of Eno . . .

"HONOUR THY ERROR *as a hidden intention* was the first one.

"I started producing them during the early days of Roxy and just kept on adding to them until 1975 when my friend the artist Peter Schmidt showed me a list of mottoes and precepts he used in his own work which were incredibly similar to mine, and I decided we ought to get together and publish them."

These were the "oracle cards" or "worthwhile dilemmas" marketed in natty little black boxes as Oblique Strategies by Schmidt and Eno soon after the taxi accident. Although not widely used outside the immediate "family" of musicians around Eno himself, they form the subject of more than half of his fan-mail and change hands in America at fantastic prices.

Their function?

"Simply to bring the consciousness one has as a listener to one's consciousness as a composer — to deal with things in a much more *studied* way. A modern studio is a surprisingly easy place to get lost in after you've been in it for a week or two, as I'm sure most musicians know only too well.

"Oblique Strategies help to break up what might be harmful obsessions in the minds of those who imagine they're in control of these enormous machines. They help you to outguess yourself and return fluidity to a situation that might be getting rigid and pathological by suggesting lateral moves, little excercises for the brain, and so on."

Eno's hoping to re-issue Oblique Strategies soon, so don't go forking out a lot of money if you chance upon a set that's up for sale.

As a point of interest, the cards receive their first credit on Eno's third solo-album "Another Green World", itself the result of a new style of approach.

"I found that if you went into a studio with demos, you spent all your time trying to re-create the demos — which was not only extremely time-consuming, but always prevented you from seeing what was actually happening. You might be missing all kinds of things because you had a fixed goal in mind.

"So I decided to risk going into the studio with no written material. And it's a real risk because studios are so expensive these days. If it just doesn't happen to be your day, you can spend £500 for nothing.

"And in the first four days working on 'Another Green World' absolutely nothing came out. It was extremely disheartening. I started to panic and was on the point of cancelling the studio-time and writing a whole lot of stuff and going back to the old system.

"But I thought 'If I don't try it now, I'll never know whether it can be done or not'.

"Very soon after that, interesting things started to happen. And these things seemed to crop up most frequently when I found myself playing around with a new instrument or new sound. For instance, I hired a Farfisa organ one day and immediately wrote 'Golden Hours' — and 'Sky Saw' was the result of finding a specific sound on a particular piece of studio technology."

And how did you decide what it was all about?

"Well, the album had a mood established before I started. I was thinking about escaping. I read a science fiction story a long time ago where these people are exploring space and they finally find this habitable planet — and it turns out to be identical to Earth in every detail.

"And I thought that was the supreme irony: that they'd originally left to find something better and arrived in the end at somewhere which was actually the same place.

"Which is how I feel about myself. I'm always trying to project myself at a tangent and always seem eventually to arrive back at the same place. It's a loop.

"You actually can't escape."

Are you trying to escape from the workings of your mind?

"I don't know. I just keep getting the feeling of 'There must be something else' or 'There must be more than this'. It *is* escaping from the workings of my mind, yes.

"You know, sometimes after I've been working for a very long time, I sit there and think: 'Well, what have I really *done?* I haven't done anything!'"

Which presumably stimulates you to further thought concerning avoidance of the consequences of *stopping?*

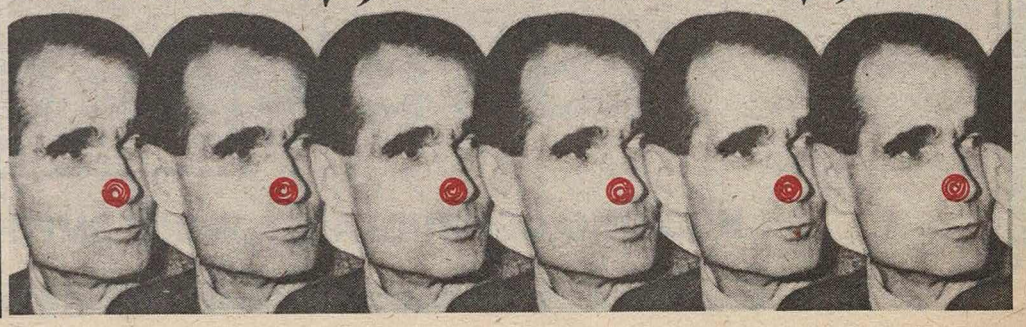
"I look at it this way: you only really learn and change and develop when your survival is threatened in some way. What happens when you start becoming successful is that those stimuli cease to operate because the effect of wealth is to insulate you against vicissitudes.

"So sometimes I have this yearning to be plunged into the unknown again. To *escape* into the unknown."

* * * * *

Next week: Intellectual crises, moving moments, "Heroes", and the False World of the Artist in Part 2 of this thrilling opus: 'How To Make A Modern Record'.

Nun Nudolph Nun Nun Nudolph Nun



While my guitar gently reads

SIDESWIPE

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY turns up the volume control

THE LITERATURE of the guitar develops apace.

Stacked up in front of me are no less than eight volumes devoted to various aspects of guitars and guitaring, ranging from the gigantic coffee-table type of volume (screw four legs into the book and you've got yourself a great little coffee-table) to the proverbial monograph or pamphlet (I presume a pamphlet is a small pamph, but no-one has ever been able to explain to my satisfaction exactly what a pamph is).

In descending order of weight, let's begin with **Guitars From The Renaissance To Rock** by Tom and Mary Anne Evans (Paddington Press £10.95), which is the most complete historical overview of the instrument that I've ever seen in my life.

It examines the musical and social history of the guitar, beginning in 13th and 14th century Spain with reproductions of paintings and sculpture depicting guitar-like instruments and moving to the *vihuela de mano* (the earliest existing instrument in this style dates from the first half of the 16th century), which was a six-course axe drived equally from the lute and viola. In fact, it was probably the first twelve-string guitar.

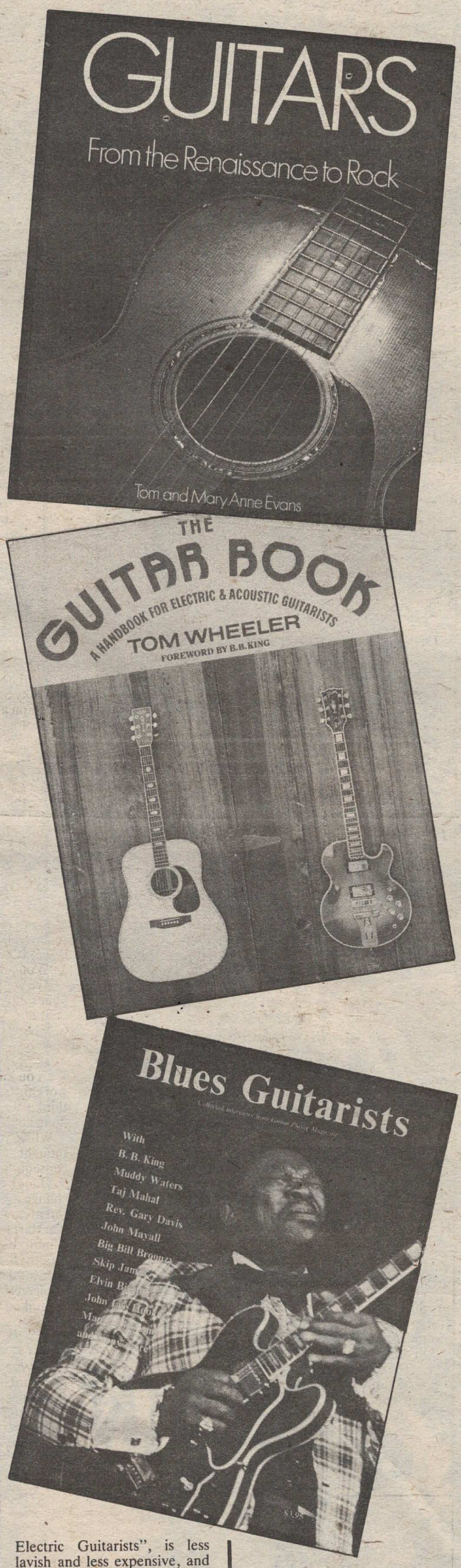
Instruments in this vein were often four- or five-course (i.e. eight or ten strings in pairs), but the first guitaroid object with six single strings was made by Orleans luthier Francois Lupot in 1773. So here's to ya, Francois. We'll never know what Chuck Berry would've done without you.

Similarly, it reveals that the first solid-body electric guitar was Rickenbacker's A-22 seven-string Hawaiian model (known as "the frying pan" because of its shape), the first electric six-string was Gibson's ES-150 (1936), an f-hole acoustic guitar with an attached pickup, the first solid-body conventional guitar was custom-made for country singer Merle Travis in 1947 by Paul Bigsby (most famous for the tremolo-arm unit which bears his name), the first commercially mass-produced solid-body electric six-string was the 1949 Fender Broadcaster (later renamed Telecaster), and so on.

The Evanses don't neglect their social history, either, and the spread of the guitar via Sears and Roebuck's mail-order service is just one of the fascinating examples of how they counterpoint the evolution of the guitar with the lifestyles of the people who play it and listen to it. *Guitars From The Renaissance To Rock* is subtitled "Music, History, Construction And Players" and whether your primary field of interest is classical, flamenco, "early music," folk, blues, jazz, country or rock, I seriously doubt that you'd feel that the Evanses have failed to deliver anything that the book's price and packaging would lead you to expect.

This book can't be recommended too highly, and if you know anybody who plays the guitar whom you feel like spending eleven quid on, look no further for your ideal Christmas present.

TOM WHEELER'S **The Guitar Book** (McDonald & Jane's, £5.50), subtitled "A Handbook For Acoustic And Electric Guitarists", is less lavish and less expensive, and while it covers some of the same history that the Evanses deal with, its primary focus is technical, to tell you all you need to know about the choice, care and feeding of guitars (electric and acoustic), amplifiers, P.A.'s and FX units.



My technical knowledge of the guitar doesn't extend much further than cleaning the axes and changing strings — if the pickups blow or the neck falls off I'm completely lost — but I feel considerably more secure knowing that I can at least look up the problem in me Tom Wheeler.

Not that I'd ever get around to building my own guitar, but now I know how other folks do it.

"I recommend this book to anyone who is interested in the guitar", writes B. B. King in his introduction to *The Guitar Book*. I enjoyed it, and I even found out a few things about Lucille that I didn't know before." As a runner up to the Evanses' book (if you can't afford it) or a companion volume (if you've got enough bread for both), it's just champion.

MOVING AWAY from history and exposition and actually getting to fingers-on-fret grips with The Instrument And The Playing Thereof, we find **The Guitarist's Picture Chord Encyclopaedia** by John Pearce (Omnibus Press £4.95).

What it gives you is a selection of different positions and variations for all the standard chords in every key, in both diagram and photographic form, and is therefore equally useful for learning new chords to give variety and texture to riffs and tunes that you're playing, or to find out the names of chord variations that you've stumbled onto by accident.

I must confess, though, that I myself use several bastard chords (this is a technical term, Mrs. Whitehouse, please don't be offended) that Mr. Pearse doesn't appear to acknowledge and which I can't find in the book. Does this mean that they're not allowed?

It's certainly a very useful book for the guitarist who's graduated from Bert Weedon's *Play In A Day* but feels put off by Mickey Baker's massive jazz-chord book.

NEXT UP, three volumes culled from the pages of America's *Guitar Player* magazine; easily the finest publication of its type that I know of.

Rock Guitarists and Dan Hedges' **British Rock Guitarists** (both priced at $4.95) and **Blues Guitarists** ($3.95), all take interviews with musicians as their basic format.

British Rock Guitarists is the most unified, since it's the work of one author, and all his subjects (with the exception of Eric Clapton and George Harrison) have given him interviews.

The cast list is Jeff Beck, Peter Frampton, Steve Howe, Chris Squire, Big Jim Suillivan, Chris Spedding, Rory Gallagher, Mike Rutherford, John Entwistle, Alvin Lee and Steve Hacket, with Howe also contributing an introduction. The book also includes specimen solos by each man.

Rock Guitarists deals with its subjects in far less depth, but covers a ludicrous amount of different musicians — far too many even to list here — while *Blues Guitarists* covers Elvin Bishop, Mike Bloomfield, Big Bill Broonzy, Rev. Gary Davis, Robben Ford, Jesse Fuller, Buddy Guy, John Paul Hammond, John Lee Hooker, Skip James, Albert King, B.B. King, Mance Lipscomb, Taj Mahal, John Mayall, Brownie McGhee, Luther Tucker, Muddy Waters and Johnny Winter.

What emerges from the three volumes is that black bluesman make far less of a distinction between their music and their lives.

The rock guitarists go into enormous detail about their instruments, equipment and techniques, as distinct from the content of their music and their total lifestyle (and if you're into learning how certain sounds are produced, that stuff *is* interesting), but when a black bluesman talks of his music he's also telling you about his life, and vice versa. No artificial distinction is made.

The books, incidentally, can be obtained by writing to Guitar Player Productions, P.O. Box, 615, Saratoga, California 95070, where you can also get information about subscribing to the magazine. Reet!

FINALLY. TWO new books from the euphoniously-named Musical New Services, publishers of Britain's *Guitar* magazine, no relation (and, sadly, no competition) to the aformentioned U.S. *Guitar Player* magazine.

Both books contrive to annoy reviewers, booksellers and potential customers alike by carrying no price markings whatsoever.

Adrian Legg's **The All Round Gigster** is a companion volume to an album of the same name which, regrettably, I haven't heard. Most of it is taken up with the sheet music (which, regrettably, I can't read) to the tunes from the album.

The remainder of the book is taken up with practical advice for the performing guitarist, all of which is extremely sound and written in a pleasant, amiable manner.

The book's hardly worth the price of admission (whatever the price of admission is) without the record, though.

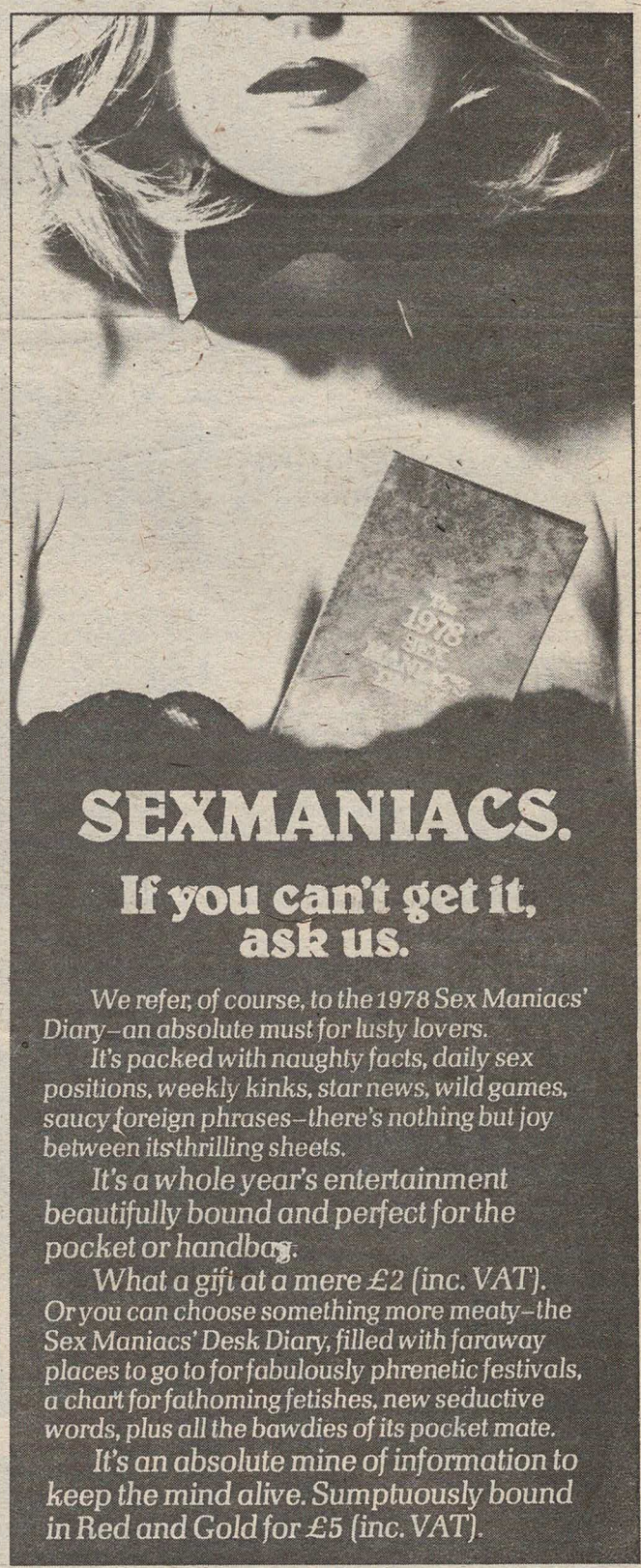
Finally, Ken Achard's **The Fender Guitar** is a companion volume to Ian Bishop's *The Gibson Guitar*, published by the same company earlier this year.

Achard writes far less stilted prose than Bishop, but the most illuminating comparison between the two books is the revelation of the disparate philosophies of the two major electric guitar firms.

Gibson have experimented continually issuing hordes of different guitars, while Fender have built their reputation on only four basic lines: the Telecaster and Stratocaster guitars (introduced in 1949 and 1953 respectively) and the Precision and Jazz basses (1951 and 1960 respectively).

Nothing that they've introduced since has really caught on to any great extent (though you see a few Mustang basses about and Elvis Costello may well do for the now-defunct Jazzmaster what Hendrix did for the Strat), but the company is still thriving on the simple excellence of those early pioneering models.

Final note of warning: don't try carrying these books in your guitar case.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JAZZ

You Getz what you deservz

***...Says Stan the Tenorman, with no time for hard luck stories and strong opinions on everything. He talks to* BRIAN CASE.**

Pic: ANTHONY WOLFF

JAZZ ALSO has its prima donnas. Walk-outs, let-downs, tantrums — the sensibility so finely balanced that the scampering of a mouse in a distant opera-box can set a troyweight of coloratura plunging for the sal volatile — Eh! Loosen the stays! — convinced that she's the victim of a conspiratorial countdown for The Old Bronx Razoo.

Intermittently murder to work with, intermittently magic — and since magic ain't standard issue at the stores . . . charabanc parties not catered for . . . the long-sufferers in the foothills hang on, bite the lip, and wait for that rocket uprush of artistry to kiss everything better.

Stan Getz has that kinda rep. When the vibes are right — head, heart, chops in the Cusp of Hoeny — Getz will unfurl an unending peacock's tail of melodic invention; wrong, well . . . it ain't easy being that blessed in this world.

So what does he think of the music biz?

"It sucks."

He doesn't mince words, abhors the pretentious and the long-winded, does not suffer fools gladly. And, counter to expectations, turned out to be a courteous and witty host. In a mews house off London's Berkeley Square, Getz ponders briefly upon the classic Tristano dictum and definition of jazz's maladies.

"All emotion and no feeling?" he repeats. "Wait a minute, emotion is feeling."

I expand. He nods. We proceed. "All music, all art forms must have logic, form and content. You can't let it all hang out. You've gotta be selective." He fixes me with the baby blues. "What else can I say?"

"You said it," I allow.

"Right." He sits at ease in an armchair, crisp white tunic shirt, impeccable pale slacks, white shoes against an expensive backdrop of glass, brass, brocade. The cleancut, boyish looks, a Hud for the horn, sag a little now as he approaches his half-century, but his health is good and his habits defeated.

Stan Getz's path has been strangely strewn with thorns and primroses. Born Philadelphia, 1927, he learned bass and bassoon before auditioning on tenor for Jack Teagarden. He turned pro at 15. He played with the big bands in the '40s, Jimmy Dorsey, Benny Goodman, quitting Stan Kenton in 1945 because Kenton thought Lester Young 'too simple'. Invariably the youngest guy in the band, Getz drove himself to the limit to gain the respect of the veterans on the road.

At 20, he was recruited into Woody Herman's Second Herd. Getz, Giuffre, Zoot Sims and Herbie Steward had been experimenting with close harmony, and Don Lamond, Woody's drummer, advised the bandleader to buy. The Four Brothers sound became the hallmark of the Herd. In 1948, Getz recorded his "Early Autumn" solo and became the hottest property in jazz for the next decade. Sax players quit calling him Junior and re-named him 'The Sound'.

How long had he been experimenting with mouthpieces — plastic, metal, rubber?

A topic worth expanding upon: "All my life I've been trying to find *the* mouthpiece, you know. You look for the rainbow in the sky, but you never find it. The older you get, you realise that it's not the mouthpiece, it's you — that you're fucked up in your head, you want something that's not there.

"All saxophone mouthpieces are made imperfectly. The saxophone itself is an imperfect instrument — it was only invented like 130 years ago. It's outa tune. The mouthpieces are not made with care, because they make them to sell for the large market, for the high school kids. They don't play the way a professional plays.

"I go to the factory now and work with the genius there at the Linck factory. I've spent hundreds of hours with him now, you know, making my own personal mouthpiece. Every one I pick up has the exact same sound — the sound's coming from you, not the mouthpiece. What we need in a mouthpiece though is comfort. To be able to get it out without strain."

Currently, he has eyes for the Echoplex. He jumps up to play me an eight-minute unaccompanied hall-of-mirrors from his next album. "2001", he says. "I thought this was gonna be some pretentious shit, but now I think it's interesting. You play, and it's taped and immediately played back, and different amounts of time elapse between each repetition. You can build on top of that phrase and go on ad infinitum."

A quote from "Alice Blue Gown" surfaces and goes snaking away to infinity. The bottom register notes go off like depth-charges, and the runs come on like cavalry. At the close he signs off with the Porky Pig Loony Toon valediction: "Th-th-that's all folks!"

"Intriguing and a great challenge to you, playing with yourself," says another interviewer.

"Right," says Getz, "musical masturbation." He acknowledges the laughter — "well, it was a natural" — and returns to his relationship with the hardware. "I don't look for electronics because I think they're false, but now I see that it can be done tastefully.

"I was the first one to have the Varitone. I turned it on on stage and started to play and mess around with the dials. I was laughing and the people in the audience started laughing. I just put it away. Electricity takes the sound out of the saxophone, the human sound, the breath. You hear electricity."

Call me fusty if you must, but anything that takes Getz off the tenor is squanderville and fritterbug in my book. Soprano is circling at the moment — "I'll pick it up again. The trouble with soprano is it's so damned outa tune." He swapped horns with Gerry Mulligan for one side of an album once, and ain't about to repeat. "No, no — I think baritone is nothing more than a cast-off tenor player's instrument.

"Mulligan played fourth tenor in Gene Krupa's band when I played lead tenor, and he realised he'd better put down tenor and pick up something that he could manage. A cumbersome horn."

In the '50s, Getz led his own groups, including the classic combo of Al Haig, Jimmy Raney, Teddy Kotick and Tiny Kahn that recorded at Storyville. He jammed with everybody — Dizzy, Lionel Hampton, Chet Baker, Jay Jay — and toured with Jazz At The Phil which included his original inspiration, Lester Young, on the bill. Somehow, he never played with Bird.

DISASTER struck in 1954. Using a toy pistol, he held up a drugstore in Seattle. When he phoned to apologise, the police traced the call and the Getz arrest hit the headlines. Sentenced to six months for addiction, he attempted suicide. An emergency tracheotomy operation was followed by double pneumonia. Getz fought back, kicked his habit, convalesced in Sweden where he met his future wife, Monica, and returned to regain his New York cabaret card.

In 1958, he decided to quit the rat race, and settled in Denmark for the next three years. When he came back, not only his ascendancy but the entire improvisational arena had altered. The New Thing had arrived, and Getz was out of favour.

He still doesn't like it. "You mean the free music? Yeah, I think all these people were trying to get attention, trying to get known, and they had no style to come up with so they came up with sheer nonsense."

Would he sympathize with Lee Konitz's ambition to play without ego, then?

"On the one hand, he's right, but not only in music, in the world there's ego. Everybody's ego has gotta have their go at it. Why should it be anonymous? Why shouldn't you sign your painting? That's what he wants, let him do it. We try to strip our ego down to the bare minimum because ego will destroy music if it becomes too masculine. Play the music for the music's self, not for your ego's self."

No-one could accuse Stan Getz of courting fashion. In 1961, in a prevailing atmosphere of wild insurrection, he cut the classic album, "Focus", with strings. "When you find a great writer like Eddie Sauter you don't tell him what to write. You give him carte blanche. He thought about it for nine months and wrote it in two weeks."

Incredibly, much of Getz's tenor improvisation over the complex orchestral chart happened on the spot. "Any record I make, anything more than two or three takes has had it. Most people like to do 20 takes. I lose it after one. It's gotta have that freshness."

The Getz-Sauter collaboration continued with the film score for Arthur Penn's *Mickey One*.

He has recently completed the music for a French film with Alain Delon, *Death Of A Rose*, playing over strings again. Also in the can is a reunion with Chet Baker in Italy, an album with pianist Jimmy Rowles, and the all-star Montreux line-up of Getz, Dexter, Golson and Wayne Shorter which I had caught at the CBS Convention in London.

"What a shame you weren't there the night before at Montreux," he said. "See, they cut it short at Grosvenor House because all these CBS executives were drunk. The night before we had a four-and-a-half hour concert and the people still wanted more. I mean — all these pro's get together . . ."

Did he miss the old blowing battles?

"No. I like to do it, but I wouldn't like to do it all the time. For a one-time thing it's fun — but I like to make music, not have battles."

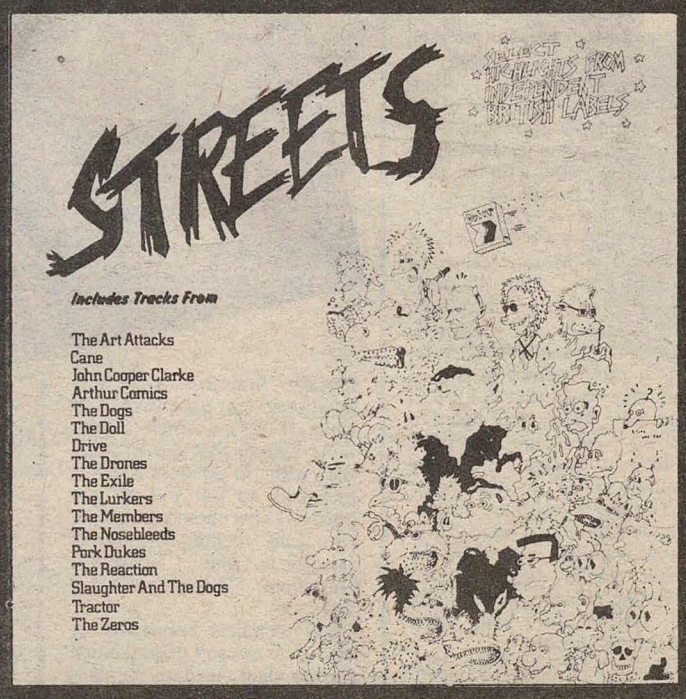
Future plans include a big band with the top arrangers, a further collaboration with Eddie Sauter, the addition of a guitar to his current combo, or a reunion with trombonist Bob Brookmeyer. "We had a lovely three years together a long time ago. He's the kinda horn player I'd have, because if you have another horn player in a small band, your gonna have charts per se, and that restricts. See, the way I play a melody is different every night. I do little doo-dads around it, and with Bob we were mostly just floating in and out together. We made up endings together.

"Bob had the same trouble I had. He became an alcoholic and he stopped drinking. I stopped eight years ago.

■ *Continues page 54*

NEW WAVE IS ON THE STREETS AND STREETS IS THE NEW WAVE ALBUM

Beggar's Banquet



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8 Huddersfield Poly
9 Clouds Edinburgh
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12 Surrey University Guildford
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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

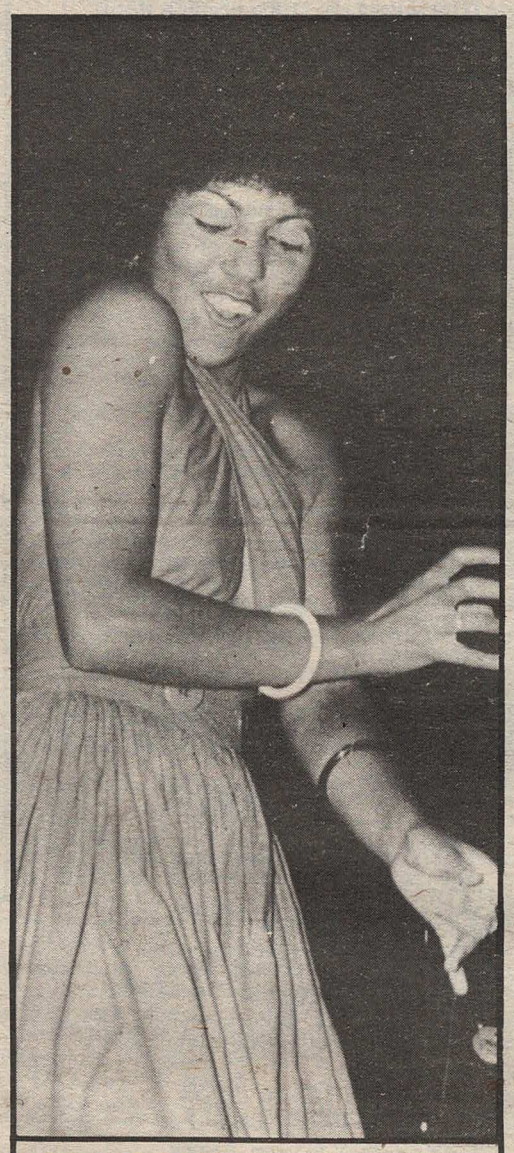
COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

Thursday

ABERDEEN Marischal College: TURNING POINT
ASHINGTON Northumberland Technical College: CHRIS BARBER BAND
BARNSTAPLE Chequers Club: SHAM 69
BASILDON Towngate Theatre: ALAN PRICE
BATH Viaduct Hotel: KRAKATOA
BEDFORD R.A.F. Henlow: J.A.L.N. BAND
BEDWORTH Civic Hall: MIKE HARDING
BELFAST Fringe Festival: SWIFT
BIRKENHEAD Mr. Digby's: MOTORHEAD / THE WINDERS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagel: SHOOP SHOOP
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: URIAH HEEP / FURY
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: MAGNUM
BLACKPOOL Opera House: STATUS QUO
BLACKBURN Lodestar: SCENE STEALER
BRADFORD Princeville Club: AMERICAN TRAIN
BRADFORD St. George's Hall: THIN LIZZY / RADIATORS FROM SPACE
BRADFORD Tavern In The Town: DEAR JOHN
BRAINTREE Wagon & Horses: THE CRACK
BRISTOL Crockers: HARD UP
BRISTOL Granary: THE MOVIES
BRISTOL: Polytechnic: RADIO STARS
BUXTON Railway Hotel: MERLIN
CARLISLE Mick's Club: HOT VULTURES
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: STILETTO
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
COVENTRY Warwick University: SPLIT ENZ
CRAWLEY Pelhum Buckle: EDGE BAND
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: CLIFF RICHARD
DONCASTER College of Education: AUTOMATICS
DORCHESTER Clay Pigeon: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
DURHAM Technical College: THE DARTS
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: THE CHIEFTAINS
EXETER Groucho's: HERO
EXETER Zhivago's: FIRST CLASS
FALKIRK Maniqui: EATER
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: HORSLIPS / ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: FIVE HAND REEL
GT. YARMOUTH Tiffany's: CHRIS SPEDDING BAND
HARROW Leisrure Centre: SWINGING STRINGS '77
HAWICK Town Hall: STEVE GIBBONS BAND
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: TRASH
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: JOHN OTWAY BAND
LEEDS Staging Post: THE IDLE JACK BAND
LEICESTER University: THE JAM
LIVERPOOL Annabel's Disco Suite: ISIS
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: DAVID ESSEX
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: ISAMBARD KINGDOM
LLANHARRAN Legion Club': STRIFE
LONDON Alexandra Palace: PIGSTY HILL LIGHT ORCHESTRA
LONDON Bedford Corner Hotel: SORE THROAT
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: WILKO JOHNSON
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: GLORIA MUNDI / THE TOOLS / SKUNKS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Crawfords: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: DOWNLINERS SECT / TRADER
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: GRAND HOTEL
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: JAGUAR
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: WIRE
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: LANDSCAPE
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: CONTEMPT
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: MICHAEL CHAPMAN BAND / RIFF RAFF
LONDON Marquee Club: BERNIE TORME
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubador: DAVE EVANS & SAMMY MITCHELL
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: STAA MARX
LONDON PLAISTOW North-East Polytechnic: FLYING SAUCERS
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: CHER & GREG ALLMAN / SPLINTER
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: WHIRLWIND
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE DEPRESSIONS
LONDON TOOTING The Castle: PAINTED LADY
LONDON W.1 Gulliver's Club: ROKOTTO
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: NORTHSIDE RHYTHM 'N' BLUES ENSEMBLE
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE / MEAL TICKET
MONMOUTH White Swan Hotel: NIGHT BIRD
MORECAMBE Inn On The Bay: J.J. JAMESON
NOTTINGHAM BEESTON Katie's: HOOKER
NOTTINGHAM Carlton Folk Club: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: PELICAN
NOTTINGHAM Langley Mill: SALT & PEPPER BAND
NOTTINGHAM Playhouse Theatre: BARBARA DICKSON
PENZANCE The Garden: TYLA GANG
PERTH Grampian Hotel: IGNATZ
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: THE STUKAS
PRESTON Polytechnic: THE REZILLOS
ROCHESTER Nags Head: VENOM
ROMFORD White Hart: DYNAMITE
ROTHERHAM Windmill Club: DOCTORS OF MADNESS
SCUNTHORPE Baths Hall: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
SCARBOROUGH Olllie's Club: STAMPS
SHEFFIELD Art College: THE EXTRAS
SWANSEA Circles Club: BURLESQUE / TRICKSTER
SWANSEA University: LITTLE BOB STORY
TORQUAY 400 Club: STRIDER
WARRINGTON Carlton Club: PENETRATION
WELLINGBOROUGH British Rail Club: RED HOT
WEST BROMWICH Coach & Horses: GARBO / CELLULOID HEROES
WIGAN Haydock St. Oswalds: MUNGO JERRY
WORKINGTON Slypt Disc: LOVE AFFAIR
YORK University: STEEL PULSE

Friday

ABERDEEN Music Hall: THE CHIEFTANS
ABERDEEN University: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
BASINGSTOKE Technical College: TYLA GANG / GRAND HOTEL
BATH The Carousel: FIRST CLASS
BATH Pavilion: THE 'O' BAND/PEDRO



LINDA LEWIS returns to London Ronnie Scott's Club for a two-week headlining season, starting on Monday. And as a warm-up, she plays a couple of one-nighters this weekend at Guildford (Friday) and Cromer (Saturday).

NAZARETH undertake one of their rare British outings, though they're restricting themselves to just four major gigs, the first being in Manchester on Wednesday. Our picture shows singer Dan McCafferty in action.

BATH University: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
BATLEY Carlinghow: MODESTY BLAISE
BELFAST Pound Club: SWIFT
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: RADIO STARS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
BLACKBURN Sett Inn: FOSSIL
BLACKPOOL Opera House: STATUS QUO
BRAINTREE College of Further Education: PACIFIC EARDRUM./ THE YOUNG BUCKS
BRIDLINGTON Spa Pavilion: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE / MEAL TICKET
BRIGHTON New Regent: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES / THE CRABS / WRIST ACTION
BRIGHTON Seven Stars: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
bRIGHTON Sussex University: STRAY / URCHIN
BURTON 76 Club: DEKE LEONARD'S ICEBERG
CAMBRIDGE Graduate Social Club: DESMOND DEKKER
CANTERBURY Odeon: ALAN PRICE
CARDIFF University: SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & AND ASBURY JUKES
CASTLE DOUGLAS Town Hall: IGNATZ
CHESTERFIELD A.G.D. Rock Club: DAGABAND
CIRENCESTER Royal College of Agriculture: SKIN TIGHT
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: SPLIT ENZ / RUMBLESTRIPS
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: CLIFF RICHARD
CROYDON Swan & Sugar Loaf: WOODY & THE SPLINTERS
DERBY King's Hall: THE JAM
DUNDEE Technical CollegeL FLYING ACES
DUNDEE University: BETHNAL
DURHAM New College: AUTOMATICS
EASTBOURNE Lottbridge Arms: PANAMA
EDINBURGH Clouds: EATER
EDINBURGH Heriot Watt University: FIVE HAND REEL
EDINBURGH Napier College: CHEAP FLIGHTS
EDINBURGH Odeon: PETER STRAKER
EDINBURGH University: COLOSSEUM II
GATESHEAD Central Library: TURNING POINT
GUILDFORD Surrey University: LINDA LEWIS
HATFIELD Forum Theatre: BARBARA DICKSON
HEBDEN BRIDGE Carlton Club: DAWNWEAVER
HEMEL HEAMPSTEAD Arts Centre: SIX / ODD ENDS
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: THE STUKAS
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: PENETRATION
HULL University: THE DARTS / AMAZORBLADES
KEIGHLEY Variety Club: MUNGO JERRY
KNARESBOROUGH Borough Bailiff: HOT VULTURES
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEVEN Hunting Lodge: THE BRAINS TRUST
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: HORSLIPS / ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
LIVERPOOL Eric's: JOHN OTWAY BAND
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic: THE PIRATES
LIVERPOOL University: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: BONE IDOL
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE ONLY ONES / NEWS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: SOULDED OUT
LONDON CAMDEN Queen Eliyabeth College: STAN SMITH BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: THE DAMNED / THE DEAD BOYS
LONDON City Polytechnic: STRIDER
LONDON City University: RACING CARS / THE MOVIES / MUSCLES
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: RICK GRECH & GRECHMAS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Seven Dials: THE DANDIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: WARSAW PAKT
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SCARECROW
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: STEEL RULE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BURLESQUE/JOHN COOPER CLARKE
LONDON LEICESTER-SQ. Centre Charles Peguy: JEREMY TAYLOR/BOTTLE OF BREAD
LONDON Marquee Club: GLORIA MUNDI/SWANK
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON School of Economics: THIS HEAT
LONDON Southbank Polytechnic: LITTLE ACRE
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: SWEET SENSATION
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: DEAD FINGERS TALK
LONDON STRAND King's College: BUSTER CRABBE
LONDON Victoria Palace: THE ENID/ALISHA
LOUGHBOROUGH Town Hall: STAGE FRIGHT
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: THIN LIZZY/ RADIATORS FROM SPACE
MANCHESTER The Squar: THE EXTRAS
MANCHESTER University Union: BLUNT INTRUMENT
MARGATE High Cliff: ZIB BAND/SAMSON
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: MOTORHEAD/THE WINDERS
MILFORD HAVEN Torch Theatre: LITTLE BOB STORY
NEWPORT Village Club: TRAPEZE
NEWTON ABBOT Seale Hayne College: MECHANICAL HORSETROUGH
NORWICH East Anglia University: WILKO JOHNSON
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: FIRST REFUSAL
NOTTINGHAM Test Match Inn: TATUM
NOTTINGHAM University: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
OXFORD New Theatre: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR/CLOVER
PETERLEE Senate Club: SCENE STEALER
PRESTEINGNE Memorial Hall: STRIFE
RADCLIFFE-ON-TRENT South Notts Hockey Club: MARTIN CARTER & GRAHAM JONES
READING University: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
READING Windsor Hall: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
REDDITCH Tracey's: STAMPS
SALFORD University: TOM ROBINSON BAND/NO DICE
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: THE REZILLOS
SHEFFIELD Five Arches: FLYING LESSONS
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: STRETCH/WILDER
SHIRLEY Drill Hall: ARMPIT JUG BAND
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: URIAH HEEP/FURY
STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic: YACHTS
STIRLING Albert Hall: CHRIS BARBER BAND
SUNDERLAND Empire Theatre: DOCTORS OF MADNESS
ULVERSTON Penny Farting: BULLET
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: MIKE HARDING
WAKEFIELD Newto House: WHIRLWIND
WEYMOUTH College of Education: THE PLEASERS
WHALEY BRIDGE Jodrell Arms: ODINSTORM
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: CHRIS SPEDDING BAND
WORKINGTON Down Under Club: LOVE AFFAIR

Saturday

ABERTILLERY Six Bells: TRICKSTER
ADDISCOMBE Leslie Arms: THIEF
ALFRETON Leisure Centre: SCENE STEALER
AYLESBURY Civic Centre: THE JAM
BAGSHOT Pantiles Club: STARDUST
BATH Brillig Arts Centre: THE MOVIES
BIRMINGHAMBarbarella's: RADIO STARS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENTFORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM KINGS HEATH Hare & Hounds: MAD JOCKS AND ENGLISHMEN
BIRMINGHAM Railway hotel: STARSTRUCK
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: ALAN PRICE
BIRMINGHAM University: CADO BELLE
BOGNOR Harrison's Bar: SOUL DIRECTION
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: CLIFF RICHARD
BRACKNELL Arts Centre: STRIDER
BRADFORD University: FIVE HAND REEL
BRIGHTON Art College: WRIST ACTION
BRIGHTON Sussex University: THE PIRANHAS / THE PLASTIX / JOBY & THE HOOLIGANS / THE SQUARES
BRISTOL Dockland Settlement: SKIN TIGHT
BURTON Rolleston Youth Club: GOBBLINZ
BURY ST. EDMUNDS Griffin Club: DAGABAND
BUXTON Pavilion Gardens: CHRIS BARBER BAND
CHELTENHAM Shaftesbury Hall: ROCK ISLAND LINE
CHIDDINGLY Six Bells: PANAMA
CLIFTONVILLE High Cliffs: BULLETS
CLITHEROE Cricket Club: BRIAN DEWHURST
COLCHESTER Essex University: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
CORBY Nags Head: STAMPS
CRANFIELD Institute of Technology: GENO WASHINGTON BAND
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: LINDA LEWIS
DARTFORD College: GRAND HOTEL
DERBY Bishop Lonsdale College: THE DARTS / AMAZORBLADES
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: STRAY
DURHAM Grey College: HOT VULTURES
EASTBOURNE East Sussex University: DEPRESSIONS
ECCLES Patricroft Conservative Club: FOSSIL
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
GALASHIELS Privateer: THE BRAINS TRUST
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: THE CHIEFTAINS
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES
GLASGOW University: COLOSSEUM II / FLYING ACES
HALIFAX Good Mood Club: EATER
HATFIELD Polytechnic: YACHTS
HERTFORD Balls Park College: STRETCH / DEKE LEONARD'S ICEBERG
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: CHEAP FLIGHTS
HULL Willerby M. Hall: THE BANNED
KEIGHLEY Variety Club: MUNGO JERRY
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: THE STUKAS
LEEDS Grobs Wine Bar: ICE NINE
LINCOLN R.A.F. Coningsby: STAGE FRIGHT
LIVERPOOL Eric's: XTC
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE ROLL-UP
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: JACKIE LYNTON BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine; THE 'O' BAND
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: THE DAMNED / THE DEAD BOYS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: RICK GRECH & GRECHMAS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Roxy Club: THE SHOPLIFTERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: ALPHONSE MOUZON
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: HEAD OVER HEELS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: SCARECROW
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: THE SAINTS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BURLESQUE/JOHN COOPER CLARKE
LONDON LEWISHAM Concert Hall: THE WURZELS
LONDON North East Polytechnic: TYLA GANG / HURRICANES
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR / CLOVER
LONDON School of Economics: SAD CAFE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: X-RAY SPEX
MALVERN Winter Gardens: TOM ROBINSON BAND / NO DICE
MANCHESTER ARDWICK Apollo: DAVID ESSEX
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: THIN LIZZY / RADIATORS FROM SPACE
MANCHESTER Midland Hotel: WHIRLWIND
MANCHESTER Polytechnic: JOHN OTWAY BAND
MANCHESTER University: BLUNT INSTRUMENT
MARGATE High Cliffs: BULLITS
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: BARBARA DICKSON
NEWCASTLE New Tyne Theatre: PETER STRAKER
NORTHAMPTON County Ground: RACING CARS
NORWICH East Anglia University: TURNING POINT
NOTTINGHAM BEESTON Katie's: VENOM
NOTTINGHAM University: SCREAMING LORD SUTCH / SHAKIN' STEVENS & THE SUNSETS
OXFORD Polytechnic: LITTLE BOB STORY
PAIGNTON Festival Theatre: JASPER CARROTT
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: BLOOBLO
READING Bulmershe College: MUSCLES
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
RETFORD Porterhouse: SPLIT ENZ
ROCHESTER Nags Head: SAMSON
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: THE CIMARONS
SHEFFIELD University: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE / MEAL TICKET

MORE GIG GUIDE AND CLUB ADS OVER THE PAGE

GIG GUIDE

SOUTHAMPTON University: WARREN HARRY
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: STEVE GIBBONS BAND / BETHNAL
TOTMORTON Talk Of The Tot: SALT & PEPPER BAND
WARRINGTON Lion Hotel: BULLET
WATFORD College of Education: CHRIS SPEDDING BAND
WIGAN Casino: HEAVY METAL KIDS
WINCHESTER King Alfred College: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: MIKE HARDING
WORKINGTON Down Under Club: LOVE AFFAIR
YEOVIL Johnson Hall: WILKO JOHNSON
YORK University: HORSLIPS / ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR

Sunday

ACCRINGTON Lakeland Lounge: FAST DRIVER
AYLESBURY Kings Head: ROOM 23
BARROW Maxim's Disco: EATER
BASILDON Treble Chance: HYMIE BLOWS IT
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (lunchtime): MENSCH
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: THE CHIEFTAINS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: BULLETS
BOLTON Brooklyn Hotel: BRIAN DEWHURST
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: THE DEPRESSIONS
BRISTOL Hippodrome: URIAH HEEP/FURY
CARLISLE Market Hall: COLOSSEUM II
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: FABULOUS POODLES
CHELMSFORD City Tavern: LITTLE BOB STORY
CROYDON Greyhound: TOM ROBINSON BAND/NO DICE
DUNDEE Abassador Hotel: IGNATZ
GALSTON Valley Folk Club: HOT VULTURES
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: STATUS QUO
GOUROCK Ashton Hotel: CHOU PAHROT
GREAT YARMOUTH The Broadway: BUSTER JAMES BAND
IPSWICH Corn Exchange: THE WURZELS
LANCASTER Redwell Inn: FIVE HAND REEL
LEEDS Polytechnic: PETER STRAKER
LIVERPOOL EVERYMAN Theatre: REDBRASS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SCARECROW
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: THE DAMNED/THE DEAD BOYS

RECOMMENDED TV

THURSDAY: Classic **Judy Garland** movie "A Star Is Born" (BBC-2).
SATURDAY: **Steve Gibbons Band** in "Sight And Sound In Concert" (BBC-2 and Radio 1 stereo link); **"The Two Ronnies"** (BBC-1); **Perry Como** in "Parkinson" (BBC-1); **Abba** and **Demis Roussos** in "The Basil Brush Show" (BBC-1).
SUNDAY: **Sex Pistols/XTC/The Pirates** in "So It Goes" (Granada ITV, but screened by London Weekend on Saturday); **Oscar Peterson** in "The Lively Arts" (BBC-2). **Steel Pulse, Matumbi** and **Delroy Washington** in "The London Weekend Show" (London ITV).
TUESDAY: **Don McLean** and the **Tyla Gang** in "The Old Grey Whistle Test" (BBC-2); **"The Goodies"** (BBC-2); **"Rock Follies"** (ITV network).

LONDON CLAPHAM Two Brewers: PAINTED LADY
LONDON DRURY LANE Theatre Royal: STEVE GIBBONS BAND/BETHNAL
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: DEKE LEONARD'S ICEBERG
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: CLAYSON & THE ARGONAUTS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: B52's
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: TYLA GANG
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: BURLESQUE/JOHN COOPER CLARKE
LONDON KINGSWAY Sound Circus: SANDY DENNY & FRIENDS
LONDON LEYTON Three Blackbirds: STRIPEY KITE
LONDON Marquee Club: ILLUSION
LONDON PECKHAM Montpeliex (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR/CLOVER
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: JAGUAR
LONDON Victoria Palace: BEN SIDRAN
LONDON WC1 Pindar of Wakefield: THUNDERCLAP NEWMAN & BOB FLAG
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: DON SHEPHERD
MANCHESTER ARDWICK Apollo: DAVID ESSEX
MANCHESTER Palace Theatre: HORSLIPS/ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
NEWBRIDGE Club & Institute: TRICKSTER
NEWCASTLE City Hall: ALAN PRICE
NEWMARKET Kingsway Cinema: FLAKY PASTRY
NORWICH St. Andrews Hall: JOHN MARTYN
NORWICH Theatre Royal: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
NOTTINGHAM BEESTON Katie's: XTC
NOTTINGHAM Playhouse Theatre: MIKE HARDING
PLYMOUTH Castaways: WILKO JOHNSON
PORTSEA Rotary club: LESSER KNOWN TUNISIANS
PORTSMOUTH Centre Hotel: NEIL LEWIS & JOHN LUCE
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: THE PIRATES
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: HOT POINTS
ROTHERHAM Silverwood Club: MODESTY BLAISE
SELKIRK County Hotel: THE BRAINS TRUST
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: THE JAM
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: BARBARA DICKSON
ST. IVES (Hunts) St. Ivo Recreation Centre: CHRIS BARBER BAND
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: MECHANICAL HORSETROUGH
WIGAN Riverside Club: BROWNSVILLE BANNED

Monday

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: SHADES
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: PETER STRAKER
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: HOPPER
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: THE ACCELERATORS / THE V.I.PS.'s
BIRMINGHAM Top Rank: THE JAM
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: JOHN MARTYN
BOSTON Folk Club: GARY & VERA ASPEY
BOURNEMOUTH The Village: WILKO JOHNSON
BRIGHTON Alhambra: PANAMA
BRIGHTON Dome: THIN LIZZY/RADIATORS FROM SPACE
BRISTOL Colston Hall: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR/CLOVER
CARDIFF New Theatre: THE WURZELS
CARLISLE Crown & Mitre: FIVE HAND REEL
CASTLEFORD Working Men's Club: BULLET
CHIGWELL ROW Camelot Club: PLAYBOYS
CHELTENHAM Plough Hotel: THE INDEX
COVENTRY Locarno: STEVE GIBBONS BAND / BETHNAL
COVENTRY Warwick University: RENO
DONCASTER Outlook Club: BURLESQUE
EDINBURGH Nicky Tams: THE BRAINS TRUST
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
ERDINGTON Queen's Head: QUILL
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: STATUS QUO
GUILDFORD Bunters: SCENE STEALER
HATFIELD Red Lion: CHRIS BARBER BAND
HIGH WYCOMBE Town Hall: TOM ROBINSON BAND/NO DICE
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LEEDS Grand Theatre: MIKE HARDING
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: THE DAMNED/THE DEAD BOYS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: BABYLON
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: GRAND HOTEL/THE PENCILS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: BIG IN JAPAN / SUBURBAN STUDS/PEROXIDE ROMANCE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: DIRE STRAITS/BLUNT INSTRUMENT
LONDON EALING Technical College: MECHANICAL HORSETROUGH
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: LANDSCAPE
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: PHILIP RAMBOW BAND
LONDON KENSINGTON Imerial College: WARREN HARRY
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: SUGAR MIAMI BAND
LONDON Marquee Club: MUNGO JERRY
LONDON NEW MALDEN Brycbox Youth Arts Workshop: ACME QUARTET
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubador: BIG BEN SPEAKS
LONDON OXFORD ST 00 Club: HURRICANES / SORE THROAT/TEQUILA BROWN BLUES BAND
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: CHRIS JONES BAND
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: ART ATTAX
LONDON STRAND Ripples Disco: SOUL DIRECTION
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: THE DECORATORS/RIKKI SLICK & THE STREETS
MANCHESTER Palace Theatre: URIAH HEEP-/FURY
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: EATER
NEWCASTLE CITY HALL: HORSLIPS
PLYMOUTH Castaways: SPLIT ENZ
READING University: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
SHEFFIELD City Hall: SHOWADDYWADDY
ST. ALBANS Watersplash: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
SWANSEA Rainbow Club: STARDUST
SWINDON The Affair: XTC
TONYPANDY British Legion: TRICKSTER
UXBRIDGE Unit One: LONG VEHICLE
WEYMOUTH College of Education: COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS
WIGAN Riverside Club: BROWNSVILLE BANNED
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: DAVID ESSEX

Tuesday

ABERDEEN Fusion Ballroom: EATER
BAGSHOT Pantiles Club: ST. LOUIS UNION
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: DAVID ESSEX
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BRIGHTON Dome: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR/CLOVER
CARDIFF Top Rank: SPLIT ENZ
CARDIFF University: TOM ROBINSON/NO DICE
CARLISLE Assembly Hall: SHOWADDYWADDY
CARLISLE Twisted Wheel: ISIS
CHELTENHAM Tramps: MUSCLES
COLWYN BAY Showboat: TRAPEZE
DUNDEE Harry's Disco: GEORGE HATCHER BAND
EASTBOURNE Winter Gardens: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: STATUS QUO
GUILDFORD Civic Hall: LITTLE BOB STORY/THE STUKAS
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Great Harry: TOADSLASHERS
HERTFORD Castle Hall: ADRIAN MAY
ILFORD Barons Club: KENTUCKY COUNTY
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: GARY GLITTER
KEIGHTLEY Nikkers Club: GARBO/CELLULOID HEROES
KEIGHTLEY Victoria Halls: BETHNAL
LANCASTER Cartmel College: COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS
LEEDS All Saints College: RENO
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: MOTHER SUPERIOR
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: HEAD OVER HEELS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: S.A.L.T.
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: PICKPOCKETS
LONDON DRURY LANE New London Theatre: PETER STRAKER
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: JENNY DARREN
LONDON Guildhall School of Music & Drama: MECHANICAL HORSETROUGH
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Town Hall: CHRIS BARBER BAND
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle'; ASTRA
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope and Anchor: 999
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: YACHTS/ADVERTISING
LONDON N4. The Stapleton: LANDSCAPE
LONDON OLD BROMPTON RD. Troubador: STEFAN GROSSMAN
LONDON OXFORD STREET 100 Club: DOCTORS OF MADNESS
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: MICKEY MOUSE ROCK BAND
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: HORSLIPS/ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: THE WASPS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scotts: VOID
LONDON WANDSWORTH The Shop: NEMA
LONDON W.1 Speakeasy: HURRICANES
LONDON WOOD GREEN Bumbles: WHIRLWIND
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
MANCHESTER ARDWICK Apollo: THE JAM
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: ALAN PRICE
NEWARK Palace Theatre: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: THE BRAINS TRUST
NEWCASTLE Wilmar House: SWIFT
NEWCASTLE University: FIVE HAND REEL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
OAKENGATES Town Hall: THE WURZELS
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: THIN LIZZY/RADIATORS FROM SPACE
PRESTON Guildhall: URIAH HEEP/FURY
PURFLEET Circus Tavern: CLIFF RICHARD
READING University: STARDUST
SHEFFIELD The Penthouse: THE EXTRAS
ST. ALBANS City Hall: DARTS/AMAZORBLADES
STIRLING Golden Lion: HOT VULTURES
SWINDON The Affair: XTC
WOKING Halls: WILKO JOHNSON

The Captain ... and Tennille

Hit American duo The Captain & Tennille fly in for their nine-day British debut tour, opening at the London Palladium on Wednesday.

Wednesday

ABERDEEN Music Hall: BOYS OF THE LOUGH
ABERYSTWYTH University: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
BARKINGSIDE Old Maypole: WHIRLWIND
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: MR. DOWNCHILD
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: DAVID ESSEX
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: ZETH
BIRMINGHAM Rebecca's: STAGE FRIGHT
BLACKBURN King George's Hall: SPLIT ENZ
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: THIN LIZZY/RADIATORS FROM SPACE
BRADFORD University: BETHNAL/CADO BELLE
BRIGHTON Alhambra: KRAKATOA
BRIGHTON Top Rank: THE DAMNED/THE DEAD BOYS
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: THE ENID
CHESTERFIELD Adam & Eve Club: DAGABAND
CLITHEROE Swan & Royal Hotel: BRIAN DEWHURST
COERAINE NEW University: SWIFT
DURHAM Blue Bell Inn: RENO
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: SHOWADDYWADDY
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: THE JAM
GREENOCK Regency Lounge: CHOU PAHROT
GUILDFORD Wooden Bridge Hotel: HOT POINTS
HUDDERSFIELD Top Of The Town: LOVE AFFAIR
HUDDERSFIELD White Swan: WITCHFYNDE
KEELE University: BULLETS
LEEDS University: FRANKIE MILLER'S FULL HOUSE/MEAL TICKET
LIVERPOOL Havanna Club: THE NAUGHTY LUMPS
LIVERPOOL The Sportsman: DAWNWEAVER
LIVERPOOL University: ALAN HULL'S RADIATOR
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: URCHIN
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: BLACK SLATE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: WIRE/NEO/TRASH
LONDON CHELSEA College: LANDSCAPE
LONDON CHINGFORD Queen Elizabeth: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: COUNT BISHOPS/DOPLEGANGER
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Red Cow: RUMBLE STRIPS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: J. J. JAMESON
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: BURLESQUE
LONDON Marquee Club: THE CRABS/THE MONOTONES
LONDON PADDINGTON Fangs Disco: ST. LOUIS UNION
LONDON Palladium: THE CAPTAIN & TENNILLE
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON School of Economics: THE PLEASERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Rochester Castle: BRETT MARVIN & THE THUNDERBOLTS
LONDON W.14 the Kensington: RIFF RAFF
MANCHESTER Ardwick Appollo: NAZARETH
MANCHESTER Electric Circus: SHAM 69/THE SLUGS
MANCHESTER Polytechnic: COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS
MANCHESTER Roundtrees Corn Exchange: EATER
NEWCASTLE City Hall: URIAH HEEP/FURY
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: JOHN MARTYN
NEWPORT Harper Adams College: MECHANICAL HORSETROUGH
NORTHAMPTON Ling's Theatre: CHRIS BARBER BAND
NORWICH East Anglia University: FIVE HAND REEL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: VENOM
PLYMOUTH Castaways: ROKOTTO
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: TOM ROBINSON BAND/NO DICE
PRESTON Guildhall: ALAN PRICE
SHEFFIELD Crucible Theatre: BARBARA DICKSON
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: AUTOMATICS
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
ST. HELENS Theatre Royal: MIKE HARDING
SUNDERLAND The Royalty: HOT VULTURES
SWINDON The Affair: XTC
TUNBRIDGE WELLS Assembly Halls: WILKO JOHNSON
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: THE DARTS
WOLVERHAMPTON Lafayette: HOOKER

WORDS (Barry Clarke) CITY HALL, ST. ALBANS
Tuesday Nov. 29th
THE DARTS
+ AMAZORBLADES
Saturday Dec. 3rd
MOTORHEAD
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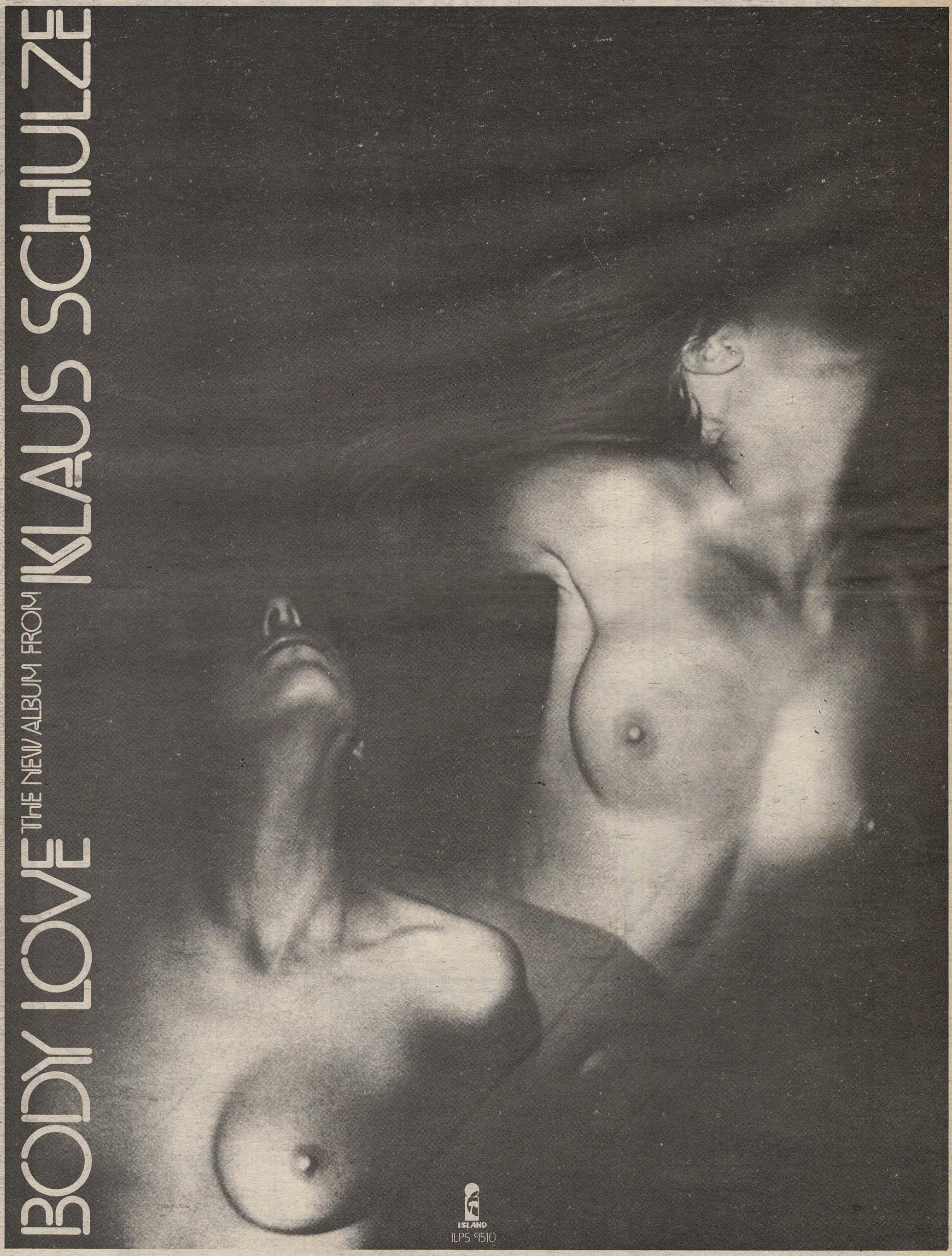
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ON THE TOWN

Hell comes in spurts

Richard Hell & The Voidoids Siouxsie & The Banshees
MUSIC MACHINE

THERE IS something about the Music Machine in Camden Town that severely dulls one's capacity for enjoyment of an evening of live rock.

It's probably caused by opening the doors at 8.30pm and putting on the band everyone came to see at 12.30am — the interim period being devoted to three bands of middling capability playing half-an-hour a piece with interminable gaps inbetween.

It probably benefits the bar sales, but it almost blew The Voidoids' chances of galvanising their audience, and most likely contributed to my being totally unmoved by Siouxsie And The Banshees.

The Banshees began their set with The Beatles' "Helter Skelter" and were not afraid to vary the speed of their songs from the standard breakneck setting. Other than that they have a drummer who plays with total disregard for convention (he doesn't even have a hi-hat) and Siouxsie.

Siouxsie's charisma, or anti-charisma, is not great. Nor is it, like Debbie Harry's, the stuff of sales campaigns.

But it is at least tidy and well-defined — a toe-kick, patent leather and a hint of pre-war teutonic decadence.

On the other hand, The Voidoids were totally magnetic.

Not strictly in terms of appearance (because in that respect they are more simply weird, like an Op-Art cartoon), but in the tension generated by their half-hour dose of sheer adrenochrome — something sorely needed by the time they came on, the dragging tedium of the evening having steadily deadened the crowd's spirits.

They played roughly ten songs, beginning with a screaming outburst of "Love Comes In Spurts" and ending, after Johnny Rotten stumbled on to heckle us into *really* shouting for more, with the Stones' "Ventilator Blues".

Inbetween which they hit relentlessly home with a selection of songs from the album taken about twice as fast and surprisingly not suffering for it. No loss of dynamics or structure, but appreciable gain in intensity.

The Voidoids' sound consists of three basic elements — Marc Bell's drums, a pounding, unflinching drive with the snare coming through hard and onbeat — rock'n'roll's killer instinct; Ivan Julian and Bob Quine's guitars work as one, the rhythm and lead roles obscured and merged into a clamorous electric frenzy that is not a mere wall of powerchords but has shape, colour and persuasive attack.

The sight of Ivan Julian barking madly through "I Wanna Be Your Dog", while not missing a move on his guitar, was especially one to cherish.

The final element was Hell himself.

He scrubs his bass strings and twists forward on his toes to sing, wringing a surprising variety of expression from his voice.

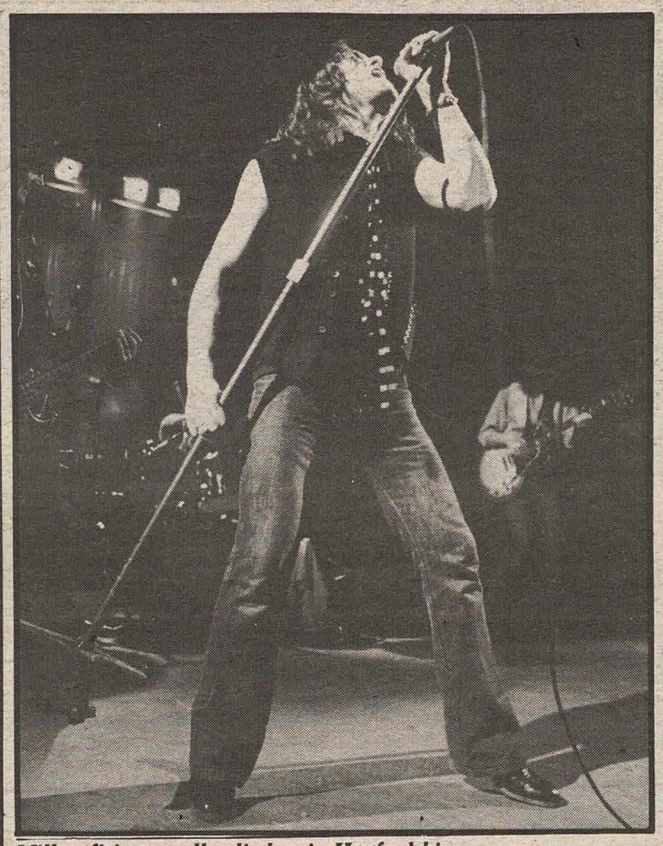
Witness their mesmerising version of Creedence Clearwater Revival's "Walkin' On The Water", which, at that pace and in that environment, still came through dark and ominous.

Hell's delivery is the mirror-image of the band's: taut, manic and pressurized to the point of being crazed, but never over it.

Not once did they stray into the realms of mindless flailing; they just held on tight to the arrangements and balanced on the knife edge.

I would willingly have waited another four hours to see them do it again.

Paul Rambali



Miller, firing on all cylinders in Hertfordshire.
Pic: MATTHEW TAYLOR

The man who inspires tender love and cliches

Frankie Miller
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD

I'M BEGINNING to feel paranoid when I write reviews because half the adjectives I use always seem to turn up in next week's Cliche City list. My thesaurus is getting well thumbed.

Now I'm really for it, because I've written about Frankie Miller a few times and I always like him so I guess I'm running out of things to say about him that aren't boring (see tedious).

I don't know how to put it better than to say he's a superb (see excellent) singer and I like hearing him.

The present Full House aren't backroom boys to be overlooked either. With B. J. Wilson on drums, Mickey Moody on guitar, Chrissy Stewart on bass, Paul Carrack on keyboards and Chris Mercer and Martin Drover on sax and trumpet, Frankie has to keep his socks up.

There's no room in his present company for the Tartan Terror to trundle on stage heavily lubricated and flounder around for a bit, as he has been known to do a time or two in the past. And he seems well aware of this, showing a growing command and consistency in his forceful (see strong, assertive, compelling) delivery.

In fact, although on this particular night Frankie didn't ascend into his occasionally magical (see thaumaturgy) intensity, it was all fine, disciplined but exciting stuff.

The standards of the Miller repertoire have had their life expectancy boosted by the new musicians, with the fresh interest of Wilson's inventive drumming and the horns.

And there are some surprise elements in the newer additions to the set that work tremendously well — imagine taking "The Tennessee Waltz" as a sort of fast rockabilly swing, for instance.

The direction indicators in the new numbers are pointing to a more Stax-oriented funk than the brisker rockers I personally prefer.

But that's where Frankie's heart always has been, and there are no quibbles from me about his performance of, say, "Higher And Higher".

He needs this band pushing him, and it promises to be a more than satisfactory teaming.

The only danger in this line-up is that when the volume is as incredibly loud as it was this time the band is often on the brink of overwhelming the singer. Anybody without Frankie's gawdalmighty pipes would be lost.

I'll still say it loudly — he's one of the greats (see supreme, influential).

Angie Errigo

Hell and Rotten, orchestrating encores. *Pic: GUS STEWART*

Siouxsie, looking for a gig with The Stranglers?
Pic: GUS STEWART

GEN X. Pic: STEVENSON

Mixed facets of Le Punk

Generation X
PARIS

I RECENTLY saw Generation X play three nights in Paris at the Club Gibu, a venue specialising in Le Punk — which, as far as Frogs go, appears to have more than a hint of Browns and Fiorucci about it. And the impression given by the differing qualities of the gigs — in terms of material, style and quality — was that the four members of the band are still not always making contact with the core of Generation X.

However, when it *does* happen, when the forces are appropriately canalized, they present punk oneness on an almost Clash-like scale, makeing it logical to suggest that the band are already up in fourth punk place behind the Pistols, Clash and Damned.

After all, Generation X do appear to have set themselves apart from The Rest by their transcendence of the one-dimensionality of most punk subject matter.

Friday's gig began with an excellent new number, "Promises Promises" (only this weekend turned down as The New Single in favour of "Wild Youth"), slowish with a very potent hook plus a biting, twisted ending when the song shifts off on a totally different tangent.

Derwood, certainly a future guitar hero, turned in a tasty, menacing combination of minimalism and lyricism.

On his op art t-shirt Derwood sported the four words "Generation X Loud Guitarist" which (certainly for the convenient purpose of this review anyway) can be taken as a symbol of the campness that floats about the band. The t-shirts, made for them all by bassist Tony James, present the band's name and song titles ("Youth Youth Youth", "Wild Youth"), and the image and name of vocalist Billy idol himself, all welding together into a very definite Band Image embellished with a hint of surreal feyness.

It was unfortunate that Billy was hampered by a duff microphone, making it appear that he was really just a Fabian-esque pretty face stooge. In reality, as can be made out on the about-to-be-released single, "Child Youth", he's a prime New Wave exponent of restrained vocal power.

He is also a very powerful onstage figure indeed, as we saw on "London Life" when he leaned heavily on the proscenium arch out into the audience, legs straddled and running with sweat, a contradictory mixture of lounge lizard cool and archly fatigued stud.

Gen X's visual balance is, in fact, quite aesthetically cool, with Idol and drummer Mark Laff, the band's rock solid new breed culture heroes, occupying the stage centre and balanced out with the classic Sensitive Beautiful Loser post-urings of Derwood and James.

James appeared to be the provider of the energy spark — witness "Kleenex", when with his Lemmy-influenced nonstop chug-a-lug bass riffs seemed to duet with Derwood's guitar-work much of the time and drove the whole outfit along.

Indeed, the whole set was very racy indeed, utilising an almost Ramones-like sense of urgency underneath the edge of constant striving experimentation.

James's onstage image closeness to Mick Jones was most striking, although since both were founder members of London SS and are close friends this shouldn't perhaps have been too surprising.

Perhaps the most initially fazing impression was not only how recent are many of the band's roots but also how poppy are those roots. However, as I also used to find early Gary Glitter and Sweet records to be as devastatingly good as did the four members of the band, not too much suspension of disbelief is required for me to get heavily into Generation X.

Chris Salewicz

Camden Jazz Week
THE ROUNDHOUSE

THE OPENING night of Jazz Centre Society's Camden Jazz Week looked on paper like the lion lies down with the lamb. Don Weller is the very epitome of the boozer band spirit, a Dr Feelgood of the tenor saxophone who will give it one, way-hey! because that's what your side arm's for.

To leave this blowout of roast beef, his band, Major Surgery, work like dervishes to switch the points, stop-time, hoe-down, shuffle. Drummer Tony Marsh has to be one of the most flexible players around, and what sinuousness there is in Big Don's locomotive advance is down to him.

Rooted in Rollins, the leader's sound is booming, will pin the ears flat to the head, and —like Gene Ammons — is best pitted against another horn. I like Major Surgery, but prefer the Weller-Themen blowing battles in Stan Tracey's Octet.

Eberhard Weber's Colours hoe a very different row. Texture is at a premium here, nor — with the tigerish John Marshall in the drums — is wallop lacking.

Weber, playing a bodyless bass of obscure Italian origin which he found in an antique shop, conjures up a vast range of sounds. With electronic assistance, the instrument can switch from sitar to tabla, and possibly wake Weber up with a cup of tea in the morning for aught I know, which raises an interesting question. What axis of judgement does one employ for this miscellaneous Fort Knox of sounds?

Settling for suitability, I found his responses to the musical climate immaculate — always priming Charlie Mariano's saxophone flights with the relevant riff or meshing amazingly with Rainer Bruninghaus's forays inside the piano. Weber's solos scampered and trolled with a secure sense of pulse and structure, always imaginative, always succinct.

In the main, Mariano was workmanlike. Playing soprano and flute on "Sand" and nagaswaram on "Sand Glass", he subordinated himself to the group spectrum, coming into his old-style spearhead alto only on "Chicken Chicane" which had this pensioner's beret among the rafters. Mingus used him best.

Friday night featured Freddie Hubbard, or rather, Freddie's band for the first three minutes due to the star's delay. A bunch of anonymous jazz-rockers, and for me the yawns came thick and fast. By the time Hubbard arrived the cupboard was bare and I for one found it hard to disassociate star from stodge.

Not a problem for Hubbard, however, who played with consumate technique, the tone ravishingly burnished, the high notes, swoops and slurs pouring forth with ease. Contemptuous ease, I'm tempted to opine, as Hubbard strutted about the stage like a man drunk on his own reputation, glaring at the trumpet after executing a perfect Immelmann Turn as if to say 'Shee-it! Fella could *really* cut some stuff if only he hadn't got this cockamamie horn'. Hubbard's been worrying Miles for years. Quite right.

Brian Case

FREDDIE HUBBARD: shining in stodge

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STAN GETZ

■ *From page 44*

He stopped about two years ago, and he found that if he got back in the music business he started to drink again. It's an occupational hazard of being a musician. Also, he became a counsellor for alcoholics and that helps him stay off himself.

"Now, until he gets stronger — and I know that period, I had that period — where I was afraid — I'm hoping he gets to that point where he can come out onto the road."

After "Focus", Getz moved into the million-sellers with the bossa nova. With guitarist Charlie Byrd he cut the "Jazz Samba" album with the hit track "Desafinado", and followed this up by teaming up with the Brazilians, Antonio Carlos Jobim and Joao Gilberto for "Getz-Gilberto".

So how did the Hit Parade affect him?

"I say don't look a gift horse in the mouth. Wonderful. I sacrificed no artistic integrity to do it, and I still love the music and play it from time to time. What else d'ya wanna know about it?"

Hmmm . . . Er, mumble mumble accessibility?

"You never can know if you're gonna make another. You just make the most beautiful music you can find, and that's it. Lemme say once and for all — I'm in this world to make beautiful music and not to make money."

And also, with great deliberation, a pot of tea for the assembled. Golden teapot, fresh cream, little enthusiasm for my offer of a roll-up — "Not really, you roll them too thin, you roll them like you smoke pot" — Stan Getz lives well.

"Personally speaking, I've been lucky that way. I have a pretty high standard of living. The ones that deserve it have it. A few don't, but maybe it's their own fault. I don't know. I happen to have a wife who has looked after us — that old corny saying that behind every good man there's a — what?"

"Good woman," I proferred, always on the toes.

"Right. It worked in my case because I don't know the first thing about business."

He can and does call the shots. Good pianos, daily piano tuners, good dressing room, two shows a night. "And you invite all the people you want, make sure they have good seats. There was a senator that wasn't allowed to come in in Washington last time because it was all sold out, and rather than bump one of my freebies, the poor senator couldn't come."

Sidemen, knowing his reputation as a career-launcher — Horace Silver, Chick Corea, Ron Carter, Gary Burton, Steve Swallow, Airto Moreira, Stanley Clarke, Mike Gibbs — flock to audition. Monica Getz comes in with a cassette from Wayne Shorter. It's a single from "Heavy Weather". Getz ups and jives like a jogger. "My favourite band," he pants. "This is really black music from the '40s. Great."

Glenn Matlock, Midge Ure. *Pic: Kevin Cummins*

Rich Kids — a slik operation but. . .

Rich Kids

LIVERPOOL

A FEW MONTHS ago, an age in terms of the intense, elusive punk/etc culture acceleration, I remarked to my cuddly panda in a moment of rare sleepy introversion that a group to treasure could well combine the spirit, aggression, pop pose of Slik and The Sex Pistols, two interesting examples of end-product transcending initial manipulation.

This whispered wishful-thinking intimacy was prior to Glen Matlock's inevitable exit from McLaren's loveless bourgeois/attitude situation cut-outs.

Matlock's pet project became the Rich Kids, and he seemed to spend a lot of time making sure that they were . . . perfect.

He needed a front man to wield choice guitar and croon toughly. Howard Devoto was an original choice but Devoto's pose is one of alienation / disturbance, hardly the necessary smooth / sharp identification-pose down-to-earth Matlock desired, which ex-Slicker Midge Ure certainly has.

The Matlock/Devoto couplet thankfully fell through, the Ure/Matlock one patiently solidified. Ure and Matlock, two of a kind, previously trapped in unsuitable circumstances, to-gether. For ever. And ever.

The Rich Kids play vacuous, trivial, unaffecting, but quite charming hard surging pop that is so easy to develop an on the spot fondness for and so easy to forget.

They're sharp-looking, precious and precocious . . . visually Pistols and Slik; when merged they merely regress into the land of '60s Small Faces aggress-pop as opposed to inspiring modern sparks — but it was always pointed out that Matlock's affections lay well within the '60s, and without Jones/Rotten's gutteral appropriations that's where they slumber, charmingly if nothing else, with The Rich Kids.

They played "Pretty Vacant", which was amusing, and "Sha La La", which was fun. No sparks, but lots of fun. Glen seemed to enjoy himself, sharing vocal duties with his good comrade Midge. Midge seemed to enjoy himself, sharing vocal duties with his good comrade Glen.

Still, they're gonna have to be a little more than pleasing archaic pop exponents with a neat line in dress, 'cos there's a lot of better stuff around.

And that's a shame. Ask my cuddly panda.

Paul Morley

PLEASERS? NO THANKS

The Pleasers

ROCHESTER CASTLE, LONDON

WHEN THE Raspberries did their heavy metal Beatles impressions a few years ago it was a surprise, a novelty, and enough of a hybrid to be exciting on '70s terms.

When The Flamin' Groovies came over wearing the Beatle suits and opening their set with a note-perfect version of "I Feel Fine", followed later by "Hold Me Tight" and "Please Please Me", it was funny, nostalgic, exciting and slightly sad.

When The Pleasers pull the same trick in Stoke Newington, only with a set made up almost entirely of self-composed tunes which sound like the stuff the Fab Four rejected in '63/'64, it's just rather uninspiring.

As someone else said, "Good for five minutes."

The Pleasers expect to be big, mind you. "The Lifebuoy Generation", Will Birch dubbed it the other day — clean boys playing clean pop; next year's big thing apparently.

"We're going to be the first new wave band (sic) for kids who are interested by the music but put off by the bands", Pleasers singer Steve McNerney told one interviewer recently.

How marvellous. Them and The Stukas and Amazorblades and Dwight Twilley and Tom Petty and Greg Kihn — and, on the recorded evidence at least only Kihn with any depth to his music, and heart to back up the style. His new single, "For You" towers over the rest like "I Wanna Hold Your Hand" next to some turkey Merseybeat compilation.

The Pleasers don't even stand in the right positions, Paul-George-Johnwise. They should be playing Baileys nightclubs with the Dakotas and The Tremeloes.

Phil McNeill

Gordon Beck, Quarternity

LEEDS PLAYHOUSE

AN UNGODLY place and an ungodly hour. As the theatregoers ambled out, the jazz buffs filed in. Leeds Playhouse is a cold, functional forum entirely suited to those repellantly unemotional aspects of modern jazz.

This was a shame, for the first half of the concert was devoted to a youngish British pianist, Gordon Beck, who possesses a warm and relaxed talent.

Much of his early inspiration derived from Bill Evans, a most flexible and inventive stylist, while his execution reminds one irresistibly of Keith Jarrett. But Beck has developed a voice of his own and if he can learn to admix greater risks with the rock-bottom certainty of his technique, the dividends should be remarkable.

The second half was taken up by bill-toppers Quarternity, led by Henry Lowther, session man to the stars for nigh on two decades, and Art Themen the saxophonist cum surgeon.

Lowther on trumpet and flugelhorn and Themen doubling on tenor and soprano saxes combine to make a most mellifluous front line. Quarternity's music is straightforward jazz — atonality and aleatorics rarely rear their ugly heads.

Despite the conventional framework of soloists and rhythm section, they manage to communicate a collective rapport that would leave most rock bands on the starting blocks.

Lowther himself is a graceful trumpeter, his ebullient tone and poised phrasing making him one of the most distinctive players in England.

Ultimately though, Quarternity lack that sense of desperation from which great jazz almost always comes, and whilst they may pleasantly divert, they rarely entrance.

Andrew Simmons

Karla Bonoff

LA folksy cool for cool folk

Karla Bonoff

BOTTOM LINE, NEW YORK

FIRST SOME background: Karla Bonoff grew up near the Los Angeles Troubadour and in the early '60s played at the Monday night hoots alongside James Taylor, Neil Young, The Stone Poneys with Linda Ronstadt, Steven Stills, Tim Buckley and Jackson Browne.

It's no accident then that she sounds as LA folkrock as can be or that Russell Kunkel, Leland Sklar, Andrew Gold, Wendy Waldman and Ronstadt all played on her debut album.

She opened at the Bottom Line with "I Can't Hold On", bringing a cool California presence to New York.

She has a slightly hard edge to her voice which isn't noticeable on the album. Of course comparisons immediately spring to mind with Carole King and Linda Ronstadt — the Ronstadt association being obvious since Linda used three of Karla's songs on her "Hasten Down The Wind" album.

It was like the first days of hearing Carole King singing "Natural Woman" and "Up On The Roof", songs that other voices had made famous now sung by their original author.

Karla, a long tall woman in a black dress, moved to the piano. "Say You Will . . ." in a sing-whisper, sometimes a little breathy. I found myself liking her — but not her band.

They were a sleepy Californian bunch of professionals, shipped over and inflated backstage - so smooth and laid-back and mechanical that no-one stood out except perhaps Ed Black on steel guitar.

The other guys (Beau Siegel, drums; Brad Palmer, bass; Chris Montana, guitar) just had no stage presence at all and didn't in any way reach the standard of the Hollywood heavies who played on the album.

There was a sense of a private performance to friends, even though her communication with the audience was minimal. Her songs only really attain their fullest meaning in the privacy of one's own room.

Miles

TROWER TALK

Robin has come up with 'In City Dreams', a recording of considerable maturity and authority that finds the guitarist working in what amounts to a virtually new musical language, but with that same authoritative stamp that declares it as Trower through and through.

JOHN ORME
MELODY MAKER

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THE NEW ALBUM
FROM ROBIN TROWER.

Chrysalis Records & Tapes

Gnoming, Gnoming, Gnone

(Sorry, couldn't resist it)

Daevid Allen
SHEFFIELD

THE FIRST thing you notice about Daevid Allen's latest set-up is the miniscule amount of equipment there is on the stage. Jeez, a pot-head pixie could set this lot up in ten minutes.

A far cry indeed from former fellow-traveller Star Hillage's approach to such things. . .

The second thing you notice is the audience. This is the first concert I've been to in ages where I can sit in a chair at the back of the hall and still see everything happening onstage, over the heads of the cross-legged masses.

The noxious stink of patchouli wafts gently around the place, mingling with the occasional whiff of illegality. The overwhelming impression is of a group of people deliberately forcing themselves into a stereotypical role — an observation just as valid for those spiky-barnet audiences, too.

Inauthenticity rules, dear friends.

Things take off, of course, with synthesised rushings and burblings, to which is added, after a short while, an unimpressive rock riff.

Three runaways from Miss Primm's Finishing School for Girls prance on and practise Greek Dancing, clad in smocks with waist-ribbons and tights.

And then. . .

And then along comes Allen, wearing dressing-gown, long johns and a ridiculous silvery polyhedral helmet, (save it for sharpening your razorblades the cosmic way, mate!), mutteringing something about "Floating Anarchy Radio".

"The news is that politics has been abolished", claims Australia's answer to Angela Rippon.

Oh yeah?

The *real* news is that politics is alive and kicking, and that anachronism achieves nothing, my dear.

Still, give the bloke credit where it's due: his "Our fathers who art in power" rap ("Astronauts are heroes, yet you prosecute explorers of the mind", etc.) is charged with a vitriol absent in the old Allen.

No happy acceptance of the Cosmic Tao here — this guy's getting just a little pissed off, it seems. Of course, it could just be a punked-up version of the same old thing, for the '70s sake.

Not quite as beautiful as it used to be, eh, maaaan?

Musically, it's a bit more rocky-riffy than of old, although the synth's just as cosmically aimless as ever, and the dancers just as graceless.

Truly, the last outpost of the summerlove sensation.

Mind you, for the most part, the intention's the same — brain-damage via spacey-synth and glissando-guitar for the mushroomed masses out front. Some of it, I'll admit, isn't without a certain nostalgic beauty.

Then, just when I was prepared to give him the thumbs-up, he had to go and spoil it.

Misquoting Marx, (not in itself a sin), he turns to the subject of addiction to introduce a song about same from drummer Kif Kif Le Batteur.

"There's lots of things to get addicted to. Television, for one. And money. Who can do without money?"

Embarrassed silence, (where in the past a few would have lied), then a solitary voice shouts "No-one!".

"Do you really think so? Really? I think I can do without money. Yes, I'm quite sure I don't need money. . . ."

Oh yeah, maaan?

Then why didn't you tell everyone just how you made your last album, eh? "Recorded, mixed and all at home by Daevid" it says here.

Using — and I quote — two Teac 4-track recorders, two Revox A77 recorders with Taylor Hutchinson Stereo Echo Conversion, one DBX Compressor/Limiter, two Allen & Heath Minimixers, one Soundcraftsman Graphic Equalizer, and an unspecified number of AKG 202 mikes.

These "Soundcraftsman Graphic Equalizers" grown on trees, do they?

And the song, when it comes, is a peach: *"Addicted to money and the city life — better get out while the going's good"*.

Right on, man. Trouble is, a lot of us don't have too much choice in the matter. And most of us ain't had enough money to get addicted to the damn stuff.

Andy Gill

Bethnal
MUSIC MACHINE

AS CHURCHILL would have said "Never was so much played by so many to so few." I wish I'd taken a white flag, and free admission before 10.30 with this ad. too. Maybe there was something good on the tele that night.

After a bearded gent had announced them as if proclaiming the cure for the common cold (i.e. "eureka!") we got action in the form of Bethnal, with "Soldier Boy".

The mad thing is, the stage at the Music Machine is in the wrong position — so I spent the first two numbers looking for the best sightline because one thing you don't do when watching Bethnal is take your eyes off them. Unfortunately the best place is at the back.

Bethnal operate on you in two speeds. Their opening blast takes you aback — it's as if they've been onstage for an hour already and you have to blink to sort out if you fell asleep an hour ago.

The second speed occurs when they've been onstage for ten minutes, which is sometime during their dance number called "Bartok". Or as their vocalist / violinist / keyboard player says — "The dance-floor's down there! Alright?!" It's twice the first.

After their drummer comes up to the mike to shout hullo — an experience similar to watching a goalkeeper score a goal with his head!

While he's talking the rest of the team start "Who dat you're talking to?" And by the time he's strolled to his skins and kit they are well away. When the drums come in, it's perfect — this ain't choreography, not when you've been together five years.

"Let's see everybody clap!" And into "Baba O Reilly" without the backing tapes (or safety net). In fact the keyboard riff is played single-handed! A spotlight flashes over the decor!! I bang my head against the wall!!!

A song called "Superstar"? Anyway — Bethnal use it to demonstrate the three-chord trick in spectacular style; the drumming is especially syncopated. Two more high energy songs later they're off. No encore.

The D.J. says "Someone just remarked that it's like a church in here tonight." Well, true, but the fact that Bethnal delivered to a small congregation a performance both potent and engaging bodes well for such things as records and American tours.

Bethnal are about bringing things together. They work hard at communication, atmosphere, enjoyment and expletive great rock music. They've also got their own dance, which resembles someone ice-skating down an escalator (coming-up!).

Valerie Gaywood

Dwight Twilley Band
BOTTOM LINE, NEW YORK

THE DWIGHT Twilley Band played modern music — austere not funky.

It was high-pitched skull music with the guitar, bass and keyboards all very sparse and separate from each other so that the musical construction was not so much textural as architectural.

It was a little thing to what I'd been expecting, particularly on numbers like "I'm On Fire".

Twilley switched to acoustic for "Chance To Get Away" and "You're So Warm" with the other guys providing high register harmonies like the early Hollies. It was very melodic and crisp.

He seems to fill whatever gap exists between Tom Petty and the Talking Heads.

The Petty connection of course comes from their friendship, (in fact Dwight is reputed to sing on Petty's "Strangered In The Night"). The Talking Heads connection comes from the use of small songs about simple experiences given straightforward treatment.

He chose to concentrate on rock material and, with Phil Seymour's drum kit given prominence by being placed right up front of the stage, there was a heavy rhythmic component and some interesting interchanges between drums and piano.

This kind of juxtaposition gave a lot of space in the overall sound.

Towards the end of the set Dwight took to bunny-hopping round the stage, making rather heavy weather of some fairly rudimentary rhythm guitar work.

The band also had a curious habit of all pointing in the air and grinning at the end of each number; not that this really detracted from the sounds of good rock and roll playing, particularly the two closing numbers: "Rock 'n' roll 47" and "TV", an update of the old "Rip It Up" riff.

Yeah, he was good, but I think that people were expecting just a little bit more.

Miles

China
SHEFFIELD

ON THE showing of their album and this concert, China are nothing so much as an exercise in superfluity.

I'd venture to suggest that had they not been able to make use of the Old Boys Act, they'd never have made an album, let alone done a tour with full-page press ads.

Formed — if one is to believe their press release — as a result of Elton's advice to guitarist Davey Johnstone and keyboardsman James Newton-Howard, they're a classic case of sidemen getting above their station.

I don't mean that nastily; it's just that the ability to play an instrument competently has absolutely nothing to do with the ability to write good material.

Elton, for all his faults, had a gift for a good tune. China have not. Without him, they're lost.

They worked their way through a selection of tracks from the album, (best of which were the opener "Savage" and the almost-hummable "For A While"), plus a couple of others.

Exciting it wasn't.

Apparently, the 400-strong audience at Sheffield was the largest of the tour, and I'll bet a fair percentage of 'em came in the hope that E.J. would renege on his recent retirement promise.

He didn't show, but Kiki Dee did, for the encore "Into Eternity".

Which was also unastonishing.

Stablemates/support band The Foster Brothers purveyed competent boogie-funk and Britblues, sang about Harlem and Atlanta, and were reminiscent, on some songs, of pub-rock Yankophiles Ace.

Both bands supported the theory that Elton has far more money that taste.

Andy Gill

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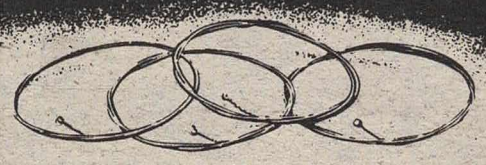

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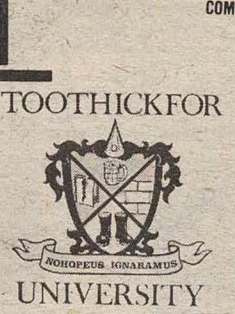
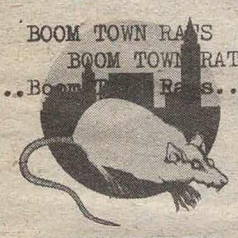


251. TO THICK FOR UNIVERSITY

703. STRANGLERS



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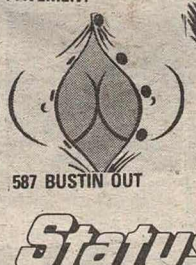


587 BUSTIN OUT

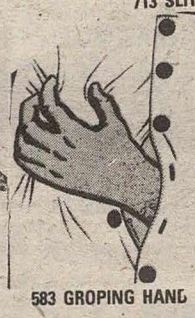
169. EAGLE

720. YES (GLITTER)

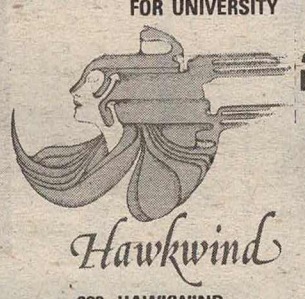
186. STATUS QUO

730. GITANES

125. VULTURES



583 GROPING HAND



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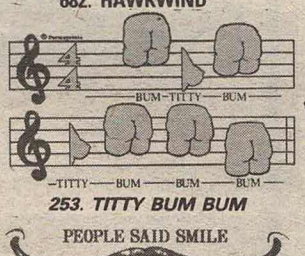
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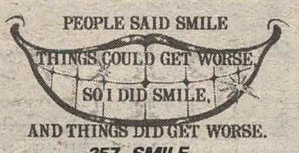

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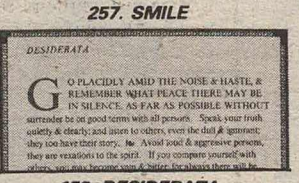
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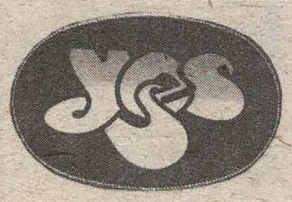

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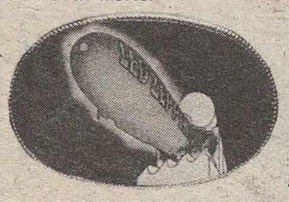

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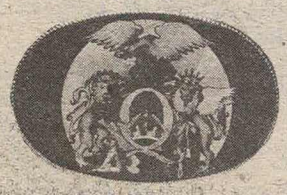

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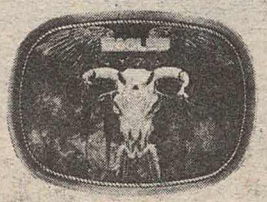

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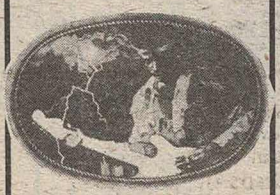

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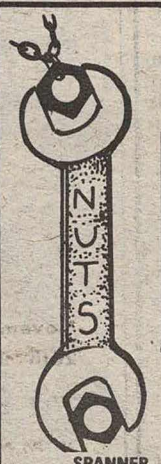

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P148 Poco

A75 Starship

R3. Eagles on the Border

X1005 New Robert Plar

X1063 N Riders of the Purple Sage

A82. Eagle

P5407 Alice Cooper— Lace & Whiskey

R5 New Eagles

F25. Play Safe

R416 Led Zeppelin

FOR THAT GET UP & GO FEELING

F121 X-Lax

P618 Boston

I Had a Hard Day F963

F9. Happy Here

SW2 Life Is a Garden, Dig It!

R801 Ted Nugent

To all you Virgins... thanks for nothing!

F497 — Thanks for Nothing

A3 Santana

X149 Outlaw Rifle

R27 Doobie Bros

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A81 Virgin

Elvis Presley

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F122 Grind You Down

P946 ELO NW Record (Also available ELO Face the Music Ruby Slippers)

X1006 David Bowie

F916 Thank God its Friday

F4. Beer Drinkers

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F496 Belly Buttons Need Love Too

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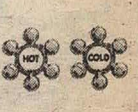
F7. Dazzle Em



Hot and Cold (F186)

F5. I want your body

P141 Jefferson Starship

Thin Lizzy Jailbreak (P347)

Thin Lizzy Johnny the Fox (P348)

Thin Lizzy Bad Reputation (P349)

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G16 Starship

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G7 Led Zeppelin

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G9 Bad Company

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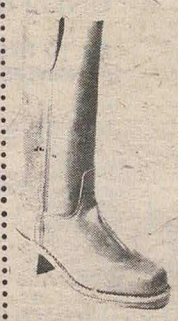

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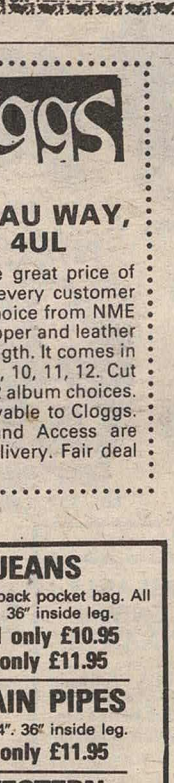

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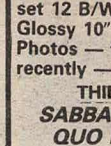

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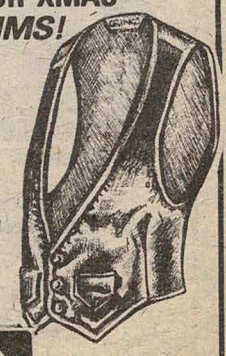

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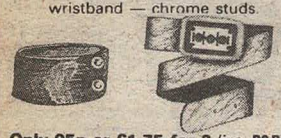

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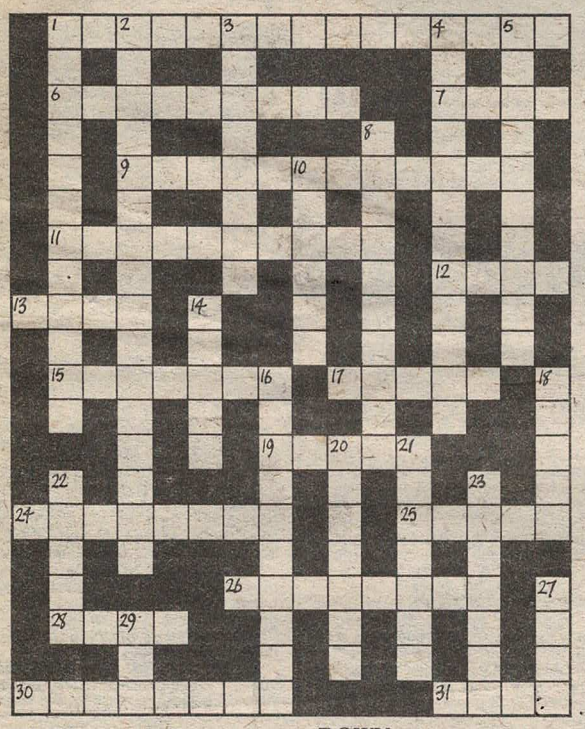

ACROSS
1 Skynyrd's last album? (6,9)
6 Chairman of the Board, Entertainer (Rtd.) (5,4)
7 & 27 Stiff's 'house' producer, recent outside jobs include Graham Parker and the Feelgoods
9 A former Turtle, one half of Fluorescent Leech and Eddie (6,6)
11 Were they (nudge nuge) *instrumental* in Harry Webb's early career? (3,7)
12 Achievement, as in "Time Loves A Hero"?
13 & 22 Semi-legendary American-born producer, worked on early Who and Kinks classic recordings
15 See 26
17 The Muppett with sex appeal!
19 The song that brought the Moody Blues to prominence — a 1965 No. 1 (2,3)
24 Recently re-formed the band his departure caused to break up in 1969
25 & 18 McCartney's resistance to his managerial take-over was one of prime causes of Beatles' split
26 & 15 Charm Joan, hit Ann (anag. 8,7)
28 See 31
30 See 10
31 & 28 An original member of Spencer Davis Group, he went on to form duo with Eddie Hardin

DOWN
1 By Santana after The Zombies (4,3,5)
2 It is not advisable to tell this man that heavy metal guitar heroes have had their day (7,9)
3 Co-founded the Rising Sons with Ry Cooder, the pair of them sharing an abiding interest in American musical forms (3,5)
4 Their quasi-psychedelic version of the Supremes' "You Keep Me Hangin' On" has become a minor league rock classic (7,5)
5 Had a surprise hit last year with a song based on a Jane Fonda movie (6,4)
8 Fast in mood (anag. 4,6)
10 & 30 Despite the name, not even in the same family
14 I Pop as he's known to Mom and Pop Pop
16 The Silver Bullet man as Twilight Prowler? (5,5)
18 See 25
20 Descriptive of the music/title of hit compilation album of same (3,4)
21 Jazz-rock, meteorologically speaking!
22 See 13 across
23 Ms Debbie Harry's alter-ego and band of the same name
27 See 7
29 The first casualty of punk — the fame (gulp) was just too much

ACROSS: 1 "Heroes"; 3 Chris Wood; 7 "Love You Live"; 10 Mayo; 11 Dick Taylor; 13 Average White; 15 Stranglers; 16 sid (Vicious); 17 Ted; 19 Graham Nash; 23 Supremes; 24 "High"; 25 Band; 26 Nazareth; 27 Jam. **DOWN:** 1 "Holidays In The Sun"; 2 "Egyptian Reggae"; 4 "River (Deep Mountain High)"; 5 (Bill) Wyman; 6 "Judy Teen"; 8 Vicious; 9 "Mountain"; 12 Jerry Nolan; 14 (Gregg) Allman; 18 "Deep"; 20 Argent; 21 "Hejira"; 22 John (Mayo).

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MUSICIANS WANTED

DRUMMER AND bassist wanted, no experience needed. Epsom 25372. Enthusiasm essential. Gorden Chorlton. Epsom 25372.

DI ARRHOEA punk acoustic, orange hair. Gobs well, seeks punk pervert who plays anything. Must be into Garelli mopeds. Chalfont 4525.

LEAD GUITARIST, preferably Ron Wood's son. Into Stones etc., for band that's gonna raunch and roll straight to the top. 01 249 0501.

LEAD SINGER / rhythm guitarist wanted. Strong voice — positive outlook (drunkard), enthusiasm, age 16-20. (We play everything). Ring John, 01-675 1149.

BASS PLAYER needed immediately to rehearse noo toons. Phone Friday, Hugh 01-969 3344.

THIS END UP needs bass into rock / funk / blues. Gigs local and Europe soon. Must have transport. 01-501 1293. Phil.

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BASSIST WANTED to join lead, rhythm, flute, drums, synthesizer. Accommodation waiting (cheap). Transport an advantage. Ring Mike, Guildford 68319.

GUITAR, SAX, bass needed to form outrageous band with drummer and synthesizer into Tubes, Roxy, new wave. Cliff. Hatfield 67929.

FRONTMAN WITH something special to complete ambitious new wave pop group. 01-505 3256.

BASSIST / VOCALIST wanted by void. Urgent! Gigs waiting. Gutsy player, strong image. New wave / Hammill / Roxy / Eno / Doors / originality. 01-552 4141 or 01-229 0059.

BASSIST, LEAD guitarist or keyboards / lyricist wanted for new wave band, under 18. North London. 01-446 0574, Georgie. After 5pm.

6PM after 811235 Portsmouth Phone essential enthusiasm and ideas gear own band wave new for drummer and bass wanted.

NEW BREEDS be brave, guitars, keyboards, drums (Bowie freaks, Bolanites, Germanoids) young hearts run wild. Phone Adrian 01-673 6659 after 6 now!

TONES NEED drummer very soon. New wave gigs. Phone 01-720 1524.

VIOLATORS NEED good bassist / prepared to work hard / good gear essential — Ring Colin 01-310 0810 between 12-2pm. No one stringers!

DRUMMER WANTED for new wave band forming. Must live in N.E. London. Phone Kev 01-551 2932 between 5-7 evenings.

LEAD GUITARIST required for gigging. New wave band, no chancers, own stack and transport essential. Phone Bed 01-658 6518 evenings only.

BASS AND rhythm guitarists seek punks, punkettes to form band. Ability unimportant, equipment essential. R. Robinson. 15 Walcot Square, London SE11.

BASSIST AND rhythm wanted to join amateur but amitious rock band. Ian, Woking 70589.

YOUNG DRUMMER for forming band. Looking for new angle. Velvets, Beefheart, Iggy, Dub, Television. Gig prospects promising. Ring Steve 01-800 2246.

SINGER, FEMALE, wants to form / join rock band. No experience but enthusiastic. Loners, beginners, anybody welcome! Moyra, 26 Basing Hill, London NW11.

BASS FOR modern band. Original material. Gigs soon. 01-733 3711.

WANTED THREE persons, girl vocalist 20'ish, lead guitarist and drummer for South London (Croydon actually) band now forming, into Dylan. 01-688 0769, Ken.

DAVE BARRATT needs a bassist and a drummer with transport and gear. No wankers. No previous experience needed. Phone 01-599 5742.

FORM BAND. T. Rex, Wishbone Ash, not punk, need drummer, bass, lead guitar. No bums, must be 17/19, sincere, have equipment. Bob Wilson, 11 Leas Dale, Coldharbour Estate, SE9.

FEMALE SINGER and guitarist need drummer, bass, keyboards to form band. S.E. area. Willing to rehearse. Ring 01-701 8457 after 7pm.

THE CLAP need a manic drummer and lead guitarist with guts. The Clap rool. Dolly Dancer sings. Vic Vomit vomits. Portsmouth 28338.

BASSIST WANTED (15-17) to join hard rock band. Own gear, transport essential. Turning pro. No gimps. (Harrow). Andy 01-204 8244.

ANIMAL TYPE drummer for punk band. Urgent. M Stephenson, 45 Kingsway, Blackwater, Camberley, Surrey.

DRUMMER WANTED: Nice guy for nice band. 18/21 years. Ambition over ability, no pricks or pros. Phone Steve, 01-560 5372.

DRUMMER REQUIRED. Punk / new wave, 16-22. Experience and ability unnecessary, Kit essential. London area. Write to Richard, 15 Walcot Square, SE11.

PUNK BAND want drummer now! 01-592 7682 or Ingebourne 41899.

GUITARIST AND vocalist, 16-20, to join inexperienced bass and drums. Into Zeppelin, Bad. Co etc. No pros. Females considered. Berkhamsted 6533.

NEW WAVE R'n'B drummer for band in Enfield North London area. No pros. Nick 01-366 2690.

VOCALIST / GUITARIST required for professional group. Commercial, progressive, funk. 18-25. Ring Maidstone 831439 or Medway 43701.

LEAD GUITARIST for new band. Own gear and transport. Reading not required. Work offers. No time wasters. 01-771 3292.

VIXEN, SOFT rock band need tasteful, solid, adaptable drummer. Age immaterial — experience essential. Work waiting. Phone Alison — Windsor 53724 (6-7pm).

NEW WAVE/R & B drummer wanted, North London / Enfield area. Nick 01-366 2690.

SONIC GRASSLAND'S require bass guitarist for recording and gigs, into Zeppelin, Stones. Contact Nigel Dorrill, 13 Soho Square, London W1.

STRUGGLING GUITARIST lead / slide seeks other musicians, solid rock, R 'n' R, R & B, share interest. Write Paul 40 High St., Sturry, Kent.

NAME GROUP (theatrical rock) urgently require female lead and bass guitarist. Immediate work waiting. (No time wasters please). Phone Marilyn — 01-584 2902.

NEW WAVE drummer wanted. Must not be too experienced, but must live in N.E. London. Phone Kevin 01-551 2932.

YOUNG EXPERIENCED enthusiastic electric pianist required to complete original commercial rock band. Excellent recording, gigging prospects. Tony, Hatfield 63643 Now!

YOUNG DRUMMER for forming punk band, Camberley, Ascot area. Own gear essential. Marc, 45 Kingsway, Blackwater, Camberley, Surrey.

SOUTHAMPTON AREA. New wave bassist, drummer urgently required. Record deal imminent. No pensioners. Call, 24 Bonchurch Close, Bassett Green, Southampton.

PUNK LYRICIST (Pistols, Clash, Dolls) wants to contact brother / sister punks to form band. Phone 10am — 12am or 10pm or 10pm — 12pm weekdays (0268) 25353, Brian, Basildon.

DRUMMER FLEXIBLE efficient, wide minded, for original band ex-names. Rehearsing South Coast, conclusive accommodation available. Telephone 0304 20671 or 0304 207987.

DRUMMER, BASSIST / vocalist wanted to join 2 axe heroes in meaty rock band — no pros. Ring John, Walton-on-Thames 20158.

LUTON DRUMMER wanted. Upcoming R & B band. No previous gigging experience necessary. Phone Alan, Luton 596152.

CELLIST, BASSIST needed for newly forming group playing all original material. Details, contact 01-959 7207.

NEW WAVE artists, recording shortly, require proficient young lead guitarist with lotsa energy. 24 Bonchurch Close, Bassett Green, Southampton.

IMAGINATIVE MUSICIANS required. Bassist, vocalist and keyboardist to join rock / jazz band. Telephone Graham, Maidenhead 26800 or Kevin Maidenhead 27393.

KEEN UNMARRIED drummer needed for semi-pro rock band rehearsing near North London. Telephone evenings 01-807 9628 or 01-203 1640.

NEWER THAN new wave singer / songwriter guitarist seeks solid, inventive band. Lead, bass, drums with own P.A. Phone 01-658 6792.

CHRIST! NME's actually got us a drummer, now how about a bassist to complete band, no punks. Gordon, Haddenham 291294 (daytime).

SONGWRITING DUO guitars / bass / mandolin) forming Richard Thompson / Byrds type band, need drummer and other musicians. Recording possibilities. Martyn, 01-904 3300.

DRUMMER FOR Uxbridge based band. Original material Lizzy / Rush — pro-outlook. Intensive rehearsals, work waiting. Transport essential. Phone Roy 01-575 3662.

EXPERIENCED TENOR / alto sax player wanted for a good jazz / rock band. Contact Angelle at 101 Halsbury Road East, Northolt, Middx.

VOCALISTS WANTED

BAR-STARRED, punk group seek "Sinatra" type singer for bizarre musical experiment, crooners and yodellers welcome! Phone Jock, evenings only, 01-727 8070.

SINGER WANTED, must be prepared to tackle Motown coasters etc with enthusiasm for practising band. Live work in 1978. Chris 01-485 0681.

SINGER FOR original commercial ex-name new wave group. Dave 01-720 1675.

SINGER, RHYTHM guitarist required by newly formed band, aged 16-19. South East London area. Ring Aidan 01-670 4859.

FEMALE VOCALIST must be attractive, versatile and able to sing in tune for soft rock semi-pro band. Phone 01-393 4435.

HASTINGS AREA vocalist wanted for tuneful new wavish r'n'b ish band. Currently rehearsing. Must look good. Must move. Mick Hastings 424380.

MALE VOCALIST wanted (18-20) for group newly formed, have some own material. Contact Dave 01-671 0615. Transport would help. Tony Walker, 44 Barrow Road, S.W.16.

WORK WANTED

DESPERATE CITY guitarist / writer needs musical incompetents to play own stuff. No eunuchs or teds. Arty farties welcome. Hello Louise. 01-686 0588 Ext. 55.

LIVELY GUITARIST, clean style with class, seeks jazz / rock / blues band with feeling and taste. Pro / semi-pro. John, 01-930 2313 Ext. 222.

GUITARIST HAS gigged, needs spotty punks to play own material. I've got a foot in the door. C'mon bums, move. Phone Dave, 01-686 0588 Ext. 55.

COMPOSER / LYRICIST (with demo facilities). Heroes: Paul / Carly Simon, Wonder, Beatles, Who, seeks serious collaborator. (Two heads etc). Stevenage 820848.

LUVERLY LADY vocalist seeking band (own single due) into blues / rock / jazz / funk. No punx pleez! Into writing. C Vanzant, c/o Harlequin, 1 Kings Street, London W6.

GUITARIST / VOCALIST wants tight new wave band — Boomtowns — Pistols — Motors. Semi-pro and shit hot. No ultra pinheads. Noel 01-546 4890.

BASS / SOPHISTICATED acoustic piano / writer wants to become a household name and join inspired band. Nick, 27 Compayne Gardens, NW6.

GREATEST WHITE blooze singer in the World seeks other bigheads for showdown. If your mojo is working contact Steve, Bristol 40007.

DRUMMER NEEDED, (gig experience not necessary) to complete band. Original material, versatility kit and brain essential. Harry, 119 Harroway, Andover, Hants.

PETTY/LOFGREN flavour band with Page/Pearlman vision doesn't exist, but might, given bass, drums and vocals. — 0749 72913 evenings.

BLUES BAND urgently require second bass player and keyboards for university gigs, recording and fame b.o.f.'s only apply. — Topsham 3407.

NEW WAVE guitarist seeks other musicians to form Bristol new wave band. Phone John 0272-678739 after 6 pm.

MIDLANDS

MUSICIANS WANTED

DRUMMER WANTED to join punk band. Must be able to travel to Thurnby Lodge. Must have own drums. Leicester 412024.

DRUMMER AVAILABLE for North London band. Soul reggae, jazz, rock and most fusions. Session work considered. Phone Andy 01-889 2652.

PUNK BAND wanted for punk female (15), can't write nor sing too good but can use lungs. Sara Sugarman 01-992 2291.

TWO EXTROVERT females, loves punk and jazz / rock, wish to join group as vocalists. Susie, 2 West Mansions, Westbourne, Bournemouth.

RHYTHM GUITARIST Fender Strat seeks blues rock band. Phone Rick 01-555 9302 after 8pm.

POOR VOCALIST wants work, no experience but willing to learn. Likes Bowie, Status Quo. Not punk. 01-656 6257 evenings.

BASS GUITARIST (21) seeks group. West London area. Telephone 01-845 1301 after 6pm.

GUITARIST SUFFERING from musical masturbation. Playing with myself, prefer group activity. All styles. Even Mike Oldfield would you believe! Brett, Luton 67314.

EIGHTEEN YEAR old guitarist, incompetence a speciality, wants to join punk(ish) group who aren't fussy. Sole equipment: Vox guitar. Barry, 01-231 0150.

GRAVESEND: BASSIST 17, seeks band. New wave prefereed. I have Marshall 100 Watt gear. Inexperienced, some talent. Unreliables don't reply. Geoff 0474 63248.

GIRL 17 wishes madly to join band as vocalist. No experience. Into Bowie. Jowie, 13 Hazlebury Rd., London SW6.

ROCK VOCALIST wants to join R & R/R blues band. No pros. West London area. Phone after 6pm. 01-579 5916.

SELL YOUR INSTRUMENTS IN THE N.M.E.

It's only 10p a word!

WANTAGE GUITARIST (22) seeks others for unclassifiable band. Guitar, bass, drums needed. Into Alcohol, ideas. Ring Wantage 3700 before 7.30 pm.

DIRTY DICK requires rhythm guitarist/drummer for heavy pseudo, nazi new wave rock group — leather gear provided. Dick, Usherwood (0235) 21511.

BASSIST NEEDED for band doing original material. Transport essential. Dedicated musicians only. Write/call Dave, 6 Regent Street, Oxford. Travellers accommodated.

VOCALISTS WANTED

VOCALIST WANTED for five piece punk band. Own equipment not necessary. Contact Neale 17, Brooking Close, Great Barr, Birmingham.

VOCALIST WANTED Equipment preferable for recently formed rock band, Wolverhampton area. Aged 16-19. Phone John 756794, Maff, 753839 after 5pm.

YOUNG FEMALE vocalist required for harmony doubling lead in country/rock cabaret act with good name. Work waiting Leicester 857105.

WORK WANTED

HIGH ENERGY drummer, double Ludwig kit, wishes to join working band. Anything considered, phone Bob, Nottingham 872089.

VOCALIST PUNK, no practical experience but plenty of ideas and energy. Form a band. Do it! Ant, Derby 763544.

RHYTHM GUITARIST 21, seeks pop/rock band, no experience but will work hard. No punks. Phone Kevin 021-440 6703.

RHYTHM GUITARIST wants to join or form rock band in Telford area: Paul 97, Burford, Brookside, Telford, Salop.

YOUNG PUNK wishes to join band to play bass. No equipment but is willing to get it. Very enthusiastic, unexperienced. Phone Burton-on-Trent — 64891 (days) 48533 (evenings.)

BOWIE LOOKING vocalist needs work with Bowie/Roxie type band. Visually excellent, plus adventurous stage idea. Ring Pete now. Wellingborough 77484.

SOUTH W.

MUSICIANS WANTED

INEXPERIENCED GUITARIST, bassist 17-20 wanted to form rock/blues band. Call at 116 Tennyson Road, Cheltenham after 6 pm. Own gear.

PLAYERS PLEASE to form band, jazz rock-less form more content (mysterious keyboards please phone again) Trowbridge 63908. Melksham 704038.

E. ANGLIA

MUSICIANS WANTED

CALLING GROUND control our circuits dead there's something wrong. Enthusiastic drummer and bassist wanted. No ability, no labels, no categories. Helen Rainham (Essex) 55158.

DRUMMER REQUIRES other musicians to form original band. No great skill needed. Apply: David Ulyatt, High Street, Swineshead, Boston, Lincs.

GUITARIST seeks to join/form rock band. Own gear. Influences. Who, Free, Walsh, Zep, Stones. Peterborough 68931 Ext. 435.

DRUMMER, NO experience, looking for band or others to form band. Into Yes, ELP, Zep, Heep also writes own material. 47 Hawthorn Avenue, Lowestoft.

RHYTHM GUITARIST required for blues rock band. Must be enthusiastic and have own transport. Plenty of gigs. Mike: Cromer 2085.

AMATEUR GUITARIST, R & B, rock etc., own gear, interested in joining others for jamming. Norwich area. John Norwich 810213.

LEAD GUITARIST and drummer wanted for punk group. Into Pistol, Clash: Apply Jane Clark. 63 Kings Road, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk.

UNEXPERIENCED keen punks to form band. Ambition preferred to talent. Ian, 9 Maple Rd., Stowupland, Stowmarket, Suffolk 5913 — after 6.30.

VOCALISTS WANTED

MALE VOCALIST wanted to join newly formed group. Phone Tim. Bedford 61525.

WORK WANTED

FEMALE/MALE blockheads. Join ideas/lyrics/guitar. Can't play. Can't sing. We'll learn together. Write - Iain, Quinbury Cottage, Blakesley, Northants.

DRUMMER REQUIRES band, will consider any offer. Would prefer original group. Please contact David Ulyatt, High Street, Swineshead, Boston, Lincs.

NORTH

MUSICIANS WANTED

WANT TO form a folk, blues, rock band? Bass, drums, guitar, keyboards. Any standard. Neil — Manchester 061-740 4213 after 6.30.

VOCALIST GUITARIST wants to join or form rock band, Blackley in Manchester area no transport. I'll walk to other districts. 061-740 9313.

MUSHROOM BAND needs hippie instruments of all kinds. John Drums. 0532-675888. Jerry Glissando, 7 Rochester Terrace, Leeds 6. Peace & Love.

NATURAL DRUMMER wanted for rock band into Beatles, Stones, rock. Already gigging, regualr rehearsals. Age 16-18. Own kit. Tim Graham 0742 78497.

VOCALIST AND bassist wanted for amateur rock band in Manchester to play varied stuff. Phone 061-736 7469. Dennis.

BASS GUITARIST for enthusiastic rock band, Warrington area. Transport useful. Phone Tim, Warrington 39679 after 6 pm.

KEYBOARDS PLAYER and bassist needed for four piece rock/funky band. Must be cool and enthusiastic. Wigan 45181 — around 6 pm.

"THE STOATS" require drummer and bass into hard fast punk. Excellent prospects await. Leeds area. Ring John — Leeds 648375 anytime.

FOLK-ROCK band (semi-pro) require bass and keyboards — own material and trad. (record out) — Telephone Tim Moon Bradford 33321 Ext 373.

"BLUE HONK" what drummer, must have rhythm and flare, experience not necessary, aged 15-18, phone Steve Buckit 051-379 3308.

BORED TEENAGER Burnley area. Requires similar to form nucleus of preferably speedy band. No timewasters please. Write: Paul Brannon, 162 Holcombe Drive, Burnley.

AMATEURS ONLY. Bass drummer and lead guitar wanted for rock stage act 16-18. Phone Paul 727-5893.

BASS PLAYER and drummer urgently needed to form punk band with guitarist and guitar/vocals we're desperate: Paul Hull 858156.

BASS GUITARIST into melodic and heavy rock seeks lead guitarist, drummer and keyboard player to form band. Barry Holmes, 26 Leicester Road, Dinnington, nr. Sheffield.

MUSICIANS WANTED for writer/players, own material for recording in December, casual or permanant basis, vocals, especially — Halifax 68640 evenings.

VOCALISTS WANTED

ENTHUSIASTIC VOCALIST desired for amateur rock band that's into anything. Interested and under 21? Ring Sexy Dyl The Rab. Thirsk 22050.

WORK WANTED

BASS PLAYER, some vocals seeks working club band. Doubles on rhythm. Experienced. Newcastle area. Phone Newcastle 858728.

EXPERIENCED DRUMMER wants to join/form group. Diversified musical interests. Rock, progressing, jazzrock etc. Own transport. South Manchester area. Paul Burkhill, 061-969 4566.

EXCELLENT DRUMMER (rock/funk) seeks professional work with band who can supply good kit and equipment — Steve 051-355 9245.

YOUNG VOCALIST wants to join punk band, no equipment. Phone 061-794 9844, Salford area.

IN-EXPERIENCED GUITARIST rhythm/lead (18) requires band. Rock, heavy metal, new wave, ring 638 7727 Wallasey area, Merseyside (own gear).

ROCK VOCALIST 19, some experience, lyricist, seeks fresh band and work, write only, Neal, c/o Rose Cottage, Greenhill Common, Whitley, Warrington.

WALES

WORK WANTED

DRUMMER SEEKS good rock band. Phone Will, Cardiff 611022 after 6 pm. Outside Cardiff 0222 code.

SCOTLAND

MUSICIANS WANTED

WORKING GROUP "Friction" need drummer. Must be able to harmonise. Phone Leven 25900 and ask for John or Caie.

DRUMMER REQUIRED. No punks. Into all types of music, own gear, transport. Falkirk Stirling area. Telephone Graeme, Bonnybridge 2483, evenings.

PUNKETTES WISH to form group. No equipment, just determination and seriousness, either sex. 16-20. Ring Clare 669 0474 (Edinburgh).

VOCALIST AND drummer for funky/rock band. Age under 20. A.W.B., Stretch, Steely Dan, K.C. Aberdeen area. — Phone Inverbervie 338.

WORK WANTED

GOOD DRUMMER wants good band. Dedicated hard worker but fears Scotland doesn't have any groups. Anything considered, getting desperate. Pete Baillie, 29 Rose Street, Dunfermline, Fife.

TO LET: Self contained four apt. musicians (bass, keyboards, vocals, percussion). Magnificent view of gasworks. Into high energy jamming. Contact Knarf Selaws, 217 Oxgang Road, Grangemouth, Scotland.

PROFESSIONAL DRUMMER, vocals, reader, seeks working band. Would consider North England taste to powerhouse. Good offers only. Transport. Edinburgh 031-663 4356.

IRELAND

MUSICIANS WANTED

YOUNG VOCALIST to form group. Age no more than 15. Must live in Counties-Down Antrim or Derry. K McCormick, 206 'Duncoe', 4 Downpatrick Road, Killyleagh, Co. Down.

FEMALE VOCALIST (17) influences — Bowie, Iggy, Ferry, punk — needs lead guitarist, bassist and drummer — Cork area. Equipment and enthusiasm essential. Margaret Daly, 8 Roches Terrace, Midleton, Co Cork, Ireland.

A BASS player and lead guitarist wanted urgently for named new wave band. Dublin, preferably Southside. Ring Robbie 90923 (6.30—8.30).

PUNK GUITARIST (thinks) wants to form band Carrick N'Abbey area by new year. Into anarchy, phone Stephen Carrick 65565 (evenings).

WORK WANTED

NEW WAVE vocalist (Bowie influenced) seeks work. Phone Chris at (01) 685332 after 8pm.

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FILL IN THIS FORM (USING BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE) AND SEND TO: PETER RHODES, NME FREE CLASSIFIED OFFER, ROOM 2529, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

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NEVER MIND THE
SEX PISTOLS
HERE'S ONE OF THOSE AMIABLE OLD BOLLOCKS WHO LIKED THE BEATLES - NUFF SAID?
Sides 1-4 No Feelings
BAG RECORDS
LOVE 'N PIECES
Never mind the B.N.F's here's the B.O.F's
Bag Records
Manson in October 1969 and the
'Helter Skelter' door from the Spahn Ranch
Happy
NOTHINGNESS

Never mind Ray Lowry's illustration — here comes this week's GASBAG headline . . .

FOR A number of weeks, my wife and I had been looking forward to seeing one of today's finest bands, namely The Tubes at the Guildhall, Portsmouth. At great cost to the promoter, this band had been brought over from America so that the people of Great Britain could be entertained by their unique presentation of contemporary music and theatre. The day before the proposed concert, we are informed by way of the local press that they have been banned from appearing.

Why? Ostensibly because they were due to appear on the evening of Remembrance Sunday.

Is it really the function of councillors to censor what people see? Surely by virtue of their elected positions they strive for what the people want:— including better roads, more houses and a greater variety of entertainment.

The action of the Portsmouth Leisure Services Committee does nothing to help the cause of the ex-services associations. By taking away a planned and advertised entertainment at such short notice, they have antagonised the future remembrancers. The late Elvis Presley once sang "I forgot to remember to forget". All the Leisure Services Committee has done is encourage young people to "Remember to forget to remember".

I PROTEST!

M. SHORT, Havant, Hampshire.

COPIES TO: Portsmouth Leisure Services Committee, Local Member of Parliament, Portsmouth Evening News, *New Musical Express.*

Just a small portion of the mail we've received from angry rock fans on the south coast protesting against The Tubes ban. Several other letters claim that Portsmouth and Southampton have several porn dives which evidently escape prosecution, making nonsense of the morality behind the ban. Do local councillors really want a disaffiliated young electorate? It ain't just the South that's rising up angry either. — N.S.

LISTENING TO Johnny Rotten and Sid Vicious on Radio One, one remark really stuck. The interviewer said: "Do you want to go to America" and John answered: "Yes, out of curiosity".

By this time I was thinking 'Turncoats, sell outs'. Then Johnny said something very valid, he said: "What have we got from this country anyway? We can't play, we can't even go out, and I haven't seen many complaints to the town halls or councils about it either."

It's true, what have we done about it? Nothing. I know I haven't, that is why I want to do something now. I don't blame them if they do go to America, what have they got here except rising record sales and more money. We would be really angry if they did go, wouldn't we. Are you content to lose the best rock band in the world? I'm not. British, so let's do our best to keep them. I'm appealing to everyone who cares about rock music today to complain, write letters, get petitions, anyway just do something!

ANNE GALLOP, Woodley, Reading, Berks.

Must be something in the air. It just so happens that . . .

DO YOU realise that it is now almost a year since the Sex Pistols last played publicly in Britain? The authorities are doing everything in their power to stamp them out. Are we really such pathetic gits as to let them win? How much longer is the greatest group in the world going to be oppressed and opposed by every petty little mind in existence while we go on living our boring comfortable little lives?

I'm starting a petition to the GLC (because they're the most influential council) and it must be big or it won't be any good. I appeal to every single person reading this to gather as many signatures as possible everywhere you go and send them to me. And all you hypocritical music papers and fanzines who whine about 'freedom' — bloody well do something constructive!

You may think I'm just a soppy crank but so what. Anyway what else can we do short of taking a machine gun and mowing down the vile Brook-Partridge and all his contemptible toadish minions?

MOLLY GILLIGAN, 19 Taranto House, Shandy Street, London E.1.

Well we could publicly snub them in the street. No? Howabout waiting until four o'clock and getting 'em behind the bike sheds? No? Oh well, never mind the apathy here comes the petition . . . — N.S.
Don't you think you should give that gag a rest? — J. ROTTEN
Strike while your dinner's hot. Or in the case of the firemen, strike while the fire is hot. Or in the case of . . . — N.S.
Oh shut up — MOLLY GILLIGAN.

HOW'S THIS for a smart-ass one liner?

MIKO

Pathetic. Stand back and watch how it should be done. — N.S.

THE CITY Fathers are trying to endorse the reincarnation of The Beatles of course, but the town has no need to be nervous.

N. KEATING, Whitstable.

I like it, I like it. And from Whitstable even. — N.S.
Hang on, doesn't this infringe my copyright? — B. DYLAN

WITH REGARD to the current Sex Pistols furore, MacCaulay, the great nineteenth century historian, says it all:

"We know of no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality".

CHRIS EVA, Cambridge.

For a D.O.F. that's a pretty good S.A.O.L. — N.S.

I WAS wondering if your learned staff colleague, namely prickhead Tony Parsons attended the same Runaways gig in Belfast as I did. It ranked as one of the worst performances I've ever seen from a so-called leading New Wave Band. This opinion is shared by everyone I talked to who attended the gig (all 200 of them). The true success of the night was from the Count Bishops. It was they, and not the Runaways who received great approval from the audience.

Did Mr Parsons not see the large number of people who streamed out of the gig and went to the Porter's Office looking for their money back (I was one of them). Jett was hopeless, Vicki Blue looked bewildered, Lita Ford's playing was gruesome, and Sandy West beat the shit out of her drumkit without bothering to take note of what tune was being played. It was all so amateurish, and if Mr Parsons insists on calling the Runaways a female Led Zeppelin, he'll get his bum kicked.

By the way, just a mention for Rudi, Ulster's top Punk Band. I attended their gig a few nights before The Runaways, paid one-third of what I paid to see The Runaways and they were bloody marvellous.

A PUNK STUDENT, Queens University, Belfast.

You weren't alone apparently. And how come we get so much GASBAG mail from N Ireland? And here's our thought for the day. — N.S.

DEAR JOHNNY, I enjoyed your album and can sympathise with you that you sometimes feel so fed up that you want to jump over the Berlin wall. I live in *West* Berlin and find it a bit of a bummer generally — but I prefer it to East Berlin because for one thing I can listen to whatever music I like here. Maybe I could show you round both sides sometime, I reckon you'd take London any day!

PAUL Berlin, Germany.

Thankyou. And now to more provincial matters. — N.S.

WHY Dunfermline?

ADMIRER OF THE BLUE PIG Jock Street, Dunfermline.

Just what I said to myself. Why Dunfermline? Come to that, why Harlow? Why Surbiton? Why a duck? Or even . . .

DON'T KNOW about you geezers in downtown Carnaby Street, but I gotta sneakin' suspicion that Carlisle has been scrubbed from the Punk Rock Map. NO FUN.

DAVE MacLACHAN Morton Park, Carlisle.

Why Carlisle? — N.S.
The trains have got to stop somewhere. — L.M.S.
Too obscure for a S.A.O.L. — N.S.

ALRIGHT POSEURS get that dye out your hair, drop those pins, and come out, your time is up.

Tony Parsons was the first to be open in his (well written) Consumers' Guide To Punk. Symptoms of disillusionment had been shown earlier with his Stranglers article but the Consumers' Guide was the clincher. The great discovery that he has made? PUNK ROCK WILL NOT START THE REVOLUTION.

This amazing fact has been gradually backed up by your other writers until the boring bumper issue in which Phil McNeill took some lessons from Tony in his "Glad to be Grey" review of Wire.

Most punters only went for the entertainment, excitement, etc. So "The Movement" has been diluted — then seek out the lepers and destroy. Don't turn your back on the whole lot. Some great new bands have been discovered because of what Rotten and Co. started and more people have a chance to see them. I reckon that you want to be the first off the wagon before it crashes — well quit the disillusioned bit and sort out the punks from the poseurs.

T. BOOTH, Yorks.

OK — but you have to help us — N.S.

IT WAS not "hippie people" who hated the punks at the start, it was the other way about. In fact, I and my fellow hippies were attracted to punk rock because of the talk of "Anarchy". I always thought that us hippies were the real anarchists. After all what was the Alternative, the counter culture, if not an Anarchist Society where there would be no need for laws of any kind, because when people became free there would be mutual respect, love and peace.

I have a suspicion that some members of punk rock groups are in fact straights.

A FLOWER CHILD, Glasgow.

Flowers in Glasgow? I don't believe . Otherwise, verry interestink. — N.S.

IF BRIAN Case doesn't like British TV, then why on earth does the man bother watching it?

LADY PENELOPE, London, W1.

We pay him to watch it. — N.S.

SO TONY TYLER supposes himself to be a scholar does he? (rhetorical question.) Well doesn't he know that it is now hip to slag Tolkien? (another rhetorical question.)

Those who have already read *The Silmarillion* probably burnt it before they finished it. (Unless they are members of The Tolkien Society, in which case they have probably written pathetic, over-enthusiastic articles for their "zine" on 'Was Elrond a Homosexual' or 'Was Gandalf an hallucination'. To those who have not read the book — Don't.

Come home Morgoth all is forgiven.

RICHARD

So you're still starting your letters "So . . .". So do you really expect answers to rhetorical questions? — N.S.

MAY I express my hearty congratulations on the printing of the page *Barbarians in the UK (NME Nov. 5th).* I could hardly believe my eyes that a paper would take such a positive stand against such a distasteful subject. Let's hope rock music can in some way stamp out bloodsports and other diseases like racism.

CHARLES EVERETT
The Vegetarian Society (UK), Youth Section, London N1.

Thanks, but you should see Julie getting stuck into a hamburger. Keep taking the parsnips. — N.S.

Never mind that this page was . . .

Edited by NEIL SPENCER

Scribble your dribble or type your gripe to us at GASBAG, NME, 3rd Floor, 5-7 Carnaby St, London 1B 1BG.

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t-zers

DISGUSTING, DIABOLICAL, degenerate — the first three words of the *Sun* newspaper's "A-Z Of Punk", a puerile series running this week in the nation's second-best selling daily.

Disgusting, diabolical, daft — *T-Zers* reaction to the antics of the *Sun*, the BBC, the police and a bunch of Geordie louts concerning "the latest teenage craze" (*Sun*speak for rock and roll). Whilst personable young *ZigZag* editor **Kris Needs** was being duffed up in Newcastle (see *Thrills*), the Long Arm of the Law continued to protect all us honest tax-payers from having "Bollocks" pushed in our collective face.

Yes, **The S + x P‡s!o£s** platter has brought the full weight of a wrathful constabulary upon various record dealers, and Virgin's Big Cheese **Richard** 'Wheeze' **Branson** has been instructed by Scotland Yard's Obscene Publications Squad to appear in court in Nottingham today (Thursday) ...

Will they never learn? The last time Branson was summonsed before the bench was seven years ago, when in charge of the Student Advisory Centre. In an informational leaflet, that naughty old venereal disease was mentioned and lo!, Branson was cautioned under the 1916 VD Act (prohibiting public discussion of, ahem, VD). At his lawyer's suggestion, Branson changed the offending term to

JOAN JETT (left) blows bubbles as she comes runner-up in the Gaye Advert look-and-dress-alike contest. GAYE's not bothered. She's checking her diary to see when her next Knickers Monthly centre spread comes up . . .

Due out soon

Th' Lone Groover introduces...

An ultra marvey humour mag layin' down th' A-Z of how t' become an International Rock Celebrity

It's got cartoons an' words by various NME crets an' Guest mutants. Its also got a colour cover... er... Oh yes, th' first 100 copies have a built in stereo, a water bed, six versatile groupies, er, a country mansion, er, real estate' in the Bahamas...

If y've already had probs with yor management an' can't get about on broken legs, send to...
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the Drones

LITA FORD (left) wonders why gentlemen prefer peroxide blondies as gatecrasher DEBBIE HARRY pretends to listen to the wooden spoonist in the Bernard Rhodes look-alike competition . . .

RICHARD HELL (left), roots as brown as his nicotined fingers, discusses comparative philosophy with J. 'Don't Spill That Beer' ROTTEN as MICK JONES studies STEVE EMBERTON's focal range.

'social diseases', but after the SAC were inundated with acne-ridden problem cases, reverted to the original leaflet copy. Duly charged under the said Act, Branson was found guilty and given a token fine, but his defending QC, playwright **John Mortimer,** pointed out that the Government were also guilty, since they boldly displayed VD warning posters in public urinals. The law was changed, the VD Act abolished...

Don't be so sure of the right result this time out because, even though Mortimer will again be defending Branson, the police have a bingo hall full of Acts to choose from — 1824 Vagrancy, 1839 Metropolitan Police and 1889 Indecent Advertisements ...

The pantomime continues: the BBC library copy of "Bollocks" has a strip of brown paper over the offending word. Mustn't put **Diddy Hamilton** off his muffins, must we ..?

What all these nurds fail to realise is that Punk is Establishment, maaan. Must be, if the *Sun* is prepared to devote acres of space to the stuff, **The Drones** are giving away dog-collars as a promo device with their debut album and, for a mere three quid, you can pick up a Punk Tea Mug, with chain, safety pin and slogan (witty choice of 'Punk Rock' or 'Anarchy') as advertised in *The Sunday Times*. We mean it, you mean it and they mean it, maaaaaa (Cont. Page 94) ...

THEY STILL do dodgy things, though, don't they? Punks, we mean. Employees of **Rod Stewart's** Riva Records are pretty sure that it was punky types with a grievance against Rich Rod who ransacked the new Riva offices in London's New Kings Road last weekend. Stolen were a couple of stereo units (valued at two grand) and all Stewart's Gold and Platinum records, but the giveaway clue was the turd neatly deposited in a desk ashtray ...

Ah, the sweet smell of success! **Rod** 'n' **Reg** in Hollywood: Upcoming movie will cast Messrs **Stewart** and **Dwight** as the leaders of two rival rock bands (*Zzzzzzzz — Ed.*) ...

Possibly of more immediate interest will be **Dylan's** *Reynaldo And Clara* movie, featuring **Ronee Blakely, David Blue, Joan** *(Zzz — Ed.)* **Baez** and **Mick Ronson** in *acting* roles. And some **Rolling Thunder** music. It'll run either two-and-a-half or four hours, depending on whether Mrs Dylan (the estranged **Sara**) gets her way and has her part excised ...

Custody of the five **Zimmerman** offspring, meanwhile, will be decided after Santa Monica Superior Court have received psychiatric reports early next month. As for the 20 million dollar property settlement, it looks as if it'll be split 50/50. And while all this unpleasantness goes down, Bobby's toying with the idea of a US / Australia / Japan tour, sans Rolling Thunder Revue ...

Two more Big American Heroes, going by the name **Dolly Parton,** upset by **Redd Foxx's** US TV show in which a moo-cow mammaried C&W star imprinted her twin attributes, rather than the traditional feet, on a freshly cemented Hollywood sidewalk. "I feel," said Dolly to Foxx, "that you owe me two equally ample apologies ..."

She's ready to take on all-comers, is Dolly. Her next album, "Wildflower", is recording next month with co-stars **Linda Ronstadt** and **Emmylou Harris** ...

Whilst on the subject of ladies, today (Thursday) sees the second Stiff Test Chiswick Challenge at Kensington Gore's Royal College of Art. All the bands are female, including **Painted Lady, 38 Bust** and **Dick Envy.** Admission is 20p for punters attending what Stiff PR **Glen Colson** calls 'Wankers Night Out' (believed to be a reference to the 'dodgy' A&R men who turn up — their entrance fee remains at 20 guineas) ...

Whether or not **Patti Smith** has been dumped by Arista (she says not), **Johnny Thunders** reckons Pattie will land the starring role in the forthcoming movie version of **William Burroughs'** *Junkie* ...

Other flick fax: **Bette Midler** to star as (gulp) **Janis Joplin** in *Pearl* biopic, **Neil Diamond** so deperate to play lead in *Young Elvis* he's prepared to drop everything (careerwise, dummy) to land part, and **Nicolas** *(Performance, Man Who Fell To Earth)* **Roeg** to direct 20 million dollar *Flash Gordon* in Britain next summer. What next? **Leo Sayer** in the **Bob Dylan** Story?..

At least **Chuck Berry, Jerry Lee Lewis, Screaming Jay Hawkins** and **Larry Williams** will be playing themselves in *American Hot Wax,* the screen version of **Alan Freed's** career, as will **Mike Love, Dick Clark** and **Wolfman Jack** in TV film *Dead Man's Curve,* the story of **Jan and Dean ...**

APPARENTLY, **Glen Matlock** so badly wanted **Deaf School's** bassist **Mr. Average** to join his **Rich Kids,** he was prepared to play lead / rhythm ... Meanwhile Rich Kids' drummer **Rusty Egan,** reckons he's under threat of GBH from one of **J. Rotton's** bodyguards, following an interrupted rumble when Johnny referred to Egan as a "Shit Kid" ...

Now, now lads. Why not follow **The Beach Boys'** hippy-dippy example? They've just lined all floors of their Santa Barbara mansion with five-and-a-half inches of foam so as not to bruise themselves when they come down from **Maharishi Bogi's** high-cost no-bounce levitation course ...

Or why not get a bit of sparkling wit into their music, like **Judge Dread,** who's new single is "Up With The Cocks"...?

Nutters Round-up: **Supercharge's Albie Donnelly** bought three copies of **The Spitfire Boys'** single, smashed 'em over his bald pate, and ate 'em ... **Peter Green** (maybe with an advance from PVK Records, who knows?) recently bought a hotel in Wales ... and **Captain Beefheart's** new **Magic Band** consists of two guitarists, a bassist doubling on synthesizer, manager **Harry Duncan** on harmonica and the Cap'n himself on soprano sax. Hopes, too, for a swiftish release of the "Bat Chain Puller" album, delayed over a year ...

Boomtown Rat Bob Geldof seen sporting a 'Blast Is Back' badge on last week's *Top Of The Pops.* "What a Cult I turned out to be," huffed a chuffed Mr. **Furnace.** "Those badges are hard to come by. I don't even have one myself ..."

Released by A&M in the States, **The Stranglers'** EP is being pressed on pink plastic. And we here at *T-Zers* always thought they were Real Men ...

Drummer **John Siomos** — who's worked with **Peter Frampton** since the **P F's Camel** days — exited in a huff a minute-and-a-huff before a recent Houston gig. Frampers played as a trio (keyboardist **Bob Mayo** replacing Siomos), but now **Joe Vitale** (ex- **Joe Walsh**) has joined the happy band ...

A 1970 pic taken of **Mick** by **Cecil Beaton** on the set of *Performance* was snapped up by **Mrs Jagger** at a Sotheby's auction for a piffling £200. The naughtee Nicuaraguan, always a great admirer of the male form, also splashed out over a hundred knicker on a 1962 Beaton portrait of **Rudolf Nureyev,** reclining on a divan in a fetching white robe and matching tights ...

Another exotic beauty, **May Pang** (the Oriental lass who once shared bible-reading lessons with **John Lennon**) has been appointed assistant to Island Records US president **Charley Nuccio ...**

Bright Tunes Music, the plaintiffs in the plagiarism case against **Hari Georgeson** ("He's So Fine" v. "My Sweet Lord"), want the original court decision that Hari's plagiarism was 'unintentional' reversed ...

Damages of £400 at Madisons in London's Camden Lock when **Suzi Quatro, J. Rotten** and punky chums smashed tables, glasses and huge cheesecake. "They've paid," said the manager, "And thanked us for a good evening ..."

Blue Oyster Cult planning European tour with **The Dictators** next May ...

Winston Rodney (Mr. **Burning Spear**) so knocked out by **Aswad —** who backed him on his recent UK visit — that he's sitting in his NY hotel room refusing to play unless they come over. "Burning Spear Live", from one of the Rainbow gigs, released next week by Island ...

The Lesser Known Tunisians had to blow out their set at Hammersmith's The Swan last week after drummer **Carl Marks** had a bottle thrown at him during the second number. Carl's all stitched up now, and they'll be back there this Saturday ...

After bumping into **Generation X** at a reception for an Olympics charity album compilation called "Supertracks" (The 'Oo, Zep et al), **Keith Moon** trundled along to a Gen X rehearsal, joined in on a few 'Oo classics and had what we in the biz call a 'good time' ...

A writ taken out by **Malcolm McLaren's** Glitterbest company against a suspected **Sex Pistols** bootlegger was thrown out of the High Court on Tuesday by **Mr. Justice Goulding.** The accused, **Nicholas Rochford,** was awarded £25 costs, to be paid by Glitterbest, after it was discovered that the name on the writ was not actually his own, but that of a P. Rochman. The address, however *was* Rochford's. Justice Goulding gave Glitterbest leave to amend the writ. *(Hardly T-Zers style, this one. Please rewrite. — Ed.)* High Court poseuer Mr. J-For-Justice Goulding flipped his wig and nixed out the Sued Pistols' injunction against some dude they reckoned had done a swift shot of bootlegging on some of their early work. Tough shit on McLaren — he got the wrong name on the writ and had to fork out £25 (exactly 0.02% of the Pistols' sortie into the EMI and A&M coffers, faxfreeks!) to the wrongly accused Nicholas Rochford. *(That's better — Ed.)* ...

Personals: Could **Margaret** and **Frances,** both 17-year old lassies, please return the ten polaroids taken from the Post House Hotel during **Thin Lizzy's** recent visit to Edinburgh. Send to **Chalkie Davis, c/o** c/o NME. (psst, ya know girls THOSE polaroids) ...

And while on the subject of cock-ups: **Paul Rambali** reviewed the **Boz Scaggs** album (*NME 12.11.77*), Tony Stewart reviewed **Blackmore's Rainbow** live in Newcastle last week ...

Next week: **Tony Stewart** finds the NME kitchen after a long, hard bus ride ...

Finally, the Beeb, displaying the remarkable double-standards (euphemism for hypocrisy) for which they are so rightly famed, have banned **Kenny Williams'** "(You're) Fabulous Babe", despite it already having been a Record of the Week and receiving over 25 plays. Reason? It's heard in a Faberge TV commercial. Just like "Jeans On" (Brutus), "Dancing Easy" (Martini) and "I'd Like To Teach The World To Sing" (Coke), none of which were banned. Daft, innit, just like when we came in ...?

BETTER BADGES

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THE ANTS
COUNT BISHOPS
BONE IDOL (THE DRONES)
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MANIACS RUN BERSERK
AMIN TO DE MOTORS
TOM ROBINSON BAND
C.I.A.
DO IT (TWINK)
SCHOOL DAYS (RUNAWAYS)
W.P.O.D. (TUBES)
TUBES
DICTATORS
RADIATORS FROM SPACE

1. ANARCHY IN THE U.K. (SEX PISTOLS)
2. GOD SAVE THE QUEEN (SEX PISTOLS)
3. CLASH POLICE
4. COMPLETE CONTROL
5. HOLIDAYS IN THE SUN
6. PRETTY VACANT (SEX PISTOLS)
8. BONDAGE UP YOURS
8. ADVERTS
9. GRAHAM PARKER
10. BORED TEENAGER

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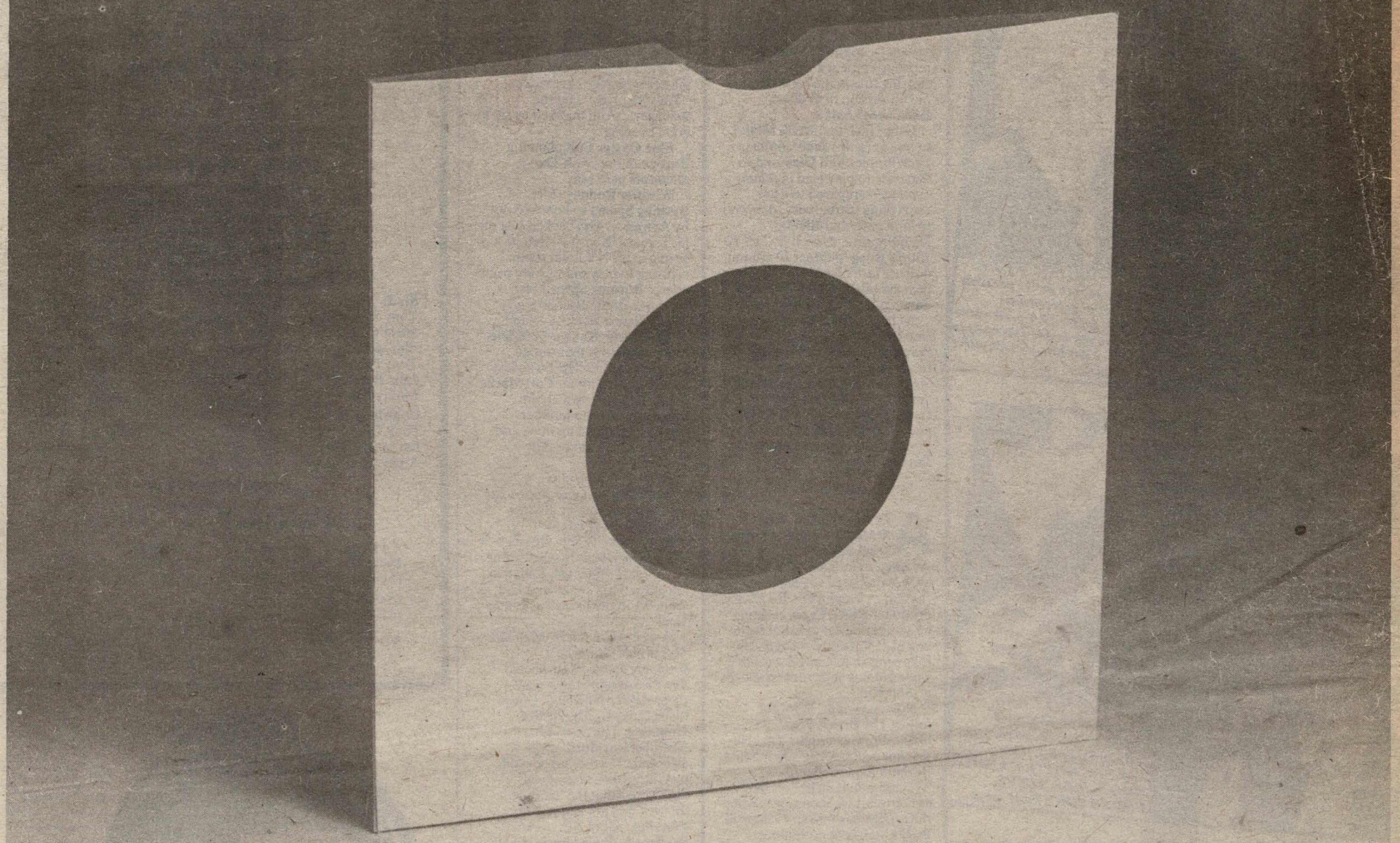
The new Mike Oldfield sleeve



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VS198

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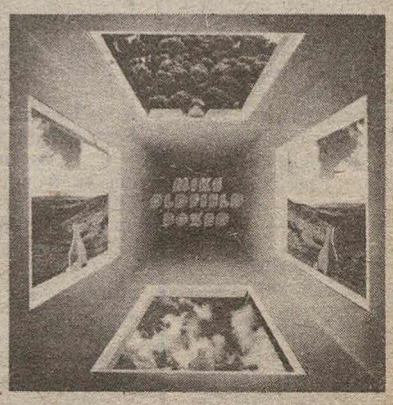
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